

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FRENCH PROPHETS OF YESTERDAY:

A Study of Religious Thought under the Second Empire

FIVE MASTERS OF FRENCH ROMANCE:

Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget,
Maurice Barrès, Romain Rolland

FRENCH CIVILIZATION:

Vol. I. From Its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages

Vol. II. The Classical Age. (In preparation)

Vol. III. The XIXth Century

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE MOVEMENT

REFLECTIONS ON THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

BEYOND HATRED

BEYOND HATRED

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN FRANCE
AND AMERICA

By
ALBERT GUÉRARD



Et nous désapprendrons la haine à nos enfants.
PAUL DÉROULÈDE.

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless. . . .
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

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TO HOUSTON
A CITY OF FRIENDLINESS
1913-1924

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The generous hospitality of *Scribner's Magazine* was warmly appreciated by a man who, in far-away California and Texas, had been ploughing a very lonely furrow.

PREFACE

I

"FRANCE and America are sister republics and sister democracies." On the 4th of July and on the 14th, this venerable phrase is as full of unspeakable comfort as the blessed word Mesopotamia. In the sober remainder of the year it may sound a trifle . . . democratic. For democracy is Proteus. Napoleon, we are told in good earnest, was the archangel of democracy. Jefferson was a democrat. Lincoln was democracy incarnate. The unreconstructed South is obstinately democratic. Tammany is a stronghold of democracy. Woodrow Wilson would make the world safe for democracy. George Clemenceau was a radical democrat before Woodrow Wilson was born. But Wilsonian democracy had better not go for a ride on the Tiger—Princeton, Tammany, or Clemenceau. And our heads begin to whirl.

We embark, with our eyes open, upon the foolhardy enterprise of defining democracy. We know we are bound to fail. We have the following story from the smiling lips of Chief Justice Taft. A friend of his was fond of giving a sermon with the alluring title: "Why God did not kill the Devil." After he had delivered it in a theological school, a delegation of the students came to wait on him. "Sir," said the spokesman, "my comrades and I want to thank you for your splendid message. It was illuminating. It was uplifting. There is only one question which is not quite clear in their minds, and upon which they

would like to have your opinion." "What is it? I shall answer to the best of my ability." "*Why* did not God kill the Devil?"

It is a favorite trick for comic-supplement fathers to wonder: "What! Have they not found the greatest common divisor and the least common multiple yet? They were already looking for them when I was your age." There is no single, unchangeable, and mystic number that is Democracy; there may be a method which, with ever-changing factors, enables us to reach a rough and provisional approximation of democracy. With that we shall have to be satisfied.

We may not even reach quite so far. But why be dismayed? There are many valuable by-products in apparent failure. A very orthodox historian suggested, in extenuation of the undeniable and tragic fiasco of the Crusades, that at least they had purged Europe of many crusaders, who were an element of turbulence. Even the unending task of the Danaids may not have been quite fruitless: the exercise was good for their bodies and the discipline for their souls. If we start with such unconquerable optimism, there may be some justification for this little book.

Shirk the problem of democracy we cannot. We are on our way, and we cannot help wondering where we are going. America and France profess to be heading toward the same distant goal, Port Democracy. Both seem uncertain at times in what direction and how far ahead Democracy lies. To the casual observer their courses seem widely divergent; perhaps they are only tacking against adverse winds; perhaps they will make the same port after all—if there be such a port.

In order to measure the distance to an inaccessible point, the standard method, I am told, is to sight it from two other points as far apart as practicable. Such a process of "triangulation" will be found in these pages. Or, to vary our scientific metaphors, we hope to bring democracy into clearer relief by looking at it through a stereoscope, in which our left eye is Latin, our right eye Anglo-Saxon. France and America are ideally suitable for such comparisons. They are near enough to be intelligible to each other, far enough to be mutually interesting. We can show France what democracy is able to do, unshackled by the national, social, and religious hatreds of the Old World. France can show us how the enormous burden of tradition may be borne smilingly, gracefully, without crushing the utmost fearlessness of thought.

This is in no sense a book about France: it is a book about democracy. France is used merely as a vantage-point. An illustration from a foreign source has a distinct advantage over a direct reference to home conditions: it has more piquancy—and yet is less stinging. The ideal of the teacher, the preacher, and the scalp specialist is to stimulate without irritating. To detect the mote in our neighbor's eye is a valuable step toward getting aware of the beam in our own. When a budding theologian was asked by a board of examiners whether he would be willing to be damned for the glory of God, he offered this compromise: "No: but I would willingly see this whole board damned for the glory of God!" In the same way, we have been telling France for five years that she should not press her enormous financial claims upon Germany and Russia; and we

should feel that righteousness has won a great victory if France were to evacuate Syria whilst we remain in the Philippines. Condemning a sister nation is the cheapest way of serving the ideal. I have taken advantage of this universal tendency in order to secure a verdict on general grounds; then I can turn to the judge himself and tell him: "Thou art the man!" I am sure Messrs. Millerand, Poincaré, Bérard, Doumergue will excuse me if I have used their honored names a little too freely for such a worthy purpose.

During the war I was frequently reminded of this apologue: a sober-looking individual, in a lunatic asylum, was warning the visitors: "Do not listen to that fellow! He is crazy. He claims to be Jesus Christ; and I, who am God the Father, do not know him." The Germans thought they had a divinely appointed mission to rule the world: "Sheer madness!" said the Britishers. "Such a mission was given to ourselves." *Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur.*

II

It does not require much study to come to the conclusion that no particular device is, in itself, democracy—least of all the clumsy makeshift called universal suffrage and majority rule. Democracy has too often been degraded to the level of a mechanism and indeed of a machine: it is an ideal.

For this ideal, for this religion, I should have liked to adopt the most beautiful of all words—love. Michelet, the great democratic historian, apocalyptic and tender like John the Evangelist himself, claimed as the secret of all his achievements: "Others

may have been more learned: but I have loved." And he defined the Nation in terms of love—"the Great Amity." But "one word is too often profaned for me to profane it." Love has almost become a term of ill-repute. Not only because, more literally than any other, it covers a multitude of sins; but because it sounds so weakly sentimental, and—why balk at the term?—so *musky*. Even Christian ministers are chary of preaching the pure gospel of love. They want something with more blood and iron in its system: a vigorous, 'rigorous theology; fire and brimstone if blood alone is not found horrific enough. We all feel a lurking admiration for the grand old thunderer who, in a flabby generation, pours forth such doctrine as total depravity, predestination, infant damnation, the small number of the elect, the angry God that spurns His creature like a loathsome insect: at least there is no "sentimental nonsense" about him.

No: love will not do.

Shall we use brotherhood instead? When we think of Abel and Cain, Atreus and Thyestes, Eteocles and Polynices, we know that brotherhood may be free from any trace of mawkishness. But brotherhood also has been overdone. We cannot help remembering the grim addition to the Revolutionary motto: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—or Death. And we feel inclined to agree with Metternich: "I have heard so much about Fraternity that, if I had a brother of my own I should prefer to call him cousin."

That is why we felt obliged to use a roundabout, purely negative phrase. Love loathes to be prated about or preached: let the "unlearning of hatred"

suffice. Democracy is the spirit which will not suffer hatred to live.

With this sentiment, and with its formula, I was familiar in the distant days of my French boyhood. The Dreyfus case had let loose a whirlwind of hatred over the land of wine and song. Ferdinand Buisson, noblest of the Radicals, freest of the Protestants, had entitled one of his addresses: "Pour désapprendre la haine!" and the words were quoted with approval by the gentlest of Catholics and Royalists, Baron Denys Cochin. Paul Déroulède himself, the eternal quixotic advocate of a war not of revenge but of justice, had prophesied that, on the morrow of the supreme ordeal, we should "unlearn hatred."

"Et nous désapprendrons la haine à nos enfants!"

—a line which I should like to have graven over the doors of all the schools in the French Republic. But it was Doctor David Starr Jordan who crystallized the thought in my mind, and made me believe in America, the pioneer of democracy, as essentially "the land where hate dies away." And so Doctor Jordan may be called the grandfather of this book.

III

It is not my purpose to pay a tribute to Doctor Jordan. His massive achievements in the fields of pure science, education, and international good-will may be left to speak for themselves. His autobiography, "The Days of a Man," should become an American classic. It is our condemnation, not a criticism of the book, that I should feel bound to add—in an abridged edition. The breathless business

of money-making and money-spending leaves us little time for the things that are really worth our while. And what could be of greater worth than getting intimately acquainted with the personality reflected in that book: big and firm, untiring and unhurried, wise from the beginning, sweetest at three-score and ten?

Doctor Jordan calls himself a "Minor Prophet of Democracy": he is above the tricks of mock-modesty, and we shall not quarrel about the adjective, if he will have it so. But he is something more precious, perhaps, than a prophet: an example. I know of no better pattern of plain, rugged, kindly, and sensible American democracy than this great farm-boy of the Western World. He has in abundance the virtue without which all other virtues sicken—courage. Physical courage, which is common in his sturdy breed; moral courage, which is all too rare even among the descendants of the Pilgrims. I happened to disagree with him at the time of the war. But who could help admiring the man who staked his all—the popularity so richly earned by forty years of service, the quietude of his old age, his life, if need be—in order to bear his testimony against what he thought a great wrong? His daring to follow his inner light, at a time when masses were stampeded they knew not whither, the leaders rushing blindly before the herd, would remain a splendid exhibition of the finest Americanism, even if his judgment had been entirely at fault. Eight years have gone by: are we so sure now that he was utterly wrong?

Such courage I had seen in France, at the time of the Dreyfus case, and in England, at the time of the

Boer War. I had seen Picquart, Zola, Clemenceau, even David Lloyd George (*quantum mutatus ab illo!*) dare to be "the enemies of the people." I had seen courage wearing irony through the fiercest battle, like a flower in its buttonhole. One thing I had not met: courage tempered and enhanced by kindly cheerfulness, a prophet bubbling with homely fun. I came to this country a very sombre young man; embittered, I am afraid, by the tragic memories and the tragic experiences which are the secret background of Parisian life; and repeating like Jonah of old: I do well to be angry even unto death. It was Doctor Jordan who taught me that an earnest man could smile, and smile without the withering irony that we detect under the courtly wit of Voltaire, the ecclesiastical blandness of Renan, the verbal witchery of Anatole France. Doctor Jordan revealed to me the most lovable trait of the American spirit: its invincible cheerfulness, its buoyancy, its boyishness. Mental tests have "proved" that the majority of our adults were fourteen years old: a blessed truth! and may we never grow a day older! Doctor Jordan's is a free and joyous spirit: pedantry and bigotry recede before his burly frame, and most of all before the twinkle in his eyes. For this greatest of ichthyologists has not grown into the semblance of his subject—a fate which awaits many a scientist. "Eric's Book of Beasts" is not the least of his achievements; and his personality would not be complete if it had not been said of him:

"Twinkle, twinkle, David Starr!
How we wonder what you are!
Is it Prof., or jingle-maker,
Or simply nature-faker?"

Doctor Jordan's sense of fun is not an odd streak, without relation with the rest of his life. It is a quality which pervades even his scientific work. There are moments when rollicking nonsense is the highest form of sense; and the delicious mock-seriousness of his "Science and Sciosophy," given as a presidential address before the Pacific division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, found its legitimate place in the austere journal *Science*.* As some of our science, much of our philosophy, and most of our theology can only be described as solemn fooling, it is indispensable, if we want to save the rest, to cultivate a kindly but fearless sense of humor. A good laugh is the cheapest and most efficient form of revolution. Had the Germans learned in time to laugh at their Kaiser, he would still be peaceably on the throne for the harmless entertainment of mankind. Most of our ills come from taking tragically things that do not deserve to be taken seriously. Fun, the broadest, cheapest form of fun, the fun indulged in by Shakespeare, Molière, and Charlie Chaplin, is the truest democracy of all.

That is why, if I can make my point clearer by quoting the Upanishads, or the story about the Irishman and the Jew, I shall not hesitate in either case. I want to reach both Irving Babbitt and his cousin George F. Beneath our scholarly dignity, forsooth! Doctor Jordan does not think so. Jokes, if they be old enough, achieve classic dignity; and the latest ones in *Life* are hoarier than their authors know. The profound symbol of the man falling from a skyscraper, who found time to remark on the way: "All

* For June 27, 1924.

right so far!" is found in Mérimée, who had it from Voltaire. And a genuine scholar could probably trace it to the tower of Babel, or to ancient India, whence all folk-lore motives originated. The basic Ford jokes were cracked at least six thousand years ago, when the first camels were domesticated.

IV

Doctor Jordan, therefore, made me a free present of that fine phrase: "This is the land where hate dies away." I made it mine by the usual process of misquoting, and it became: "The Land Where Hatred Expires." He got even with me by selling it to *International Conciliation* for fifty dollars; but I collected the proceeds. To that extent am I among the profiteers of peace.

Thereby hang a few tales, which are of some symbolical value. When this little commencement address, given in the early summer of 1915, reached the editorial committee, a very conservative, very influential member requested that two paragraphs be deleted: one in which, by means of a powerful erythroscopé, some faint traces of pink might be detected; and one in which, with reckless radicalism, I advocated woman suffrage. Where are the fears of yesteryear? And where the hopes? Suffrage has come: the gentleman in question, I am sure, has lost none of his income thereby. Neither chaos nor the millennium is appreciably nearer.

This little piece of earnest rhetoric reached a wider and more varied public than any of my more serious efforts. It was meant for very young people; but the Nestor of American education, President Charles

W. Eliot, expressed his appreciation of its spirit in simple and gracious words. Testimonies came to me from all parts of the country, from all walks in life, and from all ages; for the president of the Centenarians' Club wrote me a touching letter. This hearty response confirmed me in my belief that Doctor Jordan was right. It was indeed our ideal to make this "the land where hatred expires."

There was but one discordant note; but it was shrill enough. It came from a fine scholar and a man of sterling worth; one, moreover, who belonged to a race which has suffered throughout the ages from the undying hatred of the rabble. This is the vial of wrath which he poured on my guilty head:

"No, no, a thousand times no! I hate, and never want my hate to cease. I had German friends once: I am bitterly ashamed of it. I have none now, I shall never have any. The time will come to root out hatred only when the accursed race has been exterminated. Fortunately you are better than your doctrines, and I am still able to take your hand."

Thus spake the son of the ancient Hebrew prophets. Dare I, without offense, wish peace to his soul?

"The Land Where Hatred Expires!" Alas! Ten years ago I thought of that title only as a well-sounding truism. What is it to-day? A will-of-the-wisp? biting sarcasm? the substance of things hoped for? Yea, and the evidence of things not seen.

Was the America I sought and descried in 1906 only a lovely mirage? Doctrines of pride and violence are asserted anew, in the name of Americanism; and in the name of the gentle Christ theologians are preaching the same unrelenting spirit as my learned

Jewish colleague: "No, no, a thousand times no! Hatred shall never cease, and Hell must remain ablaze everlastingly!"

Strangely enough, these ten years have not saddened me. I spent them in what seems to be "the land where hatred is kept alive," the South of the Fiery Crosses. And in that section, in which are manifested such blind prejudices and such fiendish cruelty, I have found such genuine humanity, such universal gentleness, that my faith in human nature was not shattered, but enhanced. I could not hate the haters: indeed, I have never come across more lovable people. No, man is not "totally depraved." He wants to do right; he would love to love. It is not so much the wicked that are troubling: it is the misguided virtuous. And this is a sure foundation for our hopes. For, if the leopard cannot change his spots, the well-meaning fanatic can recognize the error of his ways.

LOS ANGELES,
March 20, 1925.

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BEYOND HATRED
THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN FRANCE
AND AMERICA

THE RETURN OF THE ARGONAUTS

A SONG OF THE A. E. F.

I

1906

Through the strangely gleaming seas,
Westward we plough;
Lashed by the salt, health-giving breeze,
Thronging the bow,
With hopes indomitable a-burning,
Eyes a-straining, hearts a-yearning,
We, thy foreign-born sons, hail Thee,
Long-dreamt-of haven of the Free,
Unknown Mother beyond the sea,
America!

II

1918

We are coming to aid thee now,
Europe, war-haunted!
Through the treacherous flood we plough,
Eastward, undaunted.
We, the Knights of Liberty's quest,
From the illimitable West,
Rushing headlong, joyous and strong,
Shall sweep the thrones of ancient wrong.
Hear us shout as we throng:
America!

PROLOGUE

THE LAND WHERE HATRED EXPIRES

TO THE YOUNG-HEARTED OF ALL AGES

NEVER shall I forget a stormy autumn crossing on the old French liner *La Touraine*, nearly nineteen years ago. It was my first voyage to America. A magnetic influence drew me to the forward part of the ship, as far as we were allowed to go; and there, lashed by the sharp salt wind, I would spend long hours, alone, peering into the cold and pale horizon, toward the mysterious western land which was to become my country. Twenty feet below, on the main deck, there swarmed and seethed a crowd of steerage passengers, unkempt, sordid, cheerful withal: they too were straining their eyes, although they knew that naught was to be seen for several days, toward the lure of the setting sun. A full shipload of human freight—reeking, ignorant, worse perhaps—but all illumined by an unconquerable hope: America! America, the land of promise, the land of freedom, the land of opportunity; America! a new heaven and a new earth. Each throb of the mighty engine brought us nearer to that land of our dreams, across that wilderness of heaving and tossing waters, now sombre, now strangely pale under the leaden sky. The infinite anguish and the secret exhilaration of that lonely crossing will never fade in my memory.

You, my readers, may never have gone through the same experience. At least, not in the flesh. But the soul of your roving ancestors lives in you. The incurable urge of Pilgrim and Argonaut will not let

BEYOND HATRED

you settle down, like old men in an old land. You may be prosperous, sensible, middle-aged; still you stand to-day as we stood then on the *Touraine*, peering with eager eyes into the same horizon—the ever-new promise of American life. Your journey has been smoother than ours, over sunlit seas and with merry companions. But, because they are coming to you as a matter of course, may you never forget the promise, and the wonder, and the responsibilities of that call to American citizenship! Perhaps we, who have known other conditions, may help you realize your blessings and your duties. I hope you will not resent the paradoxical form of the statement: but I firmly believe that it is we, the newcomers, the immigrants, who are at heart the true Americans. Others may happen to be born between the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande: we came because we heard the distant call of the American spirit, and because it struck a deep note of response in our own hearts. We who left the old home of our own accord, not without a wrench, in order to seek a freer life—we are the true descendants of the discoverers and pioneers of old, adventurers and missionaries, Spanish Conquistadores, French Jesuits or Coureurs des Bois, Pilgrim Fathers or Quakers. We were not born in America: that was a mistake perhaps; but we were born Americans, and we came home as soon as we knew where to find our home. And this is why a man who spent a quarter of a century on the other side is so bold as to address you to-day, and to interpret before you the spirit of America.

A motley crowd were we, cabin passengers and steerage alike, on the good ship *La Touraine*: stolid

and stocky folk from central Europe, swarthy men and women from the southlands, Jews from Poland and Rumania. And by this time we are Americans, one and all. We have given up our native speech for the wonderful tongue of Shakespeare, W. J. Bryan, and George Ade; the picturesque garb of ancient villages has been discarded for the plain and sensible uniform of American civilization; titles and dynastic allegiances have been left, as undesirable, at the gateway of Ellis Island; and our very habits of thought have undergone a radical change. But do you believe that we have dropped like a burden all the immemorial traditions of our homelands? We have not, and it would be a thousand pities if we had. For the primal glory of the American spirit is that it is a blend of all that Europe has to offer. A blend, not a mosaic. I recognize no subnationalities under the Stars and Stripes. I hate the look and the sound of such words as French-American, English-American, German-American. Local prejudices ought not to be imported from over the water. But I have no respect and no sympathy for the man who turns in anger and in derision against the land of his birth. It is only good Frenchmen, good Germans, good Russians that will make good Americans. The wonderful range of America is due to the very fact that, from the most varied corners of Europe, strong men and women have come, each with his or her potentialities. It would be suicidal for America to ignore that fact, which ought to be her pride. We are a composite nation, and our duty, as we become more and more American, is not to forget our own ancestors, not to limit our traditions to the 140 years of national life, but to trace all the roots

of the mighty American tree to the various transatlantic soils where it first grew. Let us—if you will forgive the familiarity of the expression—let us pool our ancestors—let us all be heirs to all! The greatest privilege of American citizenship is just that blending of traditions. I feel now as if my two grandfathers had bravely fought against each other at Gettysburg; I know it was partly for me that Washington displayed his quiet heroism and his serene wisdom. But that is not all. I feel as though the whole glorious past of England were mine, as it is yours—England, dear old England, that has given us her speech, the unrivalled treasure of her literature, her indomitable spirit of adventure, her passionate desire for freedom and fair play, her sound practical sense, and her deep-seated belief in our responsibility before a Power not of this world. Your English heritage is now mine, and that of all my fellow passengers on the *Touraine*—a priceless possession. But I want you to remember that all Americans are French to a certain degree. Was it not the ideas of eighteenth-century French philosophy, grafted on the sturdy old English tradition, that flowered in the American Revolution? Have you not received from France, and preserved to this day, a hatred for caste and privilege, a love for logic and simplicity, a healthy radicalism of mind, a generous faith in human nature, which bids you look forward and not back? Is not all that traditionally French rather than English or German? Is not your art, I would not say an offshoot, but a younger and flourishing branch of French art, striving toward the same ideal? It is well known that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Some good Americans must have reached

Paris alive, for, even before the war, Americans were by far the most popular foreigners in the French capital, and the United States is the only country where a Frenchman feels immediately at home.

And I do not want you to forget that we Americans are all the sons of Germany too, even those of us in whose veins there flows not one drop of Teutonic blood. Our 10,000,000 fellow citizens of German extraction have colored the whole American soul. They have brought with them the old German qualities of steady labor, cleanliness, thrift, the love of home, and the fear of God. We are all the beneficiaries of the German Reformation, yea, even the Roman Catholics among us, for without Martin Luther the church would not have reformed herself at Trent. We are all beholden to the great philosophers, poets, scientists, and musicians of the German past, to Goethe and Schiller, to Kant and Hegel, to Beethoven and Wagner. Those names mean infinitely more to us than those of many of our most prominent compatriots. Whatever folly or crime our kinsfolk may have committed, and under whatever flag, it is our privilege and it is our mission, as Americans, to cherish and preserve, more truly perhaps than they themselves, the treasures of their splendid cultural tradition.

And I want you to love and respect Italy too, Italy twice the mistress or leader of the world, at the time of the Roman Empire and at the time of the Renaissance; Italy, laden with such a burden of historical glory that it seems as though any nation would sink under it; and yet she lives and grows, energetic, self-confident, joyous, conscious of her past greatness, but not awed, and thus proving her-

self worthy of a still greater future; Italy, oldest and youngest of great nations, still as of old the breeding-ground and the Mecca of innumerable artists; Italy, well to the fore in science, and making giant strides in good government. I want you to remember and love the chivalrous and mystic spirit of old Spain, gloomy and ferocious at times, but which wrote for us the grandest epic of discovery and conquest. I want you to seek and love the vast, vague, and mighty spirit of Holy Russia, the land of sorrow, whence came such words of peace and tenderness, through the lips of Tolstoy, as the world had not heard for many hundred years. I want you to know and love the ant-like industry, the artistic witchery, the smiling heroism of the Japanese. America is heir to all the world. Do not cut off any part of what is rightfully yours. Do not fear lest this Pantheon of many national ideals should turn into a Pandemonium: for the American spirit is large enough to harmonize them all.

For this is indeed the Land where Hatred Expires, the land of universal reconciliation. This is the land where all are given a fair chance, and where Englishmen, Frenchmen, Austrians, Russians, Germans, can meet on a common ground of democracy, justice, and good-fellowship; where they have at last a chance of becoming acquainted with one another, and, knowing one another, to appreciate and to love. For hatred is but the child of ignorance: all education consists in the unlearning of hatred. One of my very good friends on the faculty of the Rice Institute was a fiery young Prussian. In Europe we should have hurled at each other bombs, shrapnel, hand-grenades, asphyxiating gases, and other inventions of

the Father of Wars: here we did not even hurl epithets at each other's heads, but met socially and even discussed with tolerable coolness the philosophy of the great conflict. There is something in the American atmosphere that is deadly to hatred. Just like the veterans of Gettysburg, those of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour remember naught but the heroism, and forget the bitter animosity, of their old quarrels. Only perhaps under the Stars and Stripes will men who have fought on opposite sides at Liége, Charleroi, the Marne, or Tannenberg, be able to shake hands as men and brothers. For generations France has been the *Erbfeind*, the hereditary foe, of Germany; for nearly half a century France has nursed a fierce desire for revenge; Germany is singing to-day: "We shall never forego our hate. We have one foe and one alone, England!" And even Christian ministers greet each other with the sinister wish: God punish England! Oh! What a blessing it is to live in this land which bears malice to none, this land which recognizes no hereditary foes but sin, ignorance, and disease, this land where hatred expires!

And what is the reason for this wonderful privilege of America? Is there something in our soil, in our climate, in the air we breathe, that is physically uncongenial to the dark flower of hatred, which blooms so rankly in the blood-sodden fields of Europe? Evidently not. The men who are so fiercely fighting in the old countries are our kinsmen; our climate is not milder than theirs, nor is our soil more fruitful; their culture is fully abreast of ours. What then is the key to this strange contrast?

The reason for America's sanity as a nation, the

unique power which enables her to welcome men from all parts of the world and to turn them into loyal citizens, is that America is a country that looks forward instead of backward—in other terms, a country whose ideals are *principles* instead of *traditions*. Allow a professional student and teacher of history to state the fact quite frankly: Europe is suffering from an overdose of the historical spirit; Europe lacks the healthy radicalism, the youthfulness, I had almost said the boyishness, of the American mind. When you travel in dear old Europe, you are delighted with the quaint villages, the churches and castles hoary with centuries, the bright costumes of the peasant women, the narrow, crooked lanes of mediæval cities, the pomp of court functions and military pageants. History is beautiful for the poet, the artist, and even for the casual traveller. But Europe is choked up with history. The imagination of the Germans has been so filled with thoughts of the Middle Ages that history, with them, amounted to an obsession, a mental disease. For a long time the French would hark back to ancient Gaul, with the Rhine as its northeastern boundary. The French and the Germans are still fighting out the consequences of the treaty of Verdun, in 843. Traditions, customs, institutions, dynasties, have cast their potent spell over the minds of our European friends. They are haunted with memories of the gorgeous and tragic past; and, in the shadowy world in which they live, they have lost the sense of actual values.

Do not believe that I do not feel the poignant charm, the secret and subtle appeal of the undying past. But, for heaven's sake, do not mix up archæology and poetry with present-day politics; let by-

gones be bygones, let the dead bury their dead, do not allow fossils to obstruct the path of living men! Historical traditions, at present, are the last frontiers, the only barriers between nations. From the point of view of science, of commerce, of industry, of philosophy, Europe is one, the whole Western World is one, and very soon the whole world, East and West, will be one. Even soldiers of contending nations are more and more alike in uniform, armament, and spirit. But while all the thousand streams of modern civilization are converging into one mighty river, historical culture reverses the process. It looks backward, toward the headwaters of each rivulet; it preserves and emphasizes differences which, if left to themselves, would soon disappear in the broad current of modern thought. The nationalistic, traditionalist education of Europe fosters exclusiveness, diffidence, hatred. Hence the strange paradox that the best educated of all European nations is also the most bigoted in its pride and selfishness; that the hateful prejudices which have caused the present war have been kept up, not by the common people, but by poets, politicians, and university professors. All of us, when we come to America, are welcome to preserve our sentimental and artistic traditions: but we are expected to leave behind all the hereditary jealousies which are the warp and woof of European history. What Europe needs is a similar experience, a great unlearning, a mighty revolution against the dead hand of the past that still oppresses her. The past is past! Let us cherish the fine old stories of our fathers' heroic deeds: but let us settle all present and future differences as men of the twentieth century. If we could but conjure away

that incubus of historical traditions, peace would be at hand.

Many Europeans believe that those very traditions—a war-stained history, a nobility of idleness, a dynasty for display—are essential to a nation. They despise the dead level of our democracy, the uninteresting record of our party struggles, barely relieved by two or three wars, one only waged on a large scale. They call us sordid materialists, because our ideal is not to glorify wholesale murder. Materialists, we! It is Germany, England, Russia, even France, that are materialists in their worship of a certain territory, of certain institutions, of certain men. We are idealists, for the unity of our nation is based on nothing material: it is based on principles. The race and the speech of our people might gradually change beyond recognition; our constitution might be altered in such a way as to puzzle those who framed it: yet, so long as we remain true to certain guiding ideas, America would be herself still.

And what is the first and greatest of these ideas? Is it democracy? Is it liberty? No: it is justice. Liberty is but a negative ideal at best; we know that liberty has limits: there is no limit to justice; and where perfect justice reigns, there true liberty will rule also. Not democracy: democracy is a vague term. If by democracy you mean universal suffrage, you will find that democracy is but a means of assuring better justice, of doing away with the hereditary injustices of caste and autocracy, of maintaining fair play in the political field. America is the land where we strive to give to every man according to his deserts: to the normal man full liberty, to the lunatic and the thief an asylum or a jail, to the murderer

an electric chair. We believe in justice, we cherish justice, as the one essential element of the American ideal.

Now, it would not do for us to pat ourselves on the back and say: "What fine fellows we are!" There are as fine fellows as any of us on the other side; but they suffer from handicaps and limitations which it has been our good fortune to shake off. Superiority is no justification for self-complacency and a pharisaical attitude. Superiority spells responsibility. If it be true that the American spirit stands for justice, then there is a huge task before us, and appalling dangers.

Our first duty, before we boast any more, will be to carry out the principle of the American spirit in our own land. So far, we have applied it almost exclusively to politics, and even there, only half-heartedly. You will have to apply the same principle to economic and social affairs; you will have to understand that industrial democracy is the natural corollary of political democracy; that the man who pays us a salary controls us more immediately than any mayor, congressman, or senator; that those at the head of practical monopolies and franchises are, or ought to be, in every sense of the term, public trustees and public officials; that an hereditary landlord or oil king, in this free land of ours, is as much of an anomaly as an hereditary judge or king would be.

You will have to apply your American principle to the race question. There we see the advantage of adopting Justice rather than Democracy as our watchword. A crude misinterpretation of democracy placed the South, for a few years, at the mercy of a totally unprepared electorate; and you have been

shuddering at the memory of those shameful days for two generations. The time has come when you can afford to be *just*: to frame such laws that the illiterate, the drunkard, the criminal, be excluded from the privileges of active citizenship; while all desirable citizens, whatever may be their sex, race, color, or previous condition of servitude, will be welcome to the full exercise of American liberty. Think for yourselves, men and women of the rejuvenated South: do not allow your grandfathers to do your thinking for you. Granting that your grandfathers were right in their day and generation: it is the problems of this day that you have to face. Do not be hypnotized, like the people in Europe, by the injustices and miseries of a buried past. Be Americans. The future is before you: the future is yours.

Not only must we keep America true to the American spirit in home affairs, but we must make her a missionary, an apostle among nations. A historical tradition is exclusive and incommunicable: you cannot expect a German to be loyal to the memory of Richelieu, Carnot, or Gambetta; or a Frenchman to worship Frederick the Great or Bismarck. But if we stand for a principle, if we think of the future rather than of the past, of the generations for whose destiny we are partly responsible rather than of the ancestors who have framed our own destinies—then we can bid the whole world to commune with us. European patriotism may be in direct and tragic conflict with the dictates of humanity: the men who sank the *Lusitania* were in all likelihood Christians and gentlemen. Sane and good men may be so led astray as to repeat the barbaric words: "My country, right or wrong!" American patriotism is no

shadowy replica of French, German, or British patriotism: it is of a different kind altogether. It cannot conceivably be opposed to the interests of humanity, for it is based on humanitarian principles. An American cannot consistently say: "My country, right or wrong!" for his first concern, his highest duty, is that his country should be right rather than victorious in battle. Victory! World-wide empire! What care we for these? The one supremacy that America desires is to be a leader in the cause of international as well as national justice. And the supreme achievement of American patriotism, the American conquest of the world, will be the day when the jealous patriotism of European countries has died, when all nations are united in the bonds of democracy and peace, under the ægis of justice.

Sons of the discoverers, the conquerors, the pilgrims, and the pioneers! The task is not done. There are more strange and lonely seas for your ships to plough. Never have such infinite horizons been revealed to the eyes of any generation. Go forth, in the spirit of high adventure; discover for yourselves, and organize for all future generations the New America, the promised land that we dreamed of and shall never see, the universal commonwealth founded on justice and love.

PART I
POLITICAL DEMOCRACY

CHAPTER I

MESOCRACY IN FRANCE

THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

I

It was a keen disappointment for the friends of France in this country to discover that France was democratic neither in thought nor in deeds. On the other hand, our enthusiasm for democracy, pure and undefiled, struck our French friends as a token of political immaturity. Clemenceau referred with something akin to affectionate sarcasm to "*la noble candeur*"—the holy simplicity—of President Wilson. When it was agreed that the Great War was a crusade for democracy, France raised no objection; the French leaders might have repeated the words of the old English parliamentarian (Lord Melbourne, I believe): "It does not much matter what we say; but we must all say the same thing." But when President Wilson practically promised Germany a free pardon if she would put on the white robe of democracy, or when he sent his generous greeting to the first assembly of the Pan-Russian Soviet, France—political France—demurred. Clouds rear themselves into magnificent castles; but such visions should not interfere with the work to be done in a world of realities. And, for the best-trained French intellects in our generation, democracy is not a reality.

It is hard to agree upon a definition of democracy.

The government of the people, by the people, and for the people, will do as well as any. Translated into concrete terms, this implies universal suffrage. Every widening of the franchise is a step toward democracy. Caste and property qualifications, race and sex disabilities have been swept away. There remains one stronghold of privilege, one survival of ancient arbitrary discriminations—age. Universal suffrage is at best adult suffrage. A manifest injustice: for Miss Winifred Sackville Stoner at the age of five might have cast a more intelligent vote than many of her elders. When babes in arms are taken to the polling-booth to exercise the inalienable and sacred right of all human beings and take part in the government of their country, then we shall have perfect democracy. As this hardly belongs to the realm of practical politics, we are compelled to tone down our high-sounding definition. Democracy never was and never could be the government of the people by all the people. The adoption of an arbitrary age limit implies that all men are not equally entitled to a vote, but only those men who offer some essential guarantees of knowledge and experience. It is a crude selection, but it is a selection all the same, and it suffices to explode the sacredness of the democratic dogma. France committed in the past the blunder of extending electoral rights to men who were less prepared for it than the children in our grade schools: the Hindus of Pondichéry, the negroes of Senegal. No democrat would be consistent enough to justify such a course at the present day, and the policy we are pursuing in the Philippines, or in the Southern States, which France is also applying in Algeria and Indo-China, is a frank admission that

there is no mystic value in democracy. There can never be too much truth, too much justice, or too much brotherly love: but the moment is soon reached when there is too much democracy.

No sane government can be a government by all the people: it must be a government by those fit to govern. But even these cannot use their power constantly and directly: we are led to the elective method which, in common parlance, has become synonymous with democracy. Wherever free elections are held, there democracy prevails. Note that the elective system places government in the hands, not of all qualified voters, but only of the majority. It may be a bare majority: so bare as to be indecent. The minority may be left out in the cold for twenty years, or indeed indefinitely. Lincoln's formula should, therefore, be amended as follows: Democracy is the government of the people by a majority of qualified voters.

But does that majority actually rule? No: we have not yet evolved a satisfactory process whereby it would spontaneously extract and bring to the fore the best elements that it contains. An election is usually naught but a choice between two or more self-appointed, self-perpetuating groups. It might be otherwise if nominations always came to seek the man, and if the candidates were personally known to all the voters. As it is, and under the most favorable circumstances, politicians, in France as well as in America, are machine-made. They may turn out well: so well that they may attempt to smash the particular machine which has brought them into political life. Such cases of heroic ingratitude are rare. In a world of "normalcy," we can put our

penny in the slot of two rival machines, but we draw very much the same kind of chewing-gum in either case. And Lincoln's definition grows under our hands to this unlovely bulk: Democracy is the government of the people by small alternating minorities of professional politicians, indorsed, with enthusiasm or with resignation, by a majority of qualified voters. It is not, it cannot be, a government by the whole people. Whether it has ever been a government by the best of the people, and for the whole of the people, is a question which history cannot answer off-hand with an exultant affirmative.

We take it for granted that the more progressive thought in a country must also be the more democratic. This is by no means invariably the case. The "advanced" elements in Europe have repeatedly turned their backs on democracy. The Jacobins at the time of the great Revolution, the Syndicalists in our own days, frankly proclaimed the right of a "conscious" or "enlightened" minority to lead the ignorant masses. Jacobinism, Syndicalism, and their synthesis Bolshevism, are words of ill-repute. But the same problem presented itself to moderate Republicans, with whom we are in full sympathy, and was settled in their minds in the same way: a more or less open denial of the democratic dogma.

The crucial instance was this: in 1848, the Sovereign People saw fit to elect Louis Napoleon President of the Republic, simply because he was a Bonaparte. When, four years later, he made himself Emperor, he could rightfully claim that he held his sceptre "by the grace of God and the will of the people"—assisted by a little bit of juggling. This placed the Republicans in a most painful quandary:

the application of the democratic principle had led to what they thought the suicide of democracy. Victor Hugo had to admit that democracy might be deluded; in other terms, that you could fool the great majority of the people some of the time, and then fool them again with something else, and so *ad infinitum*. When you called upon the People to raise its God-inspired voice, you might get an answer from a totally different entity, the Rabble:

Oui, le Peuple est en haut, mais la Foule est en bas.

The chief distinction between the two is that the People votes for us and the Rabble against us. So the great democratic poet came to the undemocratic conclusion that votes should be weighed rather than counted; the enlightened Republicanism of the Parisian working men should mean more than the gregarious Bonapartism of the rural masses; *la Ville-Lumière*, the Metropolis of Light, had a right to dictate to the rest of the country—a right which was asserted once more in March, 1871, during the tragic farce of the Commune.

Another case of conflict between radicalism and democracy in France is offered by the woman-suffrage question. In theory, the Radicals approve of it. In practice, they know—or they believe—that French women are much more conservative than the men, much more, under the influence of the Catholic Church. If they were given the vote, radicalism would be “snowed under.” So democracy must be protected against itself. It is much wiser to sacrifice principles than men: for what would be the use of democratic principles if there were no democrats to apply them or profit by them? The Radicals resigned themselves to their painful duty,

and strangled suffrage on the altar of democracy—a reasoning akin to that of Ugolino, who devoured his children so that they would not be fatherless.

Before condemning those French democrats who are afraid of democracy, it would be well to remember that we, who proclaim the sanctity of the democratic dogma in politics, reject it contemptuously in all other domains. Democracy exists neither in art nor in science. A best-seller is not ipso facto a masterpiece, else Harold Bell Wright would be our Balzac. And it would be farcical to submit Einstein's theory—or Darwin's, for that matter—to a popular referendum. In the economic world, many political democrats shudder at the thought of democracy. It seems natural to intrust the fate of a huge concern like the city of New York, or the Union itself, to the decision of the multitude. But it is rank heresy to suggest the same form of government for a much more modest industrial or commercial concern. It is monstrous that a man should be chief executive of a nation by hereditary right; that a judge should openly purchase his seat on the bench and bequeath it to his son; that a captain should buy his company or a colonel his regiment. But we find it perfectly normal that a captain of industry should purchase a new plant—thereby controlling, more intimately than any politician, the welfare of thousands; and that Captain Junior should step into his father's shoes. If democracy be indeed absurd in art, science, commerce, and industry, it is hard to see why it should be held sacred in politics.

II

Nothing would be more unjust, therefore, than to condemn our friends unheard, simply because their conception of democracy is not absolutely coextensive with ours. The French, for instance, are backward enough to appoint their judges instead of electing them; but our federal bench, likewise, is appointed, and we are not sure that it is inferior to the judiciaries of the different States. With all these preparations, I think I may safely discuss my main point: to wit, that the French Government is not a democracy. It uses a democratic vocabulary, and it affects the form of a constitutional monarchy of the English type. But it remains to-day, under M. Doumergue, what it was already under Louis-Philippe, Louis XIV, Louis XI, Philip the Fair: a government by permanent officials, recruited from the middle class, and embodying the ideal of the middle class; a Bourgeois Bureaucracy, in terms borrowed directly from the French; or, to use the word suggested by our best authority on South American affairs, Victor Andrés Belaúnde, a "Mesocracy."

It is the tritest of paradoxes to say that the political machinery in France is of trifling importance: the three real powers are the Bureaucracy, the Press, and Money; and the greatest of these, thank the Lord! is the Bureaucracy. Parliament might very well shut up shop, as it did in Spain; President and cabinet ministers might grow lettuce *à la Dioclétienne*, or translate Horace in rural retreats; and France would miss nothing vital—only an exciting and expensive form of sport, more humane than bull-fights

and more intellectual than baseball. The Bureaucracy would keep functioning, as it has functioned from time immemorial, under King, Emperor, or President: self-recruiting, honest on the whole, proud of its particular branch of the service, fairly efficient, and wofully unprogressive.

This is not a wild hypothesis: it is a plain statement of fact. France had at least half a dozen revolutions and coups d'état within less than a hundred years (1789-1871). Dynasties, flags, and régimes passed away: the Bureaucracy neither died nor surrendered. Not only did it preserve its traditional methods unshaken, but most of its personnel clung to their official armchairs with the same tenacity as the Vicar of Bray to his benefice. The same men received renewed investiture from Bonaparte, Bourbon, Orleans, or Republic; the France they served—the France they *were*—had existed long before the political puppet that happened to strut in Paris for a season, and it would endure long after dynasties had gone to the scrap-heap.

Take the management of foreign affairs: M. Philippe Berthelot, who retired (under a Chinese cloud) not so very long ago,* had been the power behind the throne at the Quai d'Orsay under the nominal leadership of a dozen ministers. M. Jusserand represented France at Washington for nearly twenty years, and he was continuously in the diplomatic service for no less than forty-five. Such men are keeping up the traditions of Talleyrand, who served the Ancient Régime, the Revolution, Napoleon, the Restoration, and Louis-Philippe; and Talleyrand was but continuing Vergennes, de Lionne, and Richelieu.

* M. Berthelot was recently reinstated.

In home affairs, the Prefects of the Third Republic are the lineal descendants of the Prefects of Napoleon, who were but the *Intendants* of the old Monarchy under a more classical name. There is no more curious instance of the stability of the Bureaucrats, and of their independence of political power. The Prefects are the heads of the ninety subdivisions of France known as Departments. They are the chief executives in their districts, as the representatives, not of the local population, but of the central government—somewhat in the same manner as the governors of colonial possessions. Appointed by the Home Office, or Ministry of the Interior, they are supposed to be the instruments of the cabinet in power, and to support its policies. They, at any rate, might be expected to be political appointees, and to follow the fate of their patrons. But such is not the case. Prefects remain at their posts under Moderates and under Radicals; they would still carry on under Napoleon IV, Philip VII, or a Soviet. All that a new government does is to shift them round a little. A prefect who is *persona grata* with his minister will be transferred to a pleasanter or more influential prefecture. One who has incurred disfavor will be sent to a sleepy little town, or to one in which local society still ostracizes government officials, as in some of the western provinces. But he is not dismissed. He may even be kicked upward instead of out; or he may be put in cold storage in some well-paid sinecure. Except in a case of scandalous unworthiness—a case so rare as to be almost unthinkable—a prefect, who wears the uniform of a Major-General,* is as secure in the possession of his

* As a prefect's uniform is most funereal—sable and silver—he is known as *Général de Croque-Morts*: General of Mourners.

rank as a general in the regular army. Both may be unsuitably employed and in comparative disgrace, like a famous general under President Wilson; but both are sure of holding their title and a job.

There is a French proverb which expresses this invincible continuity of French life, whatever may be the frail and pretentious little craft that floats upon its stream: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*"

III

We said that the Bureaucracy in France was self-perpetuating. There is no strict equivalent for our spoils system. In most branches there is an examination at the entrance of the career, and appointments are made practically for life. It would be excessive to claim that political pull has no part in securing admission or promotion; but, as ministers come and go, while officials are permanent, it is hardly safe for a man to commit himself too completely to one political group. Then the Bureaucrats have a strong *esprit de corps*; they resent, and attempt to thwart, the intrusions of the politicians.

All this would not be radically contrary to democracy, if the officials were recruited from all classes, and were themselves free from class feeling. But such is not the case. Although there have been signs of change within the last twenty years—the growth, within the Bureaucracy, of a proletariat permeated with syndicalist ideas—officialdom is still the stronghold of the bourgeoisie.

It was so from the beginning: for centuries the nobles had scorned the work of administration, reserving their activity for war and social pleasure.

The kings, distrusting the nobility, did not encourage them to take part in the government either of provinces or of the realm as a whole. The masses were disqualified on account of their ignorance. So the honorific and profitable burden of administration fell upon the Third Estate: an intelligent middle class, the most substantial, the most permanent element in French society; and this class is ruling to-day.

The limits of the French bourgeoisie are real, and yet hard to define. Within our own lifetime the upward boundary has practically disappeared; the nobility survives, and even expands with alarming rapidity: but it is almost completely merged with the plutocracy (Jewish, American, and even French); and the plutocracy, in its turn, is nowhere separated from the bourgeoisie. Thus the word bourgeoisie, which used to denote exclusively the *middle* class, is now extended by socialist writers to the capitalistic upper class. In this new parlance, a duke, a rich merchant or manufacturer, and a high government official are all bourgeois.

A caste system—a class is but a caste which has not yet solidified—could not endure without external marks of distinction: conversely, when there are indelible physical differences between elements in the population, a caste system is bound to arise, as in the colonies of most European powers and in our own South. In France the physical criterion is not racial; no one has ever been socially damned because he had brown eyes and a high cephalic index. It is entirely a question of costume and personal habits. A bourgeois is a man with a white collar and uncalled hands. He may be a struggling clerk

or shop-walker, much poorer than many peasants or mechanics. But as soon as he assumes the uniform of the ruling class, he also adopts its mentality. He is a bourgeois, with reverence for order, property, tradition, with contempt for those men whose clothes are grimy, whose hands are horny, and whose speech is rude. And this contempt will be not lessened, but intensified, if the objectionable person be of their own kin. Just as patriotism is most extreme on the border, class consciousness is most intense at the boundary between the bourgeoisie and the people. There is more democracy of manners among the descendants of the feudal aristocracy than among the men just risen from the abyss, who are in mortal fear of being dragged back into it. The son ashamed of his parents whose lifelong sacrifice has opened for him the magic gate of the bourgeoisie—this sordid tragedy recurs daily throughout France. Once more the line of cleavage is not so much wealth as manual labor. To toil with one's hands is still accounted servile.

Only from 1830 to 1848 did the bourgeoisie enjoy the full title as well as the substance of power. The king of its choice was but the first of the bourgeois; the masses were not enfranchised. Government was but a police for the protection of property, a fence erected round the Haves to keep out the Have-Nots. If wealth be, as we are taught, the reward of foresight, thrift, industry, it deserves power. Only the richest taxpayers had a vote. A régime of privilege? "Not any more," Guizot would answer, "than the rule reserving teaching positions to men holding a degree. If you want power, qualify yourself for it: you are free to do so. *Enrichissez-vous!* Get rich!"

—a piece of advice to which Guizot's enemies have given a sinister twist, but which after all is sound enough. Never was there a better adaptation between the political and the economic doctrines of the country. France was managed like a great corporation, in which only shareholders could elect the directors.

The régime had its faults: the worst was that France was bored. But there are many virtues in that solid, hard-working, educated, legalistic, patriotic bourgeoisie, of which M. Poincaré is the sturdy flower. (This is original: I do not think M. Poincaré has ever been called a flower before.) Mesocracy is not mediocracy. At any rate, the middle class know what they want, because they already have it. Definiteness of purpose makes for efficiency. Rather be ruled by the middle class than by the muddle class.

But manhood suffrage came in 1848. Enormous as it is compared with the ancient privileged orders, the bourgeoisie remains a minority—certainly not twenty per cent of the population. How was it able to retain a practical monopoly of political and administrative power?

The first reason is the force of tradition. Conservative as we undoubtedly are in America, we have none the less, one and all, been uprooted from our native land, and have struck new roots in virgin soil. It is hard for us to appreciate the age-long habit of subordination, if not always of respect, that the French Revolution has not been able to destroy. Then, although the bourgeoisie is efficiently walled in, although its gates are narrow and the path of approach is steep, still the gates swing open to the

pushful, and the path is not impassable. Every man hopes, if he cannot become a bourgeois himself, at least to make his son a bourgeois. Albert Thierry, a working man's son, proclaimed as his motto: "Le refus de parvenir"—the refusal to leave his class; but he was unique, and he died young. Privileges and even abuses do not seem so intolerable when you nurse a reasonable expectation of profiting by them. The poor man on the road to wealth is already a plutocrat at heart. Hazing is submitted to by the finest young fellows, in spite of its degrading features, because they can anticipate the glorious day when they will be among the hazers and not among the hazed.

Then the majority, the "lower classes," the working classes, the "people" in the antidemocratic sense of the term, do not form a solid and conscious body. The peasants have different interests, and therefore different principles, from the industrial workers. Although they too are socially ostracized by the bourgeoisie, they own their land, and they cast in their lot with the middle class as the defender of property. As France was until quite recently overwhelmingly rural, the alliance between the bourgeoisie and the peasantry against urban democracy would seem to be invincible.

We can now understand how the bourgeoisie, with the help of the peasants, has been able to intrench itself in the one great governmental power in France, the Bureaucracy. The professions—including administrative careers—require a long and costly preparation. Now high-school education in France is divided *on social lines*, into two main branches: higher primary, commercial, technical, on the one

hand, which is given free to all who are fit for it; and secondary education proper, of greater duration, and for which fees are charged. The former is democratic, but does not lead to the professions. The student of a technical school will hardly ever become an "engineer" in the French sense of the term; he will remain a foreman. Secondary education alone, given in *Lycées* and *Collèges*, leads to the bachelor's degree, and to the graduate professional schools. No doubt a number of scholarships are offered to the deserving sons of the people: the bourgeoisie has sense enough to aggregate to itself the best elements in the other classes. But these scholars are a minority; they are placed in a bourgeois atmosphere, they are taught bourgeois traditions, and their desire is to break as completely as possible with their origins. One must draw the line somewhere, and the logical place is between one's father and oneself.*

The fees and the long period of studies make secondary education almost prohibitive for the masses. Democratic self-support of the American type hardly exists at all; and the very strict age limit set for entering the great professional schools makes it impossible for a young man to interrupt his studies, earn some money, and then resume his course. But another and still more effective protection is raised against an influx of democratic elements into the sacred preserves of the bourgeoisie: the professions, for the first few years, do not pay. Hardly any member of a legal profession, hardly any officer in the army or navy, hardly any man in the more prom-

* A further discussion of this problem will be found *infra*, in the chapter, "The New Quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns."

ising branches of the civil or diplomatic services, can expect to live on his salary. Young men have to pass difficult examinations and wait until they are thirty to secure a munificent pay of some four hundred dollars.

The "marriage of convenience" is another factor of social stability. In an ancient country like France inherited wealth looms much larger than it does with us: opportunities for making new fortunes are fewer. So a "suitable match" is a recognized step in a young man's career: it is prepared for more sedulously than a university degree. And the trustee of inherited wealth, the bourgeoisie, controls the matrimonial market.

Even in politics, the bourgeois is supreme. It takes money to be elected, even by honest means, more money than the deputy will receive from the state in the four years of his term. It takes education—that classical, literary education which, as we have seen, the sons of the people have no fair chance of getting—to be successful in the bourgeois milieu of the Chamber. So the peasants, and even the social-democratic population of the cities, are represented by bourgeois doctors, lawyers, and professors, like Jaurès. But for one Jaurès, who remained faithful to the class that had elected him, we find dozens of men who naturally reverted to, or veered toward, the upper class which held the good things of this world and was willing to welcome them. Thus Messrs. Viviani, Briand, Millerand began their political careers as socialists and representatives of working men's districts. And we know how completely they have been purged of their youthful errors.

IV

The problem therefore is not: How does the French bourgeoisie manage to keep democracy down?—but: How, under such unfavorable circumstances, did French democracy manage to assert itself at all, to be a power in the land and in the world?

First of all, immediately before and immediately after the great Revolution, the bourgeoisie had to fight against the privileges of the nobility, and, in that fight, it was compelled to invoke democratic principles and the support of the people. When the fight was securely won, the bourgeoisie turned round—some as early as 1794, some in 1830, more in 1848. But they could not undo all the mischief they had done: they could not frankly combat the democracy to which they had been rendering lip service. The long struggle between Voltairian free thought and the Catholic Church had the effect of splitting the bourgeoisie into two factions, the more progressive of which had to strike an alliance with the democratic elements. It was the issue of clericalism *vs.* anticlericalism alone that kept many bourgeois on the liberal side. Without it we should never have seen such a typical conservative bourgeois as Waldeck-Rousseau heading a Ministry of Republican Defense with the sympathy of the Socialists. Anticlericalism is the stock in trade of the bourgeois radicals, their sole *raison d'être*. Hence the fierceness with which they are whipping that poor dead horse at the present day.

But another factor has worked in favor of democracy, and counterbalanced to some extent the over-

whelming superiority of the bourgeois-peasant alliance: the democrats occupied strategic positions, the great cities, particularly Paris. The working people of Paris were better educated, could come and act together more rapidly, than the peasants and even the provincial bourgeoisie. Over the purely Parisian bourgeoisie they had the superiority of numbers. They were strengthened by many deserters from the upper class, who came to the people either out of idealism or for less worthy reasons. Thanks to the centralization for which the Ancient Régime had been striving and which was perfected by Napoleon, an order from Paris would at first be blindly followed by provincial France. This is the secret of the jerky course of French history from 1789 to 1871. Repeatedly, the radical elements congregated in Paris, supported by the Parisian populace, would make a sudden bid for power, and take a bold step toward democracy. The provinces would remain passive for a while, then slowly, irresistibly, the permanent superiority of the bourgeois-peasant alliance would make itself felt. In 1830, 1848, 1871, conservative France "came back," and with increasing rapidity and violence. It may be said that in the Commune insurrection of 1871 democratic Paris finally lost the fight. Since that date a Parisian revolution out of keeping with the temper of the vast conservative classes has become almost unthinkable. Paris has been tamed at last.

In 1789, the bourgeoisie got what they wanted—the suppression of all privileges except their own; the peasantry secured what they were craving for—a clear title to the land they had tilled for centuries. So both are now in agreement to keep things as they

are, and against their combined strength the industrial workers are powerless.

And such an order of things is not to be despised. France, on the whole, is decently governed and quietly prosperous. The members of the French Parliament are rather better educated than our average Congressman, and they are more brilliant than the average British M. P. They are honest, as deputies go. They are probably less under the thumb of big business than the very gentlemanly members of the House of Commons. Scandals like the Marconi affair, which were politely hushed at Westminster, would have been pitilessly thrashed out at the Palais-Bourbon. The French constitution has no damning fault. It does not prevent France from getting the government she deserves—no better, no worse. Once more, the substance of power is not there: it is in the Bureaucracy, in the plutocracy, and in the press, those three powers which a modern Montesquieu should study rather than the old-fashioned executive, legislative, and judiciary. Give the women a vote; decentralize; create a genuine system of proportional representation; give ministers a safer and longer tenure of office; have the President elected by an independent college, or by the whole people: all these reforms may be desirable. But, even though all were achieved, you would repeat: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*"

On the contrary, without any political change at all, a peaceful revolution may take place. With her newly conquered mines, with the development of water-power, with the resources of her colonial empire, France may evolve from a bourgeois-peasant republic to a republic of industrial workers. Then

new problems will arise, a new temper, and new methods. If such be the case, Parliament will have no choice but to register, clumsily and a little late, the inevitable trend of national life. And our successors may regret, like a vanished Arcadia, the France of Royer-Collard, Casimir-Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, and Raymond Poincaré.

CHAPTER II

IN THE REALM OF KING LOG

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

“A HEAD of the state whose whole virtue is impotence, and who becomes criminal as soon as he is suspected to act or even to think. . . .” Thus did Abbé Lantaigne arraign the Third Republic, Professor Bergeret nodding approval. A quarter of a century has gone by since that memorable converse under ‘The Elm of the Mall’: but, as recent events have shown, Abbé Lantaigne’s indictment has lost none of its cogency. President Millerand was dismissed because he wanted “to act and even to think.”

We, of course, follow a different principle altogether. We want strong men, and, through the infallible methods of Western Democracy, we get the men we want. At any rate, a cynic would say, we get the men we deserve. So we are well pleased with ourselves, and a little contemptuous toward our Sister Republic, and her figureheads that are not even ornamental. Has it ever crossed our minds that the French policy might be the fruit of experience, and not of unmitigated imbecility? Like the Frogs of ancient fable—are not the Frogs their symbol in Anglo-Saxon minds?—the French have tried, repeatedly, King Stork after King Log. King Stork they found by far the more exciting and picturesque; King Log immeasurably the more comfortable. So

here is to King Log, twelfth President of the Third French Republic!

I

When the Revolution broke out there was, at first, no feeling against the monarchy, or even against a strong executive. Indeed, there lurked in the French mind, masses and bourgeoisie alike, a craving for the enlightened tyrant, the beneficent despot, so dear to the philosophers of the age.* Had the King assumed the leadership of the reform movement, his power might have emerged from the crisis actually stronger, more truly national, purged of any trace of feudalism, no longer hampered by the innumerable chaotic privileges of orders, corporations, or provinces. But the King, kind of heart, heavy of wit as of paunch, and above all uxorious, was unable to understand such a course. He drifted uneasily on the revolutionary stream, shooting the rapids with closed eyes, and offering resistance only at the moments when resistance had become futile and even suicidal. So all parties lost confidence in him—his own family first of all; and his power was clipped so close that, for the last two years of his reign, he was a prisoner on the throne. It was the last three Louis who killed the veneration for authority, rooted so deep in the heart of ancient France: the Grand Monarch with his pride and extravagance, the Well-Beloved with his cynical indifference and corruption, Louis XVI with his feeble shiftiness.

Yet so great was the desire for a strong government that, after seven troublous years, France gave

* The two favorite myths of the eighteenth century were the enlightened tyrant and the virtuous American.

herself another master—and what a master!—Bonaparte by name, King Stork with a vengeance. In less than fifteen years he had led millions of men to slaughter, lost the Rhine, squandered the spiritual heritage of the Revolution without recovering that of the Ancient Régime. He fell undefended, unpitied, amid the universal sigh of relief that he had prophesied.

Now was the chance for King Log—Louis XVIII, old, obese, cold-hearted, cool-headed, amiably sceptical about all issues except his personal comfort. He had his reward, and, alone of all French sovereigns from Louis XVI to Napoleon III, he died quietly in the trappings of his kingly office. But as soon as it was suspected that his successor, Charles X, was planning “to act and even to think,” the “three glorious days” of July, 1830, sent him into exile. And the best of Republics was found in the person of Louis-Philippe, the citizen-king, whom posterity remembers as wielding an umbrella in lieu of a sceptre, and who was sharply reminded that a king should “reign but not govern.”

Thereupon the Frogs clamored to Jupiter that King Log was insufferably dull. Peace at any price abroad, immobility at home: he could do nothing but “stand pat,” after the manner of all Logs. “France is bored!” said Lamartine, the most musical of all Frogs in the romantic pond. And in February, 1848, King Log, under the appropriate name of Mr. Smith, booked his passage for England.

What *did* the Frogs want: Log or Stork? Then it was that Monsieur Thiers was inspired with a wonderful idea: why not pick out a Log who happened to be called a Stork? So he and his astute friends

supported the candidacy of Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, to all appearances the most loggish of Logs, dull-eyed, awkward of gesture and of speech, a safe ruler with a dazzling name. Two years later, the Log was evincing considerable activity, and M. Thiers cried out in dismay: "The Empire is made!" A prophecy strictly in accordance with Chesterton's dictum: political prophets foretell only what happened a few years before. By December, 1851, the transformation was complete, and, in 1852, the world had to bow before Napoleon III, a Stork of singular vigor.

Louis-Napoleon was the first and last French President of the American type. He was duly elected—against official pressure—after a "solemn referendum," and he was repeatedly confirmed by plebiscites. Even as Emperor, he could claim that his power came from "the grace of God and the will of the people." He had a philosophy of history at the service of his cause. It was, according to him, the very nature of democracy to become incarnated in one man—a "Providential man," to be modest—who served the whole people, and not certain privileged classes. This democratic Cæsarism has found many apologists in South America, such as Lanz, and many more disciples, from Francia to Leguia. It is not radically different from the ultimate development of Wilsonism. It is well to remember that, in one of its important aspects, Bonapartism was identified with "the appeal to the people." This inspired ever after in the democrats a wholesome dread that Demos be too freely consulted.

But the Bonaparte Stork was aging, long before his time. In 1870 there was little more life left in

him than in a good average Log, and the constitution of the Empire was altered accordingly. It was the mob, the press, Parliament, the Cabinet, that, "with a light heart," stampeded the French into Bismarck's trap. The Emperor followed, like a Log. And the tide of battle, which he neither directed nor even understood, left him stranded at Sedan.

Thereupon he was vilified as a Log and a Stork and a Scapegoat to boot. Once again, the Batrachian throne was vacant, and the Frogs had their choice.

II

It was little Monsieur Thiers who first hopped onto the ill-fated seat. He was selected because he was a defeatist—for patriotism has many strange avatars, and a Thiers may be lauded to the sky for the very policy that sent M. Caillaux to jail. His powers were ill defined, for the new régime had no constitution as yet, and hardly a name. But they were extensive, and his septuagenarian vim made them very real. He had been chosen by the Conservatives on the strict understanding that, in home politics, he would do nothing at all. But he was growing fond of the pitiful young Republic intrusted to his care; he was showing dispositions to act and even to think in matters political. So, in spite of his services, he was set aside, and Marshal de MacMahon stepped in.

The Marshal was an honest soldier, whose personal bravery had won him laurels in the Crimea and in Italy. In 1870 he had, at any rate, escaped heavy responsibilities. If he had drifted with his army into Sedan, he had redeemed his fame by re-

capturing Paris from the Communards, and butchering a few thousands of them after the fighting was over. He was famous for words which he may have said after taking the Malakoff Tower: "Here I am, here I stay." The chroniclers of the day ascribed to him innumerable other dicta in keeping with his character as a blunt and naïve old campaigner. When floods were devastating southern France, the Marshal rushed to the stricken region and comforted the population with these words: "Que d'eau! Que d'eau!"—"What a lot of water!" While inspecting a military school he stopped before the one negro student, a promising lad, and asked him: "It is you who are the negro?" "Yes, Marshal." "Well . . . keep it up." Mac-Mahon's negro is still "keeping it up" in the folk-lore of France.

Mac-Mahon was supposed to be a stop-gap, a Statthalter, until the claimants to the throne had composed their differences, or rather until the legitimate Pretender, Henry V, Count of Chambord, had either learned sense or departed this life. By learning sense was meant that he should give up any intention of acting by himself or thinking for himself. For, like his grandfather Charles X, Henry V was afflicted with principles, and with velleities to see them carried into effect. So the Assembly gave Providence seven years in which to enlighten Henry V, or to remove him. Seventy times seven would hardly have sufficed to teach a Bourbon a new idea.

Meanwhile, a constitution was framed: obviously a monarchical one, although the label "Republic" was pasted upon it by a plurality of a single vote. It was a constitution of the Louis-Philippe type, in

which the head of the state is expected to reign, not to govern; and it has kept working smoothly enough—more smoothly, at any rate, than either the British constitution or the American—to the present day.

The Republicans were at last asserting themselves in that nominal republic in search of a king. They won a majority of the seats in the newly created Chamber of Deputies. The Conservatives were appalled. They urged Mac-Mahon to make full use of his constitutional powers, and, if need be, to strain them a little. Mac-Mahon did as he was told. The Chamber was dismissed, a conservative ministry appointed, and a crusade launched to restore and preserve "moral order"—a phrase which our Fighting Quaker ought to have made his own, in the Palmery days of 1919. But "moral order" did not triumph, after all. The Republicans returned in full array. The President bowed to the popular verdict. At the first opportunity he resigned. He had loyally served many régimes: his own was the only one whose fall caused him no regret. Not a great soldier, and no politician at all, he was a brave and an honest man. He lived quietly for many years amid universal respect.

This abortive effort of Mac-Mahon (known as "the Sixteenth of May") was a great victory for the Loggists against the Storkists. The President had not gone beyond the letter of the constitution: yet his attempt was called a *coup d'état*, and almost a crime. Had the President exerted his full powers for the first time in accord with public opinion instead of against it, the whole conception of his office might have been changed. As it was, the Republicans sought safety in insignificance. They picked out

Grévy, an old lawyer and an excellent one, whose chief claim to distinction was that, in 1848, he had proposed to abolish the Presidency altogether.

Grévy managed to spend in lack-lustre peace the full seven years of his term. He spent little else, for he was exceedingly thrifty, in the cheese-paring fashion of the French bourgeois. He was so obviously the neutral ideal of a French president that, in spite of his advanced age, he was re-elected. It was through no direct fault of his that he did not die at the Elysée. He was afflicted with a son-in-law bearing the ominous name of Wilson. Wilson was apt to boast about his influence, and misguided applicants for the Legion of Honor paid good money to shady go-betweens. The old man himself was innocent of any immoral trafficking. But Paris was singing, "Ah! quel malheur d'avoir un gendre!" and he had to pay the penalty. Not without effort—for he was obstinate—they wrenched him from his presidential chair.

III

The Log had failed. The Storkists were clamorous. Prince Napoleon (Plonplon) was still defending Cæsarian Democracy, the "Appeal to the People." General Boulanger adopted the same war-cry. His assets were a uniform, a black horse, and a blond beard—a formidable combination which nearly carried him to the Elysée. But French common sense rallied, aided by Clemenceau's most uncommon sense. The perfect President was found. Sadi Carnot, third of the Carnotvingian line, grandson of the Organizer of Victory, an able man of dignified phy-

sique and blameless life, was the most respectable of Logs, yet confessedly a Log. He remained presidential timber after his election, and the only criticism voiced against him was caused by his too obvious woodiness. In public ceremonies one was never quite sure that the President was not quietly fishing a hundred miles away, leaving an automaton to salute and shake hands for him. At any rate, it was real blood that flowed at Lyons under Caserio's stab, and the martyred President became the symbol of the social order imperilled by anarchy.

The shock was such as to jolt Parliament out of its usual caution. Casimir-Périer was elected on the strength of the energy that his grandfather had displayed, and which, if his own pugnacious countenance told a true story, had not degenerated in him. The honor had sought the man, and the man was too much of a gentleman to refuse a post of danger. But France soon realized that the anarchistic outrages were only the crimes of isolated madmen. There was no "organized anarchism," and the social order was safe. Then the politicians began to repent their selection of a president who might act and think. The dangerous situation was soon remedied. Vilified by the press, unsupported by the Chambers, sent to Coventry by his own cabinet, Casimir-Périer soon found his position intolerable. He stepped down, so that both he and France might breathe freely again.

There was little danger that Félix Faure would act, and none whatever that he would think. He was a self-made man, a wealthy ship-owner of Havre, and one of his assets was a photograph representing him as a youth in the garb of a tanner.

Félix Faure took ingenuous delight in the semi-regal appurtenances of his rank. Etiquette became punctilious at the Elysée. The carriage "à la Daumont" of Félix I, the livery of his outriders, were to him, and to a few congenial courtiers, matters of deep moment. The shooting-parties of Rambouillet copied faintly the bygone splendors of imperial Compiègne. For it is the President's duty to shoot in state at Rambouillet, even when he is gun-shy. Legend will have it that a notable general, peppered *a posteriori* by an erratic chief executive, won promotion on the field of Rambouillet. Félix Faure, however, was acknowledged to be a good sportsman and also a good sport. He died suddenly: of course Parisian gossip added, "mysteriously." But there was no suspicion of political foul play, for no one feared, hated, or even disliked the man.

Two amiable bourgeois were induced to compete for the vacant throne: M. Méline and M. Loubet. They belonged so completely to the same class and the same party that they bowed to each other with the usual French courtesy: "Après vous, mon cher Jules." "Après vous, mon cher Emile." There was little to choose between them: the anti-Dreyfusists—for the affair was raging—made the mistake of choosing. They attacked the harmless M. Loubet with unprecedented venom. His election increased their bitterness beyond the limits of sanity: a few weeks later, at the racecourse, a crazy aristocrat walked up to the President and smashed his hat with a stick. Now a frontier-marker may be just timber or concrete; a flag may be just silk or bunting: but woe to him who insults them! The indignity offered to an old man, and the head of the state, was hotly

resented by Republican France. Loubet became genuinely popular, and the people discovered with delight that he deserved to be. His sanity, his modesty, his kindly smile, endeared him to all. Paris and London saw him quietly holding his own by the side of King Edward, the first gentleman in Europe. His presidential life was untroubled, and he left the memory of a good and faithful servant.

So successful had been M. Loubet that exactly the same method was followed in the selection of his successor. The President of the Senate, M. Fallières, was automatically promoted from the second to the first position in the state. There was another candidate, M. Doumer, who fancied himself in the rôle of a French Roosevelt. Not without cause: he had put Indo-China on the map, and he had addressed to his sons a book of golden advice, whose strenuous platitudes could have been signed by the colonel himself. For all his lack of subtlety, M. Doumer was really a strong man. In normal times this was an insuperable disqualification.

President Fallières's term ran out smoothly enough. He was, however, suspected of having opinions of his own, although he never vented them in public. This exposed him to the shafts of satire—oh! nothing very bitter. It was only whispered that he had brought back to the Elysée the bourgeois virtue of thrift, for which Grévy had been so famous; and the following dialogue amused Paris for a few moments: some great catastrophe had occurred, and the President headed the relief subscription with a thousand francs. "What!" said Mrs. President, "a thousand francs! Is not that rather extravagant for bourgeois like ourselves?" "Wait a moment, my dear,"

answered the successor of Louis XIV, "look at the next column in the paper: 'On account of the ——— disaster, the reception at the Elysée has been cancelled.' So I am still a good bit ahead—*J'y gagne encore!*" Parisian journalists might laugh, but such a legend served rather than injured the President with a thrifty population: "*il y gagnait encore!*"

IV

1913! The rumbling of the European conflagration was already audible underground. The impending crisis, once again, created a popular demand for a more vigorous executive. Parliament did not dare to ignore such a demand. They set aside the excellent M. Pams, Clemenceau's choice, and elected M. Poincaré, a strong man, by his own admission—if you doubt it, look at his frown! Hardly had they done the deed but they repented, as in the case of Casimir-Périer. They did not go to such lengths as with Carnot's unfortunate successor. But they overthrew the cabinet, which was known to be in sympathy with the new President, and showed him at once his proper place. M. Poincaré did not accept the situation; neither did he engage in immediate battle. He started touring the country, scrupulously within the limits of his constitutional rôle, with the purpose of enhancing his personal prestige. At the proper time he hoped to challenge the parliamentarians who were holding him in check.

Nothing came out of this preliminary campaign. The general elections were not favorable to Poincaré's friends, and the war broke out. And for the rest of his term, M. Poincaré, patriotic and ener-

getic as he undoubtedly was, had to remain in the background. His name was almost forgotten on this side. Clemenceau's week-ends in the trenches made him the idol of France: Poincaré also visited the front, and no one took notice. It is true that Clemenceau wore an ample coat and a soft felt hat, which were picturesque, while M. Poincaré appeared in a uniform which he fondly believed was semi-military, and which in fact was exactly a chauffeur's livery. It must have been hard for a captain of Blue Devils—for M. Poincaré held that rank in the reserve—to sit in the Elysée like a log. No doubt he used his influence—probably not in the direction America would have chosen: but he had to do so surreptitiously. His high office was a handicap. As soon as he was set free he became a headliner again.

The next election was a curious episode. Of all men Georges Clemenceau was the least fitted for the part of King Log. He had said in crude medical terms—for he had started life as a doctor: "There are two things in this world for which I have never seen any use: the prostate gland and the Presidency of the republic." But France was still in the glow of victory, and Clemenceau had become "Old Father Victory." The Pantheon was waiting for him: why not the Elysée as an antechamber? He finally consented, needing rest after two strenuous years: but on the express condition that the election would not be contested.

But, if Clemenceau had become a national hero, there was one point in which he remained an old-fashioned radical. He wanted to keep the church out of politics. And as the church—in France—would not be so kept out, he was an anticlerical. Now the

majority in the new Chamber, elected through Clemenceau's prestige, was favorably inclined toward Rome. Strong elements in it desired that official relations with the Vatican be resumed. Had Clemenceau been President, rather than approve of such a step, he would have dissolved the Chamber. There is little doubt that the support of the Senate, which he needed in such a case, would not have been lacking. To fight a new election on the clerical issue, and with the Tiger as an enemy, was no pleasant prospect. So ultramontane diplomatists were seen flitting through the parliamentary world. As a result, Paul Deschanel announced his candidacy, and beat Clemenceau in the preliminary caucus. The old man shrugged his shoulders and went his way: the Elysée would have been too narrow a cage for such an octogenarian.

Paul Deschanel was born in 1856 at Brussels, where his father had been exiled on account of his republican opinions. This was the first and most astute move in a presidential campaign which was to last sixty-four years. The "child of exile," the innocent victim of Tiberius Badinguet (*alias* Napoleon III), became the Benjamin of the Third Republic. His administrative and political career was dazzlingly rapid. From the very first his goal was fixed. As a candidate for the presidency, he resolutely refrained from expressing any opinion that was not safe and "national." He refused the responsibilities of office, which might have entrapped him into committing himself. He was a finished orator, an ornament to the French Academy, a perfect host, handsome, and so well-groomed that he had won the nickname of *Ripolin*. In 1898 he accepted to stand

for the Presidency of the Chamber against the veteran republican Brisson—an adumbration of what happened in 1920. In 1899, 1906, 1913, he was passed over for the presidency of the republic: perhaps he had made his single ambition a little too obvious. His chance came at last, and his last chance, for he was already sixty-four. So he snatched at it, although he had to slap in the face the man who had saved the country.

He would have been the most highly polished of Logs, but destiny is at times frankly melodramatic. Within a few months, the man who had sacrificed everything for the Presidency was found trudging along a railroad-track in his pajamas. He was sent to Rambouillet to recuperate—and walked straight into a pond. Thus fate took away from him, after a few weeks of torment, the reward of forty years. And death was kind enough soon to remove what was left of the former President. It is unpleasant to speak so bluntly of a man so faultless, and whose grave is still so fresh. But *Ripolinism* is one of the deadly sins, and whoever belongs to history, even as a super, cannot claim death as an excuse.

Once more the Storkists had their fling. M. Mil-lerand is a heavy man, and his eyes look sleepy at times behind his glasses: but no one would long mistake him for a Log. There is no sluggishness in his massive frame. There is nothing “stay-comb” about his manly mane. He is a man who never shirked responsibilities. As a Socialist, he had formulated, with moderation and clearness, the minimum programme of the party. He was as definite in severing himself from the party when he thought the party was wrong. As Prime Minister he had just saved

Poland from the consequences of Pilsudski's imperialistic folly. He did it, although it compelled him to let loose upon Russia the devastating hosts of Wrangel, and to break faith with England; but it was hard at the time to tell where official England stood. A believer in authority, he frankly announced that he would ask for an increase of the President's power. He did not hesitate in recalling Briand from Cannes, and he backed Poincaré unreservedly before the electorate.

But Poincaré was defeated at the polls. Millerand was too much of a man to crawl back to his safe position as a constitutional figurehead. Neither did he resign at the first news of defeat. The solemn referendum, as is invariably the case, was not free from ambiguity. And Millerand wanted to fight for his political life to the last ditch. How far he would go was, for a few hours, very uncertain. His threats had been cryptic. He was indorsed by the bulk of the reputable press. Money and the upper ranks of the army were with him. A breath of *coup d'état* stirred Paris. These fears were vain: Millerand and Poincaré have not only legal minds, but law-abiding minds. The case was finally fought before both chambers. In both the cabinet which Millerand had appointed just for the test, was refused a vote of confidence, and the President resigned.

Parliament went back to the safe method: that is, to select not a fighting Premier, but the President of one of the Assemblies, like Grévy, Loubet, Fallières, Deschanel. Between the President of the Chamber, M. Painlevé, and the President of the Senate, M. Doumergue, the latter was preferred. Painlevé, a recent transfuge from pure science to politics, in

power at a critical moment of the war, was felt to be not quite so safe. President Doumergue signed a definite promise that he would never have a thought of his own. France is grateful to him for this smiling sacrifice: how much he had to give up we do not profess to know. President Doumergue is genuinely democratic in his manners, and sincerely attached to republican institutions. He has an unassuming but winning personality: he will bring back to the Elysée the fortunate days of Emile Loubet.

No doubt the mode of election of the French President influences the result. The Senate and Chamber, in joint session, will be slow to elect a man who might challenge their supremacy. But, if the plebiscitary method could now be introduced without a *coup d'état* or a revolution, we sincerely believe that men of the Grévy type would soon come to be preferred. Most American elections have brought to the White House safe rather than brilliant men. The two most forceful Presidents in our generation acceded to power by a mere accident. Roosevelt had been sidetracked into the Vice-Presidency. Wilson scored fewer votes than Bryan, and won only through the split in the Republican party. The campaign literature of Presidents Harding and Coolidge leaves no doubt as to the preference of the man in the street and the man in the field for a candidate who is, above all, plain and sensible. "Safety first" is an ignoble motto in the spiritual life; but "Live dangerously" will not work in railroad schedules or practical politics.

The unexpected does happen: it is singularly rash to intrust dictatorial powers for life, for ten years,

for seven, for even four, nay, for any definite term of months or weeks, to a man who may have to face an unforeseen situation, whose mental health may be impaired, or who may, in office, experience a sudden change of heart. Had we realized such a danger, we might have been spared the scandal of a man elected by the safe and sane G. O. P. throwing such bombs as his denunciation of "predatory wealth" (a Bolshevik phrase), or his advocacy of the recall of judicial decisions. We might have missed the paradox of a President "too proud to fight" and re-elected on the slogan, "He kept us out of war!" urging the use of force without stint. The Franco-British system is more sensible: the irresponsible head of the state is powerless; the actual ruler, the Prime Minister, holds office only so long as he enjoys the confidence of the country.

You may ask: What then is the use of a figurehead? When a country is blessed with a historic king and his Prince of Wales, well and good. But Monsieur Jules Grévy! What purpose did he serve? Was he not merely a survival, an "appendix," the last attenuated shadow of Louis XIV?

We feel the force of the objection. But there is much to be said for the Presidency, in spite of Clemenceau's savage remark. For one thing, is it not one of the joys of democracy that we are able to look down upon the man at the top?

Our own solution of the difficulty would be, not to remove the figurehead of the French Republic, but to add two more, so that she would be tri-cephalous, like Cerberus of old. Why not have at the same time a president (preferably a Carnot), an emperor, and a king? If all three were loyal to the

policy of doing absolutely nothing, they would not interfere with each other or with the real business of the state. All parties would be satisfied, and Parisian life would gain immensely in varied picturesqueness.

CHAPTER III

THE GEOGRAPHIC FALLACY

"The wind of freedom blows."
—*Academic Seal of Stanford University.*

I

THE principle of democracy is the right of the people to govern themselves. Themselves, mind you, not others. This remark is as trite as the most approved commencement address; yet it is fraught with paradoxical consequences, just as cotton, that pattern of innocence, may be turned into a powerful explosive.

The first and most obvious corollary of our principle is that there can be no democratic imperialism. No degree of good intentions, skill, and successful experience can ever confer upon us the right to rule others: it can only create the duty to help others when our assistance is requested. Many Americans believe that Prussian officials would manage our cities rather better than they are managed by home-grown bosses; and there is hardly any doubt that we can "run" Hayti or the Philippines much better than the natives. If, as old Carlyle maintained, the true king is "the man who can," then we, in our wisdom and in our strength, should reign by right divine: but only if the world were made safe for aristocracy. As it is, there are whole classes and whole nations foolish and ungrateful enough to prefer being

misgoverned by themselves rather than wisely ruled by their betters. The armies of the French Revolution carried throughout Europe their gospel, the Rights of Man; and, fired by that gospel, Europe forthwith united against France. This was just and proper: the first "right of man," for a German, is the right not to be a Frenchman; and, for a Filipino, the right not to be a Yankee.

This is strict Wilsonian orthodoxy: the doctrine of self-determination. There is no other answer to the great American question: "Shall the People rule?" Yet many of us are still hesitating at the parting of the ways. Which is our manifest destiny: to provide a shining example of genuine democracy, or to assume the Nordic's heavy burden of wealth and power? The Wilsonian principle is full of pitfalls. For, if democracy implies self-determination, self-determination implies the right of secession, which is not a favorite with us. We "determined ourselves" out of the British connection; we approved of the self-determination of the Spanish colonies, down to Cuba and the Philippines; we encouraged the secession of Texas from Mexico. But we considered the struggle for independent nationhood in the South as a crime, to be put down at any cost; and we are very near calling it treason when the Filipinos remind us of a formal and reiterated promise. If we were compelled to choose between our professed belief in democracy and our pride or interest, we might feel like the Scottish minister who, playing golf, broke one of his sticks, and simultaneously one of the commandments: "Oh dear, oh dear! I am afraid I shall have to give it up!" "What! Give up golf?" "No, the ministry."

Wilson never told us what peoples had a right to self-determination. Must the plaintiff present an historical claim to independence? This would justify the struggle of Poland, seeking again her unity and freedom; but how would this validate a new departure, such as the secession of the thirteen colonies? And is there no prescription after the lapse of centuries, as in the case of Ireland? Is it merely a matter of size? But, if upper Silesia was deemed large enough to express a choice, if Switzerland has an inalienable right to separate existence, what about the much larger Confederacy?

Let us admit that, with reckless consistency, we should grant self-determination, through a plebiscite, to whatever group of population may insist upon it: we are not at the end of our troubles. How far should the plebiscite area extend? If gerrymandering be tolerated, majority rule becomes a farce. Suppose that Germany, in 1864, had annexed the whole of Denmark, instead of contenting herself with Schleswig-Holstein: if Germany (including Denmark) were taken as the unit of self-determination, a plebiscite would give the Germans an overwhelming majority. If we conquered the whole of Mexico—nay, the whole of Latin America—and then took a solemn referendum of the whole western hemisphere, there would be a substantial margin in favor of “preserving the union.” Such hypotheses seem far-fetched: yet the present states of Rumania and Poland have no other justification. The Rumanians and the Poles are undoubtedly a majority within their frontiers: but they have sought to include as large a minority as their more powerful allies would allow them to take. Evidently the principle of self-

determination has to be corrected and completed by elaborate measures for the protection of minorities. But how far shall we go? Is not a German minority as respectable in Bozen, Meran, or Wissembourg as one in Bohemia or Posen? A certain figure in the bank makes people respectable—in the eyes of snobs; must as crude a statistical test be applied before justice is granted to a minority? A mere handful, if they are better educated than the surrounding mass, deserve recognition; a minority of one, if the one were a Tolstoy, would not be contemptible.

The classical instance of the difficulty is provided by Ireland. For generations the Home Rulers were denounced by patriotic Britons as mere rebels—with the same indignation as we should denounce a secessionist movement in Utah or Wisconsin. The Irish were a minority at Westminster; the British Isles, as a whole, stood for union. Yet the claims of the Irish were too loud and too insistent not to become legitimate: indeed, there seems to be hardly any other criterion of legitimacy. But if Ireland, as a portion of the United Kingdom, had a right to self-determination, so had Ulster within Ireland. To deny this, President de Valera had to shift his argument from the unassailable ground of democratic justice to the bog of historical claims. If Ulster could secede from the rest of Ireland, so can those border counties which are in majority Catholic secede from Ulster: which Ulster is trying to prevent, tooth and nail. Within the very capital of "Carsonia," Belfast, certain districts might well choose to go green rather than orange: mediæval cities, Chinese treaty ports, and, to-day, the single agglomeration Fiume-Susak, are examples of such po-

litical and indeed national divisions within a town. And in Shankill Road, Belfast, I presume that certain houses such as No. 7, and at No. 7 certain flats, have the same inborn right to be Carsonian or Sinn Feiner. The unit of self-determination is the area, be it large or small, occupied at a given moment by the feet of Larry O'Rourke or Tim Mulligan.

The right to rule ourselves implies the right not to be ruled by others, and, just as necessarily, precludes the right to rule others. The only way to be sure that the will of the majority shall prevail is to protect the minority, down to the ultimate, irreducible minority, the individual. In a world in which every citizen is autonomous, perfect democracy prevails: for only if every unit of the people rules himself, can the whole of the people truly rule themselves. For the problem is not: Shall fifty-one per cent rule? but: Shall the people, the whole people, rule? It implies, at the present day, two thousand million republics, which, at the same time, are two thousand million monarchies.

Does this mean that ideal democracy is synonymous with anarchy, and that we have been attempting to pour ridicule on the very foundations of our government? By no means. There is a way out of the difficulty, that would lead us back to the sanest conservatism. But it lies over the ruins of what we call the "geographic fallacy." To make our meaning less cryptic, we shall first consider a case in which the "geographic fallacy," once uncontroverted, has been exploded and almost universally discarded: in the realm of religion.

II

Religion, as we all know, was once indissolubly linked with the territorial state. Within its geographic boundaries, the state had the right and the duty to enforce its own religion, as it did enforce its civil law. The man recreant to the authority of the state in matters spiritual was a rebel and a traitor, and more sharply punished than the common criminal. It ever was a scandal, for right-minded people, that there should live among them other men who disbelieved in the very foundations of moral order, *i. e.*, in the religion of the country. As a matter of fact, such a state of affairs was not tolerated. The French had for their ideal "*une foi, une loi, un roi*"—one faith, one law, one king—a more stately synonym for our "one hundred per cent." Pluralism in matters of faith was as shocking as divided allegiance between several sovereigns. If, with the Edict of Nantes, a compromise was reached, it was the fruit of weariness, a temporary and regrettable necessity: Louis XIV returned to the norm. The principle that the state was absolute master in its own house, in things spiritual as well as temporal, was confirmed by the treaty of Westphalia: *Cujus regio ejus religio*: he who owns the country controls also the country's faith. In England, non-conformity was a punishable offense; the disabilities of the Catholics and the Jews survived until a century ago; and down to our own days the kings, at their coronation, had to take horrific oaths against popery.

The logical outcome of this principle would be the theocratic state, such as the Pope's dominion in

Rome before 1870, the power of the Grand Lama in Thibet, or the authority of the Caliph as Commander of the Faithful. Falling a little short of this ideal, we have the system of state churches, in which the lay ruler is also the prime ecclesiastical authority: thus the Russian Tsar and the English King. The Roman Emperor also was the supreme religious character in the state. At his death, he became a god. To render unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's was to give him not merely a money tribute but worship. The Christian nonconformists were anarchists in the eyes of law-abiding Romans.

There are traces of this state of mind even in this enlightened land of ours. We hear it asserted that this is a Christian, and even a Protestant, country; the State of Tennessee has prohibited the teaching of evolution for reasons that would make the inerrancy of the Bible an article of the constitution, and which, furthermore, imply the inerrant interpretation of the inerrant Bible by an inerrant W. J. Bryan.* Freak legislation will never die. But if the loose term "un-American" could ever be legitimately applied, it would fitly describe those who insist upon enforcing in America any kind of religious conformity. The whole idea has become alien, and even repellent, to the normal American mind. We should rise in our might if ever Utah were to "establish" Mormonism, if Massachusetts should require of all her officials a Unitarian profession of unfaith, and if Manhattan were to declare itself the new Zion. We have come to the conclusion that a man could

* On the contrary, there can be no objection to the Texas law which prohibits the teaching of evolution as anything but a hypothesis. It simply orders the scientists to be scientific. It should "go without saying"; perhaps it goes a little better if you say it.

be a Baptist, a Bahaist, or a Theosophist; a Lutheran, a Christian Scientist, or a Swedenborgian; a Methodist, a Seventh Day Adventist, or a Jew; a Unitarian, a Roman Catholic, or an Agnostic, and yet obey the law, pay his taxes, serve his country when she calls, and boost loyally for his home town.

There is no limit to this freedom. Not only can no man be forced (*compelli intrare*) into the state church, but we are not even asked to limit our choice to a few well-established denominations. We have more *Varieties of Religious Experience* to select from than the mystic number made famous by Heinz. And if these do not suffice, we are at perfect liberty to start a new religion of our own. Especially are we free to keep out of any sect, church, or chapel whatsoever. This is self-determination carried to its logical end: not the self-determination of a country as a block, crushing the minorities: but the self-determination of actual selves, of Messrs. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. A self-determination, moreover, which is not ascertained once for all, or even once in a generation, or once every ten years: but one which implies the precious right of investigating as long as you please, selecting only when you please, and changing your mind as often as you please. It would seem to us the height of absurdity if a man were expected to alter his views on transubstantiation because he settles across the Rio Grande; or that he should be branded as a bad American if he were inclined to favor the theology of President Charles W. Eliot and Chief Justice Taft rather than the one of the Reverend William Sunday and Deacon W. J. Bryan.

III

Now patriotism is a religion, and, as a religion, is beyond any enactment or statute. To love according to the letter of the law, pharisaically, is not to love at all. The expression "free love" denotes an ugly thing; but in itself, it is a mere tautology: love cannot live in captivity. A gentleman can be made by act of Congress, and the British Parliament can do anything except turn a woman into a man: but neither Westminster nor Washington can *make* a man love his God, his mother, his wife, his country, his neighbor, or even himself. Love is not merely beyond the civil law: it is outside any moral law. It is our duty to act decently, to be honest, to be kind: it cannot be our duty to love or not to love. The sublime prison of duty would be as mortal to love as any other prison.

Patriotism, as an altruistic sentiment prompting us to heroic deeds, is one of the noblest things on earth. It is the most living of our religions. Many people are more intensely stirred by the flag than by the Cross, and respond to the "Star Spangled Banner" as they do not respond to "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Few of us are called upon to make heavy sacrifices for our theological faith. Millions were asked to make the supreme sacrifice for their country, and offered themselves with a stout heart: greater love hath no man . . . But this great love is untamable and shy like all noble things. It spurns the shackles of the code and the bars of the frontiers.

Yes, the bars of the frontiers. It is a paradox to maintain that patriotism ignores the line of wooden, iron, or concrete markers which separates the terri-

torial state from its neighbors: a paradox, that is to say a truth in unfamiliar guise. The physical frontier is a convention which may agree, more or less roughly, with spiritual realities, but which, in itself, has no spiritual value. For Italy before 1860, for Poland before 1919, for Hungary since the same fateful date, the frontier is something to be intensely hated, a wound in the living flesh of the fatherland. Our patriotism is not something that we put in storage when we leave the country and pick up again when we return; crossing an arbitrary line makes no difference in it; it follows us wherever we go, even if we should, like "the Man without a Country," not see our home lights for a whole lifetime.

The territorial basis of patriotism is as great a fallacy as the territorial basis of religion. We do not love our country because it is beautiful: we find it beautiful because it is our country. I have sung a good many times that I loved the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, of my beloved adopted land. But it was my destiny to live on the coastal plain of Texas, where "rocks" have to be brought from 200 miles away, where "rills" are sluggish bayous, where the "templed hills" are twenty feet high, with an unpainted shack on their summit. If Americanism would have me proclaim that Nevada is fairer than Tuscany or the Rhine, Americanism would be sheer lunacy.

We do not even love our country because we are used to the shapes and shades of its landscape. This love born of long familiarity would justify parochialism, at best sectionalism, but not national patriotism. If love of country were thus based on

physical experience, a man from French Flanders should love Belgian Flanders far above the Riviera or the Pyrenees, which, although under the same flag, belong to a different world. A man from Metz should love the Moselle valley, with Trier and Coblenz, before Brest or Bordeaux. A man from North Dakota would be more at home in Manitoba than in Florida. If our jingoes had their way, and we should annex Chihuahua and Cohahuila, should "my heart with rapture thrill" for these dismal wildernesses? Maybe: I have known a Frenchman who would perceptibly swell with pride when he said: "The Sahara is a French desert!" We bought the Virgin Islands for no other reason except that they were on the market; they were perfectly indifferent to me under the Danish flag: am I now in duty bound to lose my heart to them?

No: patriotism is not just a growth of the soil. It may need a soil: there are few things on earth that can do without it. Yet the feeling that unites the Jews all over the world is strangely akin to patriotism, and the parched little country they once inhabited plays but a minor part in that sentiment. Patriotism, like all religions, is a tradition and an ideal. More accurately, it is a complex of many traditions and ideals.

But there again the utmost freedom must prevail. There is no single Patriotic Church without which there can be no salvation. Patriotism is a collective sentiment which, filling the individual soul, takes its shape and color from the soul that contains it. So there are as many patriotisms as there are patriots, just as there are as many Christianities as there are Christians. The idea of a strict patriotic orthodoxy,

embodied in an unchangeable confession of faith, is mischievous to a degree. Our own history has been brief, simple, and fortunate. So we are, spiritually, the most homogeneous of all nations. Our tradition agrees with our ideal, and both are almost universally accepted among us. Now that the South has adopted Lincoln and the North Robert E. Lee as national figures, all intense conflict seems to have disappeared. But we are almost alone in this wonderful spiritual unity—due partly to lack of complexity. There is no single French tradition or French ideal that can be said to form the whole of French patriotism. The France of Voltaire, Michelet, Hugo, Zola, Jaurès, is not the France of Bossuet, Charles X, Veuillot, Bourget, Maurras; and neither of them is the France of the Napoleons. The Germany of the Hohenzollern is not that of Goethe and Beethoven, nor is it that of Karl Liebknecht. The Russias of the Romanoffs, of Rasputin, of Tolstoy, of Lenin, are totally different entities; and so are the Spains of Santa Teresa, Godoy, Primo de Rivera, Miguel de Unamuno and Blasco Ibañez.

United as we are, we do not expect a Wall Street magnate and an I. W. W. to love each other, even though, as might well be the case, both were born on these shores and of Nordic parentage. It is too much to hope that the Ku Klux Klansmen will cherish, as compatriots should, their Jewish, colored, and Roman Catholic fellow citizens. We do admit that men have a right to differ; that they may vote for Coolidge, Davis, or La Follette, as they see fit. Such divisions have existed in all generations. Must we believe that, like the Roman Cæsars, all politicians become gods as they pass into history, and

that we must love and honor indiscriminately everything that once bore the name American, including Aaron Burr and Andrew Johnson?

To compel conformity in matters of the spirit is not merely a crime against the individual: it is a sacrilege against the spirit. Besides, as it defeats its purpose, it is silly. We shudder at the thought of the mediæval Jews made to kiss the crucifix, or of La Barre martyred for not bowing before a procession: the punishments, rather than the crimes, were insufferable insults to the crucifix, or to the Host carried in procession. The mob which made aliens and antibellicists kiss the flag, in the days of the Great Hysteria, besmirched the flag with their own fanaticism.

In attempting to destroy the purely territorial, the unitary, the compulsory elements in patriotism, we are seeking to release its spiritual fervor, as in the case of other religions. Let every man love and serve God according to his inner light; let him love and serve his country with his own conscience as his sole guide.

IV

Still, it will be objected, what you are preaching is rank anarchy. And anarchy we cannot tolerate, if we want to endure as a nation.

But is it anarchy?

When I first came to this country, I was requested to sign a declaration to the effect that I was not a lunatic, not a polygamist, and not an anarchist. In spite of an inborn love for argument, untamed as yet by matrimony, I refrained from discussing the

matter with the immigration officer. I realized that he had not been picked out for the express purpose of engaging aliens in philosophical controversies. I signed the aforesaid declaration with a clear conscience, and would sign it again to-day. For, when it comes to a strict observance of a definite law, including the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Amendments, no one could be more of an "archist" than I am. But, when it comes to fancies, likes, dislikes, beliefs and hopes, then give me anarchy or give me death! In other words, I am enough of an old-fashioned American, although barely of twenty years' standing, to have as my ideal liberty under the law. But the law has its definite domain. Its purpose is to prevent me from interfering with the freedom of others. Beyond that point, it becomes tyranny.

I have quoted many times with approval the words of Tertullian and Saint Augustine: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Now, I should like to amend them as follows: "In non-essentials, unity; in essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

"In non-essentials, unity." In those material things that are truly immaterial. It does not matter whether the ace be high or low, whether hearts or spades be trumps: but we must decide, if we want to have a friendly game. The letters SALE may just as legitimately stand for a commercial transaction, as in English; for "dirty," as in French; for "he leaves," as in Spanish: but we must know which language we are talking. What do I care whether red or green be the signal for *Stop* or *Go*, whether right or left be the direction of traffic? But it is indispensable that we should agree upon the one or the other, under

penalties that may range from a few heated remarks to a premature grave. I should go farther, and say that it matters little to the soul how property is defined: feudalism, the purchase of public offices, slaveholding, lotteries, saloons, were once lawful and are now under the ban. Bucket-shops and ticket-scalpers may yet be outlawed. Tell me the rules of the game, and I shall play the game according to rules, and to the best of my ability. If I do not like your rules, and if you refuse to alter them, I may be vexed, but I shall not feel justified in cheating.

But in essentials, liberty! I am quite willing to have the majority, or an energetic minority, or an enlightened tyrant, dictate my traffic regulations, and even prescribe or proscribe my drinks. Whatever discomfort may result therefrom is amply compensated by the advantages of order. I may submit with a shrug or with a grumble, but submit I shall, without question; and I shall try to submit cheerfully. On the other hand, I shall rebel if any "cracy" whatsoever, be it aristo-, auto-, bureau-, demo-, geronto-, meso-, ochlo-, pluto-, or theo-cracy, wants to put traffic signals (Stop! Go! No left turn!) in the path of my thoughts; if I am ordered to love God and my neighbor only according to an approved pattern; if my enthusiasms and aversions are handed down to me ready-made by mob, press, priest, or boss. I am willing that my ghostly father should give out the hymn to be sung, even though it should be again "Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . ."; if each of us were to start his favorite tune, the result would sound like Igor Stravinski's music, which passeth my understanding. But no minister, not even the moderator or pope of the Presbyterian

Church, and no legislature, not even that of Tennessee, can compel me to believe or not to believe in the literalness of the Jonah story. Because even I cannot compel myself. My course is laid before me, and I can take no other. Verily, all this is the merest primer of American government, and one blushes to reassert in the twentieth century such time-worn platitudes.

V

If we accept this very simple distinction between material things, in which discipline may and even must be enforced, and things of the spirit, which defy all attempts at regulation, we shall find that there are two forms of liberty, and that they are not coextensive. Indeed, they frequently vary in inverse ratio: the freest of men may live in prison, while wealthy idlers and professed sceptics are confined behind invisible bars. A comparison between the two freedoms may help us understand some subtle differences between France and America.

When there is fundamental agreement in the realm of thought, the state is essentially at peace with itself, and material regulations may safely be reduced to a minimum: we have Conformity coupled with Liberalism: the Anglo-Saxon ideal. When, on the contrary, spiritual forces are sharply in conflict, when civil war has actually broken out in the minds of the people, there is constant danger that the strife may pass from the study, the pulpit, the press, into the street. Precautionary measures must be taken, a "state of siege" proclaimed. Material regulations must be multiplied and strictly enforced:

they correspond to the pickets of troops that patrol a town in hours of political or social unrest. Over-legislation, a watchful and powerful police, are symptoms of distrust and dissension.

Naturally, every Anglo-Saxon would say: "Give me a state so completely at peace with itself that very little physical discipline is necessary. Inner conflict barely held in check by force is not a healthy condition for the body politic. And in such a condition has Continental Europe, France included, been living for over a hundred years."

True—and yet . . . Is conformity such an un-mixed blessing? Does not agreement often result from sheepishness or indifference? Might not conflict imply more life, more energy, more promise? Have we not heard—a little too often—embarrassing references to "divine discontent," and damaging comparisons between a well-satisfied swine and a dissatisfied Socrates?

Conformity! An era of good feeling! A hundred million minds with but a single thought! What an ideal for the Hundred Percenter! And what a nightmare for the true American, for whom to be a hundred per cent American means being a hundred per cent himself!

Woe to those who cry: unity, unity, when there is no unity! As the gospel of conformity is plainly at variance with facts, it must resort to hypocrisy. Not to open persecution: for persecution recognizes, emphasizes, advertises, in the most dangerous fashion the existence of dissent, which should be ignored or denied. The policy of which Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer has become the symbol was obviously a mistake! Conformity must be enforced without creating mar-

tyrs, insidiously, through the almost automatic and unconscious action of social forces. It should rarely resort even to ostracism: its most approved method consists in ceaselessly instilling the thought that certain opinions alone are "sane" and "respectable." With such methods, what becomes of our boasted liberty? We are indeed free to write and say what we please: but are we inwardly free to think what we please?

Hence this paradox that external restraint may be to a large extent the sign, and almost the condition, of inner freedom; whereas outward liberalism is often the result of indifference or of spiritual tyranny.

This is well brought out by contrasting the mid-Victorian era with the corresponding period in French history, the Second Empire. In England, there reigned the greatest freedom of the press and of public meetings. In France, the "tyranny" of Napoleon III stifled the journalists to such a degree that, when they meant *Bonaparte*, they had to write *Tiberius* or *Soulouque*. Yet in England, hardly anything but "respectable" opinions were heard. We had to wait fifty years, and wait for a man steeped in French influences, Lytton Strachey, to look at Queen Victoria with eyes that were free. Take Andersen's tale of the King with the invisible robe: if you pass the word that all respectable people must see the robe, there will be no dissent. If you threaten with physical punishment any one who should profess not to see the robe, all eyes will be keenly open, and winks, smiles, mock reverence will make it plain that the truth is known. Under Napoleon III royalism, republicanism, socialism, anarchism, Roman

Catholicism, Protestantism, free thought, agnosticism, and even anti-theism were so openly and so honestly professed that any moderately intelligent bourgeois in the provinces could, and did, freely choose his own path. In England, as Hilaire Belloc so well expressed it, "a sort of cohesive public spirit glued and immobilized all individual expression. One could float imprisoned as in a stream of thick substance; one could not swim against it."

Another case of external compulsion leading to spiritual liberty—at any rate among those who think at all: there is much more freedom of religious thought in Catholic countries, including Spain, than in Protestant countries, including America. The church can properly boast that she educated the greatest doubters. You can hardly conceive of a Wesleyan Voltaire, a Baptist Renan, a Presbyterian Anatole France. We have hundreds of sects, with the weirdest names and tenets, and the sermons preached in all our churches are practically indistinguishable. As Cornelius Van Hasselt wailed: "What is the sense of calling it Salisbury, Liberty, or Fricandelle, if it always tastes like Hamburger?" The intellectual timidity of our alleged "liberals" is appalling, compared with the clearness and vigor so often found, in Continental Europe, among emancipated Catholics, and even among orthodox Catholics. We are still seeking the Protestant equivalents of Joseph de Maistre, Veuillot, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Ernest Hello, J. K. Huysmans, Charles Maurras. . . .

We have no king, no titled aristocracy, no recognized social classes, fewer fences and defenses. But we have mass psychology, "enforced Americanism"—as if, once more, the very breath of Americanism

should not be nonconformity! In Los Angeles, which rightly boasts of warm, sunny days throughout the winter, a date was set for discarding straw hats—and every one, as he passed Fifth and Broadway, threw his thatch roof onto the huge pile: a perishable monument of our imperishable folly! We have prescribed days for honoring our mother; weeks to get acquainted with our son, use better English, start a savings account, or eat more raisin pie; months to rave about Bergson, Coué, or Carpentier. It would be a disgrace to wear a straw hat, to quote "Every day, in every way . . .," or to use "better English" out of the proper season.

If I have to eat, drink, dress or walk in a prescribed manner, I much prefer that the order should come from the state than from the mob. I shall have to obey in both cases; but the law I can obey with a comforting sense of duty, like Socrates drinking the hemlock. I can even enjoy the pleasure of despising it in my heart while bowing to it, and feel superior to that which crushes me. When I obey the mob, which leaves me technically free, it is myself I despise.

This is the great moral good that Prohibition has brought us. If we are to be completely or partly dried up, it is much better that we should be dried up by process of law than through the urgency of sanctimoniousness. Temperance societies, if too insistent, would drive honest and sensitive souls to drink and perdition. Prohibition drives to drink only weaklings and wastrels, whose self-elimination is a distinct advantage to the race. Alcoholism may claim as many victims as of old: but formerly it frequently struck at the top; now it strikes at the bot-

tom. For it takes real courage to defy respectable public opinion: it takes only a sneak to defy a statute.

VI

To sum up: we do not care how many laws there be, or how bad, provided they leave the spiritual life alone. Or, as the French put it, with apparent Gallic levity: "We do not care who writes our laws, if we can write our own songs." For a soul who sings is free.

I must behave properly and obey all the rules and regulations, even in a city I loathe (for there may be such on either side of the Atlantic), even in a foreign and backward country, even under the flag of an enemy. I can be made to obey, but I cannot be made to love, the city, the law, the flag. I render unto Cæsar, not all that Cæsar may choose to exact, but only those things which are Cæsar's: the rest is a private affair between my God and myself.

Patriotism is religion, government is business, and never the twain should meet. When I am told that Christianity is an element of prosperity, and that land values rise in the wake of Reverend Monday, I can only think of Him whose head had no resting-place. When I am told that I should revere and love the big and fairly efficient firm that carries my mail and performs sundry kindred duties for me, I can only smile.

Patriotism is religion; government is business! What could be safer and saner? Government should be run by business men, on business principles, for business benefits, entailing only business obligations, and should be free from any idealistic nonsense.

But there is another consequence of this divorce between the Religion of Patriotism and the Business of Government. Government, being material, is bound to a certain territory; within that territory, and for its own legitimate purposes, it is not only supreme, it is exclusive of any other authority. Within the geographical state, **UNITY**: the alternative is chaos.

Patriotism, a religion, is not territorial, and therefore not exclusive. Men with different conceptions of patriotism may dwell peaceably side by side, in the same way as Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Fundamentalists do dwell. Nay, sceptics, agnostics, even atheists, must be suffered to live. In the spiritual domain, **LIBERTY**. The alternatives are hypocrisy, stagnation, a lingering death.

And, in all things, **CHARITY**.

CHAPTER IV

A PLURALISTIC UTOPIA

"PATRIOTISM is religion; government is business." To the state belong the regulation of whatever is purely practical, and especially the preservation of material order. Altogether beyond the reach of the state should remain everything that pertains to the spirit: art and religion, traditions and ideals. Let us try to imagine how such a division would work out in practice.

I

"Government is business." This conception was indorsed at the polls, in November, 1924, by an unprecedented majority; and we can only hope that this victory for sanity will be repeated every four years until the end of time. A businesslike government, however, does not mean one which, like a private shop, is conducted for individual profit. A state in which all public activities are knocked down to the highest bidder is neither inconceivable nor indefensible; but it has few consistent advocates. And yet, why not? Since we have independent telegraph and telephone companies, we might also turn over the postal system to several competing enterprises which, according to the Sherman Act, should not be allowed to combine. There would be none but toll-bridges and toll-highways, charging all that the traffic would bear. France, under the ancient monarchy, went much farther in that liberal direc-

tion. She had an enlightened method of farming out the collection of taxes to private individuals. These gentlemen, being sound business men, and moved by the only sentiment that the Manchesterians recognize, to wit personal interest, were bound to prove much more efficient than listless and poorly paid state officials could ever be. Judges bought their seats on the bench, and recouped themselves by accepting, not bribes, but *douceurs* ("spices," they were called) from all litigants. Such judges would evidently be much more vitally interested in their work than merely appointed or elected magistrates on a paltry salary. Indeed, Racine shows us one of them who wanted to keep on judging even when he was sick abed: for lack of a man, he judged his dog, and sentenced him to the galleys. No modern judge is so passionately attached to his profession as to go crazy over it. As both parties sought to ingratiate themselves with the court by the same means, the judge easily preserved his impartiality. The costs did not mount much higher than in our own days. It was said that the court ate the oyster and gave a shell to each of the parties: but would they have received even a shell under the present dispensation?

The army also was, for long periods, placed on a strictly business basis. There were contractors, not merely to manufacture weapons, but to use them. The leaders of the Grand Companies during the Hundred Years' War, the Italian Condottieri, Walenstein, were enterprising industrialists who provided heroism and strategy at the lowest possible quotation. The advantages of this system "jump to the eyes," as they say in France. War would be more efficient, being intrusted to specialists in con-

stant practice and moved by the sole ambition of making money: no more botching by amateurs and idealists. It would also be more economical; for, instead of keeping vast armies idle for long periods of peace, a small number of professionals passing from country to country would be sufficient for the needs of the whole world. A man who may have to dig a cellar twice in a lifetime would consider it economic folly to invest in a steam shovel: he would hire a properly equipped contractor to do the job. And war would be much more humane: these professionals would fight conscientiously no doubt, but without animosity. They would prefer ransom to bloodshed. In some Italian battle of the fifteenth century a few clumsy people trampled under foot by their own horses were the only casualties.

All this is very alluring. If it were true that direct personal gain be the sole motive of *Homo Economicus*, the benefits of the scheme could hardly be controverted. But this lovely Manchesterian dream is fading away. Enlightened selfishness has gone a few steps ahead. Modern business emphatically disclaims that private profit is its goal. The magnate of to-day says, "The public be served" while his grandfather said less tamely, "The public be damned." The word Service is the universal motto. It stares at us literally at every street corner. Indeed we have grown so tired of it that we could not stomach the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

What is meant by business, therefore, is not necessarily immediate cash profit, but efficiency, economy, and no idealistic nonsense. If the principle that the state should be run strictly on business lines were universally accepted, the distinction between

private corporations—which have become so public-spirited of late—and public administrations, would slowly disappear. The average citizen does not care a straw whether the clerk with whom he settles his gas bill is the employee of a private corporation or of the city: all he wants is good gas, cheap gas, and a modicum of courtesy. It really would matter little whether we had a privately owned Postal System under government supervision, or a state-owned Postal System, strictly commercialized in its management; and the same would be true of the railroads. Great industries tend to become nation-wide and monopolistic: and the public will insist upon keeping some check on all vitally important, nation-wide, monopolistic enterprises. We are thus reaching, along the most conservative lines and by imperceptible degrees, a state of affairs which the stanch Manchesterian of two generations ago would have denounced as socialistic: and no one turns a hair.

II

If government is to be divorced from idealism—or religion, as I prefer to call it—we should, as a palpable sign of the separation, have two different flags. Our old Stars and Stripes would continue to stand for all that we love and hope for in America; and a new banner would become the trademark of the Practical State. It would, I trust, enlist our loyalty and respect, but only in the same manner as the house flag of any reputable concern—say the Cunard Company. For this new flag, I should, without irony, suggest the dollar-sign. Not with the inscription “*In this god we trust,*” or “*In hoc signo vinces*”:

but simply because the American dollar means sound currency for sound business. Captain Robert Dollar has preempted the symbol for the funnel of his liners, but he could be induced to relinquish it in favor of a corporation infinitely bigger than his own.

This division of labor between two flags would be of immense moral value. It hurts when I see what is to me a religious emblem committed to the support of material interests which, however legitimate they may be, do not contain a particle of religion. Such are concession-hunting, bargaining for tariffs, the collection of bad debts, or the protection of financial adventurers. It gives me the same kind of nausea as if there stood a crucifix over the entrance of a dry-goods store, with the words: "At the Sign of the Cross: unprecedented bargain sale"; or if I read in my paper such an advertisement as this (and I have read some that did not differ very materially from it): "The Amalgamated Mithra-Shinto Corporation. The cheapest, most efficient salvation on the market to-day. We save your soul, or your money back." The Dollar flag for Dollar diplomacy, the Lincoln flag for the heirs of the Lincoln spirit, and everybody would be satisfied.*

We might go farther in this question of the flags. America, on the whole, has but a single tradition and a single ideal. We tolerate with perfect equanimity the display of foreign flags when it threatens no disloyalty to our country; and we do not even proscribe the purely historical standard of the Confederacy; but we need no symbol of American patri-

* For instance, in the question of the interallied debts: the money was paid out under the Lincoln flag, and is called back under the Dollar flag. The distinction between the two principles should be made clear.

otism beside the Stars and Stripes. In Europe, conditions are more complex. France may pretend, officially, that there is but one ideal of France: everybody, in France and abroad, knows this to be nonsense. The Revolution is not a "block," Clemenceau to the contrary notwithstanding; neither is France a block; it is a quarry of innumerable blocks. All Frenchmen should rally to the flag of the Practical Government, which, I suggest, should be wine-colored: handsome, original, and a good advertisement for a national product. But each Frenchman should have the right to honor publicly the flag of his heart's allegiance: the splendid white standard with golden lilies, the eagles of the Napoleons, the red ensign of the proletariat, the Catholic banner with the Sacred Heart, the Green Star of the Esperantists, and even the tricolor of the bourgeoisie.

If this sounds like paradoxical nonsense, with a dash of the sacrilegious, we beg to remind our readers that conservative England has a multiplicity of flags, including the menagerie of the Royal Standard; that Tsarist Russia kept distinct the commercial tricolor from the Imperial double eagle on a field of gold; and that Germany preserves to-day both the black, red, and gold of 1848 and 1919, and the black, white, and red of the Bismarckian empire.

So long as they do not disturb order, all parties are entitled to a peaceful display of their chosen emblems. I for one would watch a well-organized procession of anarchists, with bands playing weird tunes by Eric Satie or Honegger, and black flags sombrely aflutter in the breeze, with the same amused and sympathetic curiosity as I watch a parade of Shriners, in their Mohammedan make-up,

filing past, as solemn as the Caliph himself, to the tune of Sousa's March.

As a matter of fact, the red flag was freely waved in Paris, long before it floated above the handsomest Embassy in the most conservative district of the capital. As far back as 1900 it was tolerated, provided it bore some inscription which, technically, turned it from a "flag" into a "banner." And the Socialists loved to play a harmless little game with the police: they partly rolled the "banner," so that the inscription would not show. All this is childishness. A country would be more truly at peace if all groups and parties were free to flaunt whatever shades of silk or bunting may happen to thrill their souls.

III

It is freely admitted that the President of the French Republic is a mere figurehead, and we have suggested that France would be better off if, instead of one figurehead, she had three: President, King, and Emperor. There would be, of course, an actual ruler of the Practical State, call him Prime Minister or Chancellor as you please; General Manager or Director would sound more efficient. The three crowned heads would have little to do but wag pleasantly, for the entertainment of those whom such spectacles amuse. Each would preside over certain functions linked with the traditions of his office: the King would officiate on the Feast of Saint Louis, the Emperor on the 15th of August and the 2d of December, the President would have his turn on the 14th of July. The King would entertain kings; the

Emperor, emperors; the President, presidents. The King would grace with his presence the funeral of M. Maurras; the Emperor, the nuptials of M. de Cassagnac; the President, the divorce of M. Herriot. And it would be an inspiring symbol to see all three on the same platform, honoring in unison Pasteur, Joan of Arc, or the Unknown Soldier.

A King or an Emperor, much more than a President, is a national asset. Before the war, we received some German advertisement, substantially as follows: "Berlin is displacing Paris in the favor of foreign visitors. One of the reasons is the magnificent spectacle of court functions. Americans will be given a chance of attending a ball, at which His Majesty will appear in person in his uniform of the White Hussars." No one would have crossed the Atlantic, or for that matter the Rue Saint Honoré, in order to see M. Fallières, even in the uniform of a Red Carbineer.

Sovereigns are therefore a sound investment; and their courts can easily be made self-supporting. The claimants to the various French thrones are wealthy. If they were not, they could levy a moderate tax on their supporters. Tickets to court affairs, and the sale of titles (a high-class trade, with none of the vulgar touting which almost ruined the business in England) would keep them in comfort and even in splendor. No danger of their being driven to marry Jewish or American heiresses.

Once more, this is no fooling: such conditions practically prevailed in Paris until 1886. Plonplon (Prince Napoleon) and the Count of Paris lived peaceably in the capital, treated by their followers with the respect due to their rank. The marriage of an Or-

leans princess with the Crown Prince of Portugal was attended with regal pomp. Bavaria is trying the same method at present, and so far without disaster. It is not the presence of a Wittelsbach and the reverence of the royalists for him that are a menace to the Bavarian republic: it is the possible attempt of fanatics to inject the monarchical religion into the plain business of government. So long as monarchical sentiment remains on a purely voluntary basis, and does not interfere with the conduct of practical affairs, the princes are welcome. The more the merrier. Imagine the Irish Free State with a galaxy of kings!

This constitutes what we call a pluralistic world: several régimes coexisting, interpenetrating, and not clashing. Such a state of affairs may seem absurd. Yet it prevails in countries submitted to a protectorate. In Morocco and in Tunis, for instance, not only two, but three or four populations live side by side with different traditions, different ideals, different faiths, different laws. The one bond of union is the practical business of the state: order and prosperity. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Anglo-Maltese, Jews, Arabs, Berbers, Moors, and Coulouglis are all interested in getting good roads, sanitation, and police protection. But the French feel no thrill of reverence for Moulay Youssef, while the Berbers care very little for President Doumergue. Marshal Lyautey is so strong only because he, a modern Frenchman and a Catholic, studiously refrains from interfering with the mediæval customs and the Mohammedan ideals of Morocco: this enables him to work for practical ends, in a way acceptable to natives and Europeans alike. One wonders if it would

be so radically impossible to show the same respect for Catholics and Royalists on the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

IV

In the domain of language also, pluralism is frequently imposed by circumstances and should be accepted without violent opposition. The linguistic map of Europe is chaos;* and the most thorough-going policy of self-determination on a purely geographical basis could not evolve order out of such confusion. Transylvania, a Rumanian province, contains, it will be remembered, large enclaves of Magyars and smaller, but resistant, islands of Saxons. The Banat of Temesvar is a jigsaw puzzle, the pieces of which no one has been able to fit into an intelligible picture. In Macedonia, Southern Slavic dialects, which are neither good Serbian nor honest Bulgarian, contend with true Balkanic ferocity. Throughout Eastern Europe, the upper class may be of different speech from the peasantry, and the ubiquitous Jews cling to their own lovely Yiddish. Finally, linguistic affinities may be divorced from national preferences: districts in Upper Silesia and East Prussia which German geographers had always recognized as Polish voted for union with Germany. Teutonic Alsace is French at heart, and at the time of the Fashoda crisis the Channel Islands shouted: "A bas la France!"

So even if we traced the most intricate boundaries, which from the political and economic standpoints would be absurd, we could not secure homogeneous

* *Vide infra* "The Battle-Line of Languages in Western Europe."

language groups. The only remedy would be the ruthless expulsion of minorities. Not only does this entail hardships unspeakable for the victims, but it disrupts the economic fabric of the country, and it may leave a whole province decapitated. For the numerically weaker element is frequently the more active in the realm of culture. Imagine what would happen to the west of Brittany if only Breton-speaking folks were allowed to remain.

There are few nations that have not been guilty of resorting to force in these questions. As language is held to be a sign of national unity, the man of foreign speech is considered as an alien, almost as a traitor. Russia and Prussia did their best to outlaw and stamp out Polish. In a country which, in many respects, was indeed the most cultured in the world, school-children were whipped for saying their prayers in their mother tongue. In Alsace the warfare against French was ludicrous rather than malignant: even epitaphs were censored; and a barber was ordered to substitute on his sign, for the obnoxious French term *Coiffeur*, the loyal, *alt-Deutsch* one, *Friseur*.

It remains the lasting glory of France that, from 1648 to 1870, she did not seek to impose her language upon the Alsatians. "Leave them alone!" said Napoleon: "these good people may speak German, but they handle their sabres like true Frenchmen." The ability to wield a sabre is a crude test of loyalty: in this case, it was a true one. In 1814, in 1870, and again in 1918, Germany was amazed to discover that Alsace was obstinately French at heart.*

* This paradox was explained to us in 1913 by a German (not Irish) professor: "The Alsatians are proving their essential *Deutschtum* by loving France with true German loyalty."

Only a bigoted craving for unity in all things and at any cost could lead any one to believe that it is a crime to speak a language different from ours. It is a handicap for the minority, an inconvenience for the majority, a misfortune for all, when several languages coexist on the same area; this we are ready to grant, and we view with frigid sympathy the efforts wasted in reviving dialects that the world would never miss. But if Babelism is an evil, compulsion is not the remedy. If a language is the sign, indeed the embodiment, of a culture, with its wealth of tradition and the flame of its ideal, then it is a sacred thing, which you have no right to stamp out. It has a soul, it is a soul, far more respectable than mere territory; and the Germans committed a lesser crime in marching through Belgium than in attempting to deprive the Poles of their spiritual nurture. And out of respect for your own culture, you should not attempt to force it upon a reluctant folk, any more than you should force your love or your faith.

Respect for your neighbors does not mean that you should ignore them as inaccessible. If you think your ideal is worth spreading, do what our missionaries are doing in foreign parts, and even at home, among our unassimilated immigrants: preach to the people in their own tongue. Thus the Royalist "Action Française" is holding meetings *in German*, in order to convert Alsace to the Maurras gospel of "integral nationalism." First make France lovable, and the French language will follow. It is a round-about way of securing unity: but it is infinitely quicker than the Prussian method of cudgelling minorities into love for the fatherland.

The results of a liberal policy will be spiritual har-

mony emerging out of linguistic differences: bilingualism at first among those few who have to deal with both elements of the population; then bilingualism extending downward and finally becoming universal. We frankly confess that bilingualism is an awkward state of affairs, and that countries that are free from it may call themselves blessed: yet such a confession might be called suicidal in a teacher whose business it has been, for twenty-five years, to make people bilingual! All educated Germans, from the haughtiest Ph.D. down to the very Kaiser, thought that it was an addition to their cultural equipment for them to know French: why then try to stamp French out of Alsace?

The Practical State, or Government, should be neutral in language matters as in all other matters that involve traditions, ideals, and inmost preferences. Its sole rule ought to be that of efficiency, divorced from any sentiment. When it is a fact that, in the same area, there dwell populations of different speech, adequate facilities should be provided for all. Any privilege is merely a way of bullying the minority. This is no un-American Utopia: such a policy was actually imposed upon the lesser Allies by President Wilson, who, with all his shortcomings, was none the less a pure-blooded, old-fashioned Protestant and Nordic. And some at least of the countries that thus covenanted to respect and protect minorities are doing so in good earnest: for example, Czecho-Slovakia.

The problem hardly exists with us. Our immigrants, as a rule, are eager enough to learn the language of the majority, and the American school is a privilege, not a curse. We too, in practical affairs,

follow the sensible policy of addressing people in a tongue they can understand; in Los Angeles, for instance, the post-office prints in Spanish official announcements which may be of special interest to the Mexicans. It would be absurd to consider the use of Spanish as a badge of inferiority, or as a punishable offense, when we are spending millions to teach it in our high schools and colleges.

In regions where the situation is too hopeless, where there are not two but a multitude of languages spoken, the Neutral, Practical State may go farther, and adopt a neutral, practical language. This might well be the case in many parts of eastern Europe and Asia, in great cosmopolitan centres, and for all strictly international or supranational activities. But this problem would carry us too far, and will be discussed in its place.

V

Select your own flag, your own king, your own language: self-determination, carried to such a logical extreme cannot be called antipatriotic, any more than the separation of church and state is antireligious. It is the reverse of anarchy: for it enjoins strict obedience to the laws of the Practical State. It is not even liberalism of the Herbert Spencer type, which saw in the state an evil to be combated even though it remained necessary. We, on the contrary, have no objection to an indefinite expansion of state activities. Indeed, we believe that much business now abandoned to the welter of individual greed could be better transacted on a non-competitive, service-at-cost basis. *Man vs. the state?* Why should

tical State is concerned, there can be no qualified fealty: we are wedded to that stern goddess, for better for worse, in strictest monogamous fashion. In the realm of the spirit we are all naval officers: a sweetheart in every port. This is not merely a pleasure, but a duty.

Only the Redskins, I presume, are pure Americans in their religion. Next in order come the Latter Day Saints and the Christian Scientists, who profess definitely Americanized versions of Christianity. All the rest of us, I am ashamed to say, are cosmopolitans, and not hundred percenters. This is sadly obvious in the case of the Catholics and the Jews: but it is true also of the Lutherans, the Calvinists, the Wesleyans. Did they not derive their inspiration from abroad? Do they scruple at attending international conventions of their respective churches? And, in the most vital matters, do they not agree with certain Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, whilst disagreeing with many of their own compatriots?

There are American professors who are paid good American money to teach American youths such rank treason as this: that a wop, a dago, a heinie, a frog, a bolshie, might mean more to them than our home-grown, Protestant, Nordic, and strictly national Harold Bell Wright: we are referring to Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Hugo, Tolstoy. There are other professors who dare to hint that George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps even Woodrow Wilson, were not divinely inspired and "inerrant" in every thought, word, or deed: which is blasting the impregnable rock of national tradition.

Professor William Lyon Phelps said that there were a hundred steeples in Iowa better than the older tower at Chartres: a most commendable sentiment. But does he invariably place "America first"? He would confess that Asolo means more to him than Kiowa, Oklahoma, and that Paris (Seine) hath charms unknown to Paris (Texas).

No, the fatherland of our soul cannot be painted red on a map: it is made up of all that we have seen, read about, or dreamed. Not even in the case of a veteran drummer or perennial presidential candidate does it ever cover the whole of America; not even in the case of a New York journalist is it ever limited to America. Of this land of memory and aspiration, I am the conqueror and sole ruler. One victorious campaign gave me vast stretches of Russian soil; a raid through Galicia led me to annex Santiago de Compostella, with its golden towers ringing in the sunset glow, and its russet roofs nestling on the tawny hills. A friend made me a present of his own country, Peru, which mine eyes may never see, and yet which I love. My empire is as varied as England's, and more real to me than the nondescript street of my local habitation; for I would gladly give up that street, but I should mourn my empire, if it were taken away from me. Pluralism is a fact: not even husband and wife live quite on the same earth, or aspire quite to the same heaven.

It is a blessed fact, although it has caused many poets to exhale melodious moans. Every soul is alone? No: every soul is a self in a world of selves. Thanks to this pluralism, I am able to meet actual men and women, with the freshness and the mystery about them of the strange lands wherein they dwell,

instead of encountering everlastingly a hundred-million-fold reproduction of my own self. It gives me innumerable worlds to catch a glimpse of and to conquer. Whatever may be the advantages of uniformity in the manufacture of cheap automobiles and the distribution of cheap newspapers, I prefer my pluralistic universe.

This world of freedom would also be a world of peace. Religious wars ended when pluralism in matters of faith secured recognition. Liberty under law is the one cure for civil wars and linguistic wars. Reduce the state to its proper sphere, that of "traffic regulation"; make the frontier what it ought to be, a magnified county line, a boundary between mere jurisdictions; and national wars will cease. For who cares to fight for mere machinery? Wars have often been waged for economic causes, no doubt; but only because the religion of patriotism had got entangled with straight business. No man ever wanted to die for somebody else's oil concessions—and he would be a fool if he wanted to die for his own. If men were willing to die, it was because they thought that an ideal was at stake, an ideal higher than any interest or any law. Business, in itself, wants peace: long before Norman Angell, business had realized that, in the aggregate, war never pays. Religion, if left alone, would easily understand that violence can only defeat the highest purposes of the spirit. Sever the Practical State from all forms of idealism, and you will have efficiency, spiritual freedom, peace. But if you allow religion to mix up with business, Satan will arise.

PART II
DEMOCRACY AND RACE

CHAPTER I

FRANCE AND THE "GREAT RACE"

THE XANTHOCRATIC FALLACY

I

I BEG the reader to bear in mind that I have blue eyes. So have my wife and my children. No brunet can be expected to discuss with equanimity the theories of Messrs. de Gobineau, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Vacher de Lapouge, Madison Grant, and Lothrop Stoddard.

These theories are, in the main, a restatement of the old saying, "Blood will tell." Aristocracy is a fact, not a prejudice. There are noble families. There are noble races. It was France that formulated the doctrine of democracy, and France has paid the price. With democracy came decadence. America, infected with the same heresy, is barely beginning to feel its evil effects, because the proportion of "noble blood" was larger than in France; but these effects will inevitably follow. In so far as the forces of modern society are banded against aristocracy, they are sapping the very foundations of civilization.

This theory is based on bionomics. Race means more than surroundings. Under the most favorable circumstances, the individual cannot transcend the strict limits of his type and "add a cubit to his stature." He cannot even transmit his own acquisitions to his progeny. Tend your sheep with all possible care, by all means, and make the most of the exist-

ing stock: but that is not the way to permanent improvement. If you are not careful to breed from the best, and to eliminate the least desirable, the flock will ultimately deteriorate. This holds true of the human race. Conservation, hygiene, education, are excellent within their sphere: selection alone brings genuine progress. A barbaric world in which the lower elements are roughly kept down may be on the up-grade; a well-ordered community in which these same elements are protected at the expense of the strong is doomed to decay.

The scene now shifts from bionomics to anthropology. The supremacy of the white race is accepted as an axiom. The "rising tide of color" against such supremacy is a portentous menace. Within the white race there are sub-races, of very unequal dignity. The Alpine, Celto-Slavic or Cévenole, short, stocky, round-headed, will, under proper guidance, provide useful "men with the hoe," Robots of flesh and flood. The Mediterranean, slight of build, dark of hair and eyes, long-headed, is clever but shallow. The true *Homo Europæus*, the Aryan par excellence, is the Nordic or Teutonic—tall, blond, blue-eyed, the race of the gods.

There we pass from anthropology to the philosophy of history. Human progress is the record of Teutonic achievement. The Gods and heroes of Homer were blond giants: could you imagine a dark-haired Apollo? * David was a Teuton: are we not told that he was "ruddy"? So was Jesus Christ, for tradition represents him as a blond. The ladies of Gaul bleached their hair with lime-water: a proof

* Jupiter, however, was raven-locked: a flaw in M. Vacher de Lapouge's chain of evidence.

that blondness was held to be a sign of aristocracy. It must have been the Teutonic element that gave Rome the empire of the world. When that element was weakened through war and miscegenation, Rome perished, and the tall "blond beasts" from the North assumed control. They have kept it to the present day. The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was the centre and leader of Christendom. It was the Franks of France who evolved Gothic architecture and chivalry; it was the Goths of Spain who conquered the Indies; it was the Goths and Lombards of Italy who were responsible for the Renaissance. England spread over the seven seas the sway of Saxondom. All the kings of Europe are Teutons. World-supremacy, before the war, was in dispute between three Teutonic claimants, Germany, England, the United States. Germany was at last forced down upon her knees by the weight of the whole world: but seven years after defeat, how much more formidable is she again than her Continental victors!

One last leap: from history to sociology. The "struggle for life" was supposed to bring about the survival of the fittest, and therefore was held to be an automatic instrument of progress. We no longer accept such a simple, automatic view of evolution. The *best* may not be the *fittest* to meet certain natural or artificial conditions. The Nordic race is not easily adaptable to a warm habitat: condemned to common labor under the tropics, it would sicken and die. Then, being a minority, it is in constant danger of absorption through intermarriage: race pride must be instilled as an indispensable means of self-defense. Adventurous, reckless, this aristocratic race has repeatedly turned its weapons against its own mem-

bers. Franks and Saxons massacred one another in olden days, just as English and Germans did a few short years ago: the lesser breeds stay at home and replenish the earth. Finally, democracy is restricting at every turn the spacious freedom so essential to the strong, while maudlin philanthropy is coddling the weak and protecting them unfairly in the battle of existence. Compelled to compete with races who accept a lower standard, the noble-born have to restrict their offspring: and limitation is the harbinger of extinction. Thus is democracy weeding out the best. England has shorn her lords of all real power, and intrusted her destinies to a little Welshman. America is slowly killing her old colonial stock. Both are going the way of Imperial Rome and Revolutionary France. The result, in spite of all the appearances of material success, is already mediocrity; to-morrow, it will be stagnation; and soon after, decadence.

II

For such a situation there are only two remedies. The first would be for democracy to abdicate, of its own accord, into the hands of "the great race," to reserve all positions of wealth and power to the tall, blond element. There are still enough descendants of the Nordic breed to save the state, provided they be granted the privileges they need, and provided a process of selection be initiated and kept up for many generations. Then America would be "safe for democracy," and democracy safe for America. But it is inconceivable that our democracies should display such heroic abnegation. Did we not applaud, on the contrary, the revolution by which the Celto-

Slavs of Russia have overthrown their partly Teutonized aristocracy? We are still repeating, Let the people rule! without determining first which people are fit to rule.

So the last hope lies in the ultimate victory of the one nation in which the Great Race, although not unmixed, is still in the ascendant, and conscious of its mission. The Germans alone could once more save the world from decay, as they once rescued mankind from the abyss of Mediterranean corruption. Universal democracy was hemming the strong in a circle of laws: aristocracy at bay attempted to hack its way through. It failed, but did not perish: for that great bid of the Nordics for world-power was checked only by other Nordics. Germany was right. If scruples about the rights, interests, and sentiments of the lesser breeds are allowed to prevail, it will mean "the Passing of the Great Race," the triumph of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans, and ultimately Pan-Mongrelism. Or Pan-Mongolism: for the Chinese, who have pride of race, will seize the sceptre of the world.

If this theory were propounded exclusively by Germans, it would sound little short of grotesque. But it was not "made in Germany": that is probably why it wears so well. The heroes of German thought, Leibnitz, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, were cosmopolitans—like Old Fritz himself. Early in the eighteenth century, at a time when the German princes had no thought but of aping the splendors, and if need be the vices, of Versailles, Boulainvilliers protested, like Saint-Simon, against the bourgeois government of the Bourbon kings; the privileges of the nobility, he claimed, were based upon the Frankish conquest,

and the superior race was entitled to rule. So we may consider this Frenchman as a forerunner of our Xanthocrats.* The Revolution was a rebellion against the Franks: at least Siéyès implied as much when he said: "Let them [the nobles] return to their German marshes, whence they came!" And Balzac shows us an old aristocrat who, when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, exclaimed: "The Gauls are victorious!" Thus the assimilation of aristocracy and Germanism was well established in certain French minds. The Romantic school in France was from the first imbued with Germanophile ideas. Madame de Staël opened the way with her epoch-making book on Germany; Michelet, Quinet, Hugo, even Cousin, followed suit. We recognize in them the same strain of thought as in Coleridge and Carlyle. All would bow down and exclaim: "Germania Mater."

But the theory had not yet received its definite form. This honor was reserved for a Frenchman—I beg his pardon, a Scandinavian, a scion of the Vikings—Count de Gobineau. Gobineau was a diplomatist, and a gifted amateur in Oriental studies: according to Oppert, he gave no less than seven different readings of the same cuneiform inscription. His "*Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines*" (1853-1855) is a classic—in Germany, for Gobineau remains an illustrious unknown in the land of his birth.

His theories, however, were not allowed to lapse. We find, a generation later, the well-informed, thought-compelling, impassioned rhapsodies of the

* Xanthocrat: from *xanthochroi*, the fair whites, according to Huxley's classification.

"anthroposociologist," Vacher de Lapouge. Doctor Gustave Le Bon, that eloquent polymath, was, at least in ante-bellum days, another Teuton-worshipper. Demolins studied "The Causes of Anglo-Saxon Supremacy," at a time when England seemed to be the chief representative of pure Teutonism, before she had capitulated to the "dark forces" led by a small, wiry, wily Welshman. The masterpiece in that line is the work of an Englishman educated in France, Houston Stewart Chamberlain: his monumental "Foundations of the XIXth Century," warmly lauded by the Kaiser. In English, we have such books as "Race or Mongrel?" "The Passing of the Great Race," "The Rising Tide of Color Against White Supremacy." * It is an extensive literature, in many respects a fascinating one, like many philosophies of history, Utopias, and similar fairy-tales. It is characterized in all languages by the same vehemence of expression and the same contempt for "sentimentality." As a survival of Romanticism, it is of no mean interest.

Aside from the fatidical style of its exponents, the theory has its appeal—at least for Xanthocrats. Did any one ever believe in the concrete equality of races, sexes, or individuals? Not I: natural inequalities are too glaring. I never thought that Booker T. Washington or B. Du Bois and the average man in the street were equals. If any of our peerless leaders, W. J. Bryan or Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt,

* Mrs. Gertrude Atherton sought to apply this race theory even to literary criticism. The alarming spread of dismal realism in American fiction is due to an increase in brachycephaly, to the multiplication of the ignoble Alpines. If T. Dreiser "got that way," there must be something wrong with his cephalic index. Tables showing the correlation between the shape of the skull and (1) the idealism of a piece of literature; (2) its circulation, would certainly be illuminating.

were to encounter, unattended, an irate prize-fighter, no abstract theory would avail against hard facts. Christianity is often accused of preaching equality. Christianity does no such thing: there is no equality between the Pharisee and the Publican; between Dives and Lazarus; between Simon Bar-Jonah the fisherman and Herod the Tetrarch; between Paul the tent-maker and Gallio the Proconsul. Christianity has simply introduced a new test of worth—a paradoxical one, I must confess, which hampers the great of this world and opens wide to the humble the gates of excellence. Nay, democracy itself is not based upon equality: ideally, it is based upon justice, which is just the reverse. Even in its most debased form, the political machine, it does not treat alike the ward heeler and the presidential candidate. Aristocracy, therefore, is a word which should have no terror for us. If democracy is to be justified, it is only as a method for the selection of an aristocracy. The government of the people for the people never implied the government by all the people in exactly the same capacity. The substitution of civil-service examinations for direct election would, in most cases, not be considered undemocratic. An examination is but a crude way of testing what a man knows; it never fully reveals what a man is, still less what he is likely to become. If we had some more scientific method, should we refuse to use it? The problem, therefore, is merely to compare criteria. If selection for office on the basis of race were indeed safer, more efficient, than examination or the ballot, it would better serve the interests of the people, and therefore the essential purpose of democracy: "Let the best man win! Let the best people rule!"

III

But is the superiority of any one "Aryan" sub-race as well established as Messrs. Vacher de Lapouge or Madison Grant affect to believe? The sons of Missouri are a formidable brood in this land, and their scepticism will not be swept away by brilliant generalizations. I have not the least claim to the staggering omniscience displayed by all anthropo-sociologists. I am not going to argue with them about the color of Jupiter's hair and of Minerva's eyes, or about the cephalic index of Apollo. But there are in the vast syntheses of the Xanthocrats a few things that fall well within the reach of any careful student interested in modern history. France has often been used as an illustration, and France, if you please, will be our battle-ground: that way seems to lie her destiny.

So long as she obeyed her Frankish aristocracy, so the thesis runs, France led the world; the resurgence of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans under a democratic régime brought decay.

We do not know what the primitive population of Gaul was. The Gauls or Celts, and particularly the Belgæ, were late invaders, tall, blue-eyed, red-haired, and therefore presumably of Teutonic race. Throughout the four centuries of Roman rule there was in Gaul a constant infiltration of Teutonic blood: voluntary colonists, "læti" or auxiliaries settled in all the provinces, German prisoners sold into slavery. When Clovis and his handful of Franks embarked upon the conquest of Gaul he had therefore to face a mixed population, with a large Teutonic element, especially in the North. His policy was to rely upon

the alliance of the church against his fellow Teutons, the Arian Burgunds and Visigoths. For that reason, he found it advisable not to disturb the existing Gallo-Roman gentry: those of his warriors whom he rewarded with estates simply took their places among the senatorial families. Military service was then the chief avenue to success; but the army was opened to all free men, and Clovis had Roman troops under his command. The majority of the counts he appointed were Gallo-Romans. No doubt the triumphs of Austrasia and of the Pepins, two centuries later, meant a recrudescence of Germanism. But even in Austrasia there were non-Teutonic nobles. In Neustria it is doubtful whether the Franks were even a majority of the ruling class. In Burgundy, they were still fewer; in Aquitania, they were hardly represented at all. On the other hand, there were many Teutons among the common people. There is no sign that the original aristocracy of France was founded exclusively on race. In French history we find a great deal of class and sectarian prejudice: but no race feeling at all.

But the "original aristocracy" of Clovis and Charlemagne belongs to a very remote past. The aristocracy was renewed over and over again by a constant process of extinction and new creations. Adventurers, servants of the king, even merchants, were admitted into the nobility. And, provided they were rich enough, the new families were allowed to "regild the old coats of arms." The French nobles are fond of tracing their origins to crusaders; they never allude to the Frankish conquest. As a matter of fact, few can go as far back as Francis I; and many won their coronets under the Third Republic.

In spite of the fanciful theory of Boulainvilliers, indorsed by Siéyès, the French nobility belong to the same race, or rather to the same races, as the commoners. From the time of the Renaissance to the present day we have a number of authentic portraits: it is impossible to say that the nobility are more Teutonic in appearance than the rest of the population. Those Kings whose faces are most familiar to us and seem most typical of royalty—Francis I, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV—are just plain, every-day Frenchmen: no one would mistake them for Goths.

Our idea of the aristocratic type, Anatole France remarks, is derived from actresses and the models of artists and dressmakers—all daughters of the people. There is no single "aristocratic type" in French literature. The ingénue may be a blond: but how much more interesting is the dark "fatal" woman! For the hero, dark eyes and hair are in great demand, as more "distinguished." Our present King—in partibus—the Duke of Orleans, is a blond; look at his portraits and you will agree with Anatole France about "*sa beauté un peu vulgaire.*"

The Duke of Orleans, of course, is not a French noble, but a cosmopolitan, and predominantly a German. It is a curious phenomenon, that recent corner in crowns that the Germans have been able to make more complete than the Bourbon trust in the eighteenth century. H. G. Wells tried to tease his compatriots—that is the essence of the prophet's business—by referring to their idol Victoria as "that German Queen." This quasi-monopoly is due to the fact that Germany was long infested with petty sovereigns, and that these princes, when they were

"mediatized," retained the privilege of intermarrying with royalty. They are listed in the second part of the "Almanach de Gotha." Thus, in the closed royal or semiroyal caste, the Germans form an overwhelming majority. But this is an artificial arrangement which implies no genuine superiority, and is not likely to endure. America will not easily be persuaded that the social queens of Bar Harbor are not the equals of anybody in the "Gotha," first or second part. As for the third part, that is half-Yankee already, and soon the rest will hail from Chicago. Take, for instance, one of the latest and most transient Vicars of God on earth, Wilhelm von Wied, Mpret of Albania: does any one sincerely believe that this obscure German colonel was better qualified for the position than such democratic empire-builders as Doumer, Galli  ni, or Lyautey?

IV

Supposing we should admit that the French nobility were racially different from the common people, what would be the lesson of French history? The growth of France is due to the coalition of the monarchy, the church, and the people against the nobility, who have always made a tremendous nuisance of themselves. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century they formed innumerable leagues of rebellion, not for the public weal but for their own selfish purposes. In so doing, they frequently accepted the aid of foreign princes, particularly of the King of Spain. The best that can be said in their favor is that they have never been quite so openly venal and so indifferent to national interests as the

German princes. Louis XIV appears in history between Colbert and Bossuet, the great administrator and the eloquent theorist of absolute monarchy—both commoners. The Grand Monarch imprisoned the nobility in the gilded cage of Versailles, and reduced them to a position of magnificent domesticity. As Napoleon said: "Those people alone make good servants." When the Bourbon monarchy, which had been essentially a government of the bourgeoisie, allowed itself to be captured by its noble prisoners, its fate was sealed.

In 1792 the crucial experiment was made. Through intimidation, emigration, or the guillotine, France lost the bulk of her noble class, all her "fighting blood." What was the result? The most wonderful epic of war the world had yet seen. Hemmed in by more enemies than Germany had in 1918, without allies, bankrupt, and torn by civil war, Republican France conquered in two years (1793-1795) the whole left bank of the Rhine, the immemorial dream of the Capetians. Nor was this the work of one commanding genius: no one claims that Lazare Carnot alone saved France, and Napoleon did not reveal himself until 1796. The Corsican, by the way, short and dark, can hardly be claimed for Teutonism, although he has more worshippers in Germany than in France. We have the portraits of the heroes of the Grand Army, Marshals and Grogards: good French faces, most of them, plainly the ancestors of Joffre, Foch, Pétain, and their Poilus: of a predominance of Frankish blood among them, no trace.

We are asked to believe that nineteenth-century France, democratic, was decadent: a glance at the roll of French fame for the last hundred years is

sufficient reply. Perhaps Cuvier, Comte, Claude Bernard, Taine, Pasteur, were all Teutons in disguise? Such an assertion, in most cases, is difficult to disprove. We may at least pick up a few facts at random. Renan, who was a believer in race, and a great admirer of Germany, gave his ethnic formula as "a Celto-Gascon mongrel, with a dash of Lappish blood," and added modestly: "This ought to correspond to perfect imbecility." Henri Poincaré was a mathematician of rare genius: it is said that in the last years of his career he suffered from the solitude of the discoverer, "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." And this abstruse thinker could, when he chose, speak a language "understood of the people." We have a minute physiological description of him by Doctor Toulouse. This scaler of virgin heights was an Alpine, a "vile brachy."

The supreme proof that France is decadent is the decline in the birth-rate. France, it is asserted, is suffering from the curse of the hybrid, barrenness. A very complex problem indeed, which we are not competent to consider in all its aspects. We shall have to be satisfied with a *Tu Quoque*. Were not the Prussians, before the Great War, alarmed at the higher birth-rate of the Poles, and did they not consider the Poles as an inferior race, not in spite of their prolificity, but because of that prolificity? The superior races breed with less *abandon*! Lions do not teem like rabbits! Does not Mr. Madison Grant heap up eloquent abuse on the French-Canadians, who are certainly not guilty of race-suicide? Are we not told that it is the highly desirable "Teutonic" colonial stock that is in danger of extinction, unless it be artificially protected? Well, such protection

does exist in Australia. No colored immigration is allowed: hardly any immigration at all, except from Teutonic lands. What is the result of this race-exclusiveness? A birth-rate almost as low as that of France.

V

I need hardly say that I am not defending France: France has placed herself beyond the need of such defense. Neither am I depreciating the Teutonic element, which I sincerely admire, in Germany, in America, and also in France, where it is still plentifully represented. I am simply attempting to test a theory. It seems to me that the lesson of French history is exactly the reverse of what the Xanthocrats are teaching. All European races have produced geniuses in all lines. In their purity, it is difficult to tell which is the most desirable. And their mixture, far from bringing decay, seems to have been singularly successful. Both the Alsatians and the Burgundians are the result of an Alpine-Nordic crossing: and they are among the finest populations in Europe. The "melting-pot" of France has been boiling for over two thousand years, and the world does not think the result so base.

I am unable, therefore, to accept the Xanthochroic test of aristocracy; and, until the matter is farther elucidated, I should be extremely sorry to see any law passed, or any prejudice fostered, that would establish a hierarchy among the physical types of men. It would be a sin to deny "the promise of American life" to an Italian, a Pole, a Bavarian, because they happen to be round-headed. It would be tyranny to prevent, on the strength of a mere

pseudo-scientific hypothesis, the mating of a blond with a brunet. Have you never peered into brown eyes that were attractive, and even intelligent? Houston Stewart Chamberlain himself confesses that many members of the Anglo-Norman aristocracy have brown eyes: for it was a French, and not a Scandinavian, army that conquered in 1066. Alexander the Great, truly eclectic, had one eye blue, and the other dark.

I am not challenging the main thesis of the "selectionists." It is obvious that not all human beings are endowed with the same gifts. These inequalities may be due partly to more or less favorable opportunities for development; partly, if you please, to the caprice of some unknown power: "the wind bloweth where it listeth." But it seems difficult to deny that, in the main, they are, like bodily traits, the result of heredity. If this be true, we are bound to admit that there must be certain strains in the human family more valuable than others. And it is only too evident that our rough-and-tumble, free-for-all competition is not well adapted to the selection and preservation of the finer, more subtle characteristics. Once more, I am not shrinking from the idea of an aristocracy: Republican France did not object, as we noted before, to a dynasty of Carnotvingians—Lazare Carnot was the organizer of victory under the First Republic; Sadi I was a pioneer in thermodynamics; Hippolyte was Minister of Public Education under the Second Republic and Senator under the Third; Sadi II was President of the Third; and the sons of President Carnot are now holding honorable places in the political world.* But the test must be con-

* Even more striking is the record of the Adams family in our own democracy.

vincing. No one wants an aristocracy of the "effete" European type. Mere self-assertion and an invincible disinclination to work are not sufficient credentials. Of all the criteria for the selection of a ruling class, careful dressing, correct dancing, and a mastery of etiquette are by far the most preposterous. Neither is the mere acquisition of wealth a sure sign of superiority. Wealth may be the reward of energy, foresight, service; but it may also represent unscrupulous greed and cunning, coupled with luck. It is no safe basis even for a life-aristocracy, still less for an hereditary one. Neither should we trust to culture alone: much of our culture is mere cramming and shibboleth. Although I respect the Brahmin class of New England, and the Levitical tribe throughout the land, I would be the last to advocate an hereditary mandarinat for America. But I would rather rely upon any of the tests that made the Brahmin and the Levite than upon the color of the eyes.

In the present state of our knowledge, there is nothing safer than plain justice. As our knowledge increases, our justice will be more enlightened: but knowledge will never justify injustice. If certain physical types are better able to perform certain services, let their deeds fulfil the promise of their eyes or hair: but don't let mere signs suffice, when realities are needed. If you want tall men in the police, do not accept an undersized Scandinavian and reject a gigantic Italian on the plea that Scandinavians, *as a race*, are taller than the Italians, and therefore ought to secure a monopoly of such positions. If you want good Americans, do not accept some just because they were born on the Elbe, and turn others away because they were born on the Vistula.

If our present tests are too crude, let us make them more accurate. It is true that in our commercial democracy, the rewards for the finer kinds of service are inadequate and discouraging: but the remedy does not consist in preferring blonds to brunets. The Xanthochroic theory is merely a bridge between a loose heap of facts and a mass of prejudices. It is interesting, but it is far from harmless. It has hurled Germany against the world. It clamored for many years for the conquest of Mexico, and its cry of "manifest destiny" may be heard again. It did its best to prepare Armageddon between Europe and Asia. There is no reason why we should abandon Lincoln and Wilson for Gobineau and Chamberlain.

CHAPTER II

THE BLACK ARMY OF FRANCE

A DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING

I

"WE are a nation of a hundred million," said General Mangin. The man who uttered these pregnant words is known to fame, first of all, for his massive jaw, compared with which a bulldog's betokens mild amiability. He was noted for his daring and ruthlessness during the Great War, in Pyrrhic victory under Nivelle, in final triumph under Foch. But above all, he will be remembered as the first thorough-going advocate and the efficient organizer of a Black Army for European service. Native troops had always been used overseas, by France and by all other colonial powers. There was something soothing to the moral sense in the thought that, if negroes had to be killed at all, they had better be killed by men of their own race. Besides, it is cheaper. But it was beyond the range of speculation that they should play an important part in the defence of European France. General Mangin has been a prophet in his own country. Large bodies of colored troops served against the Germans. We have heard a few uncomplimentary remarks about their presence in the occupied area. The permanent plans of the French Government, in compensation for a reduction in the term of service, provide for a large increase in the non-European contingent. The army

of France is becoming a variegated affair. The "Nation of a hundred million" is polychrome, polyglot, and, incidentally, polygamous as well.

This policy of the French can be explained and defended without any "idealistic nonsense." It is a problem of power, which for France means a problem of life and death. For nearly half a century, France had been living in the shadow of a mighty militarism. This militarism was growing more formidable every year. It was served by national spirit, industrial technic, and overwhelming numbers. The world accepts as a fact that in 1914, France was the victim of an aggression. The French, at any rate, have no doubt about it. She was saved through her own heroic efforts, but also through the assistance of her allies. As Belgium and Serbia can aver, heroism and a righteous cause are not enough. The God of Battles is on the side of big battalions, and we must see to it that big battalions are on the side of God. The tremendous Alliance which, at the end of four years and at the cost of 10,000,000 lives, finally made the world safe for the democracy of Horthy, Mussolini, and Lenin came so slowly into being, moved with such ill-concerted efforts, that as late as July, 1918, the fate of the cause was uncertain. Put not your trust in alliances! What guarantee has France that, in another crisis, even such a sluggish combination of powers would come to her rescue? It is doubtful whether Russia would ever again concert her action with France against Germany. It is even less certain that 2,000,000 doughboys would be sent across the Atlantic on another crusade to beat Satan at his own game. France must rely upon herself alone.

Now Germany, with her shrunken territory, could still place three soldiers in the field against France's two. In the next generation, the proportion will be two to one. Disarmament compacts amount to very little: new methods of warfare are constantly devised; peace industries can rapidly be adapted to war purposes. So France feels herself, after 1919 as before 1914, under a constant menace from the East. Her ideal is not to enforce her own will through arms: but if she is to live, she must guard against an alien will being enforced upon her. So, to the stupid argument, which we have heard quoted as irrefutable by "liberal" Americans: "What can you do? The Germans are 60,000,000, and you are 40,000,000," comes the proper answer: "You are mistaken: we are a hundred million." Brutality against brutality: it is not Christian, it is human.

It may be a necessity: it is an ugly one. How glibly we are all talking now about "the next war"! Our admirals and generals win applause when they say: "We believe that the next war should be averted in the same way as all previous wars have been averted: by preparing for it." Is there no way out? The French would say, as Alphonse Karr remarked when it was proposed to abolish capital punishment: "Que Messieurs les Assassins commencent!"

If war should come, we do not shudder at the thought of the most cultured population in Europe being submitted to the tyranny of African savages. War is hell: but Hell can be made much more efficiently hellish by bespectacled Doctors of Philosophy, just as Professor Wendt, we are told, can get in his electric oven a temperature higher than that

of any star. When it comes to atrocities, the supremacy of the Caucasian, and particularly of the Nordic, is beyond challenge. A London cabby thought he would blast with his vituperation his mild and scholarly-looking "fare": but the little Professor was a philologist, who gave him there and then a cursory treatise on the art of swearing. In the same way, the champion cannibal from the South Seas is a tyro compared with a specialist from Krupp's. Or to put the same thought in more courteous and more classical language: "there is nothing worse than the corruption of the best."

Nor should we wax indignant because these savages would be torn from their African huts to fight for a cause which they could not understand. Millions of moujiks were led to slaughter by Grand Duke Nicholas without a glimmer of the real issue, and we never protested. Worse, thousands of men were drafted for causes they understood only too well, and which were not theirs. It is not so heinous a crime for Poincaré to call a Senegalese to arms as for William II forcibly to enroll an Alsatian or a Pole. Political thinking is not allowed in the army, anyway, nor even back of the line, so long as the fight is on. All you need to know is that you have been assigned to one side, and that your side must win. Such a conception of patriotism is well within the range of our dusky friend Batouala, although it is above the intellect of Bertrand Russell.

II

What we are afraid of is the effect of brute force upon those who use it, rather than upon those against

whom it is used. The victims despise the force that crushes them, and thus they save their souls. The victors worship it, and gain the world. And what a world it would be! Imagine, in every international discussion, the new Brennus throwing into the scale the swords of a million Africans.

France might be safe from a foreign foe under the protection of her dark regiments. She would also be saved from the insidious enemy at home, "the enemies of order." Anarchists, socialists, radicals, free-thinkers of all kinds would receive short shrift at the hands of a professional army entirely in the hands of its leaders. Social conservation would be defended by an irresistible force—until it found itself at the mercy of its protector. Some future Millerand, served by some future Mangin, would give France a few years of efficient, Diaz-like administration. Then the Mangin of the day would supersede a weaker Millerand, only to be superseded in his turn by some pretorian adventurer. The struggle for power would become more frankly brutal, until the very scum of the polychrome rabble would hold sway, and until some mongrel, gifted with sufficient cunning and ruthlessness, would revive on an epic scale the exploits of the Haytian Emperors, Dessalines, Christophe, and Soulouque.

General Mangin would pooh-pooh such a possibility, as too shadowy for serious consideration. We might as well curb the charitable activities of the Salvation Army, because H. G. Wells, in "The Sleeper Awakes," prophesied that they would lead to the restoration of slavery. However, conditions in certain Spanish-American countries would lead us to believe that such a nightmare has in it some ele-

ments of truth, and that the warning should not be disregarded.

On the other hand, do not the words of General Mangin contain a promise as well as a menace? What if it were true that the French actually mean to build up, not an Empire, but a Nation? A nation all members of which are gradually subjected to the same duties, because, gradually also, the same rights are granted to all? What if France were committed in good earnest to that bewildering enterprise: to make the French ideal so worth while, and at the same time so accessible, that men in all stages of cultural development will strive for it with increasing consciousness? If they strive for it, they will be ready to die for it. But may not the sacrifice precede and define the ideal? If they are ready to die for the spirit of France, they will more truly make it theirs. The simple loyalty of the soldier, of which all races are capable, may be the best elementary school for citizenship.

It is not the use of colored troops that is repellent to us: the United States has never hesitated to employ them. It is the use of mercenaries, white as well as black. The Hessians purchased by George III were Caucasians and even Teutons: to have brought them over for the subjugation of free men is a crime that America has not yet forgiven. On the other hand, no one can fail to detect the finest American spirit in the Shaw Monument in Boston, commemorating the commander of a negro regiment and his men.

The dilemma therefore is this: if you are using the Africans simply as you are using horses and mules, we can hardly condemn you so long as war has not been outlawed altogether, but it is an ugly neces-

sity, and fraught with danger. If you are using these men as men, in the same spirit as you sent the elite of your own sons against barbed-wire entanglements and machine-gun fire, then "out of the eater meat may come forth, and out of the strong, sweetness."

III

There is no doubt whatever as to which way the French are professing to take. They are not committed to the dogma that all men are actually equal: they know full well that there is no such equality within the same race, the same social group, or even the same family. But they are committed to the doctrine of justice, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. So are we, according to the letter of the law. But we do not seem to realize that justice implies fair play, and that fair play can hardly be said to exist when a large element is burdened with a crushing handicap.

The story ran for a few days in Paris that the first "Unknown Soldier" picked out at random to be glorified under the Triumphal Arch happened to be a negro, and that he was quietly reinterred. The story was flatly contradicted, with the assurance that France made no distinction among "her children." The negroes of four cities in Senegal have full citizenship, although they are Mohammedans: it was declared that the four lawful widows that each might leave would be entitled to a pension. When some Jazz Palace at Montmartre refused admittance to a negro, in order not to displease its American clientèle, official punishment was swift and sharp, and with it came a letter from M. Poincaré, then

Premier, reasserting the policy of France in these matters. To be sure, a decent French negro should have known better than patronize a disreputable Montmartre resort, and the sooner all such places are labelled: *For Americans only*, the better for all concerned. No doubt also M. Poincaré was only too glad to give American fingers a gentle rap, on a question of true democracy: his own knuckles were fairly bleeding with our virtuous castigation of him. His letter was reproduced by the French press, even the most conservative, with unanimous approval.

"In the course of my travels through the French possessions," says a German, Rudolf Asmis, "I remember seeing black men as magistrates judging white men, and filling administrative and other official positions; colored women legitimately married to white Frenchmen, and, on the other hand, white women acting as domestic servants to natives." I do not know this Rudolf Asmis: he was Consul General of the German Empire in the Belgian Congo, and writes in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*: so much to the good. His report, I confess, strains credibility; he may have had an axe to grind, either against the French whom he professes to admire, or against the extreme "racialists" among his compatriots. It is not, however, his testimony that matters, but the testimony of the Frenchman who quotes his words with pride. For that man is Albert Sarraut, in his book: "A Plan for the Development of the French Colonies." Now Albert Sarraut is a politician, no doubt; he even belonged, at one time, to the Radical Party. But he has long specialized in colonial questions; he has been Governor General of Indo-China, and brilliantly successful as Colonial Secretary. His

book is a new edition of a Parliamentary Report which may be accepted as the official manifesto of the French colonial school. That the conditions described by Asmis are exceptional may be taken for granted: what is significant is that such conditions should be looked upon by the French as desirable.

"Militarization, and public education at the service of militarization," (?) says Asmis again, "are the means employed for this vast and methodical Frenchification of the native masses; a process which is destined, through imperceptible but continuous approximation, to incorporate with France all parts of her colonial empire."

Note the words: "imperceptible but continuous approximation." This sounds un-French: do we not know that the French are pitiless logicians, and therefore reckless radicals? Who was it maintained that such an expression as un-French (or un-English) was a perfect example of a fallacy in a single word? Nothing human, for good or evil, can be un-French, for the Frenchness of the French is made up of innumerable contrasts. And especially it changes from moment to moment, without losing its complex identity. We are always talking as though all Frenchmen throughout the ages had been so many Robespierres. As a matter of fact, they preserved the same dynasty, with an unwritten constitution, and with "custom law," for nearly a thousand years. By infinitesimal degrees, they pieced together and welded, materially and morally, the heterogeneous elements that finally made up the closest national unity in the world. They managed to combine loyalty to Rome, attachment to the liberties of the Gallican Church, reverence for the wisdom and virtue

of Pagan antiquity, and confidence in abstract reason, into the serene harmony of their classical age. A race that has patiently, unconsciously, resolved such discords is not unfit to devote itself to a problem vast and complex beyond definition. The problem will grow under their hands, and they will grow to meet its challenge. They will make their path straight or winding according to the lay of the land: all that is required is a beacon light on the horizon. The early Capetians were pitifully weak: if they had not felt, however, that in their regal title lay a claim to the whole of Ancient Gaul, modern France would never have come into being. France is the result of an act of faith prolonged through countless generations. Such a pregnant faith Mangin's Greater France may prove to be.

There was no doubt a time when the French—and not the French alone—believed that, as human nature is everywhere and forever the same in all essentials, the differences due to tradition are superficial, and may easily be swept aside. They have realized since that love and hatred concentrate in those trivial differences. Catholics and Huguenots were ninety-nine per cent alike in their beliefs, but they were ready to hang, behead, quarter or burn one another for the sake of the contentious one-hundredth. The sole definition of a "fundamental point" is: a point for the sake of which we are willing to kill or die. The French are not converted to "the wisdom of prejudice" preached by Burke: but they have had to recognize the infinite potency of prejudice, and they will not ignore it again in their calculations.

Their rationalism has received another sharp lesson since the end of the eighteenth century. Much

of its cocksureness has disappeared. So fierce has been the battle between irreconcilable principles, and so bewildering also the enrichment of human experience, that it is a sadder and a wiser rationalism now. Just as Montaigne's scepticism was the fruit—the bitter-sweet fruit—of the religious wars, so the Renanism which has slowly permeated the French mind results from a century of conflict.

Thus the French have lost at the same time their faith in the easy adaptability of all races, and their faith in the transcendent value of their own standards. They have become evolutionists and relativists, that is to say the reverse of radicals. The radicals, *i. e.*, the men who have a simple faith in simple dogmas, are found on the other side: among those who believe that religious orthodoxy was formulated once for all in the Westminster Confession of Faith, political orthodoxy in the American constitution, and economic orthodoxy in "The Wealth of Nations." To the same class belong the men who affirm that races are for ever limited by bonds of adamant. The one great conquest of the nineteenth century, the historical spirit, seems to have affected them not at all. There is nothing permanent in history, not even change itself: for change slackens, accelerates, and reverses itself constantly.

IV

The new policy of the French consists in recognizing the differences of all the peoples under their rule; not only to tolerate them with good-natured contempt, as the British have done in India, but genuinely to understand them. The French are more de-

siours of preserving the ancient monuments of Morocco or Cambodia than are the natives themselves. They want to foster aboriginal art, even though, as in Western Africa, it is exceedingly crude, rather than impose European patterns. What? Deliberately to prefer the worse, when you have the better in your gift? Yes, because a genuine product of the artistic faculty, however primitive, is capable of growth, whereas a mere reproduction, albeit without a fault, is also without life.

But if all parts of the French Empire thus grow in their own direction, upon the basis of their own traditions, will they not grow further and further apart? The French do not think so. They still believe that differences in traditions are not fundamental, but only the result of isolation, destined to wane slowly when isolation is broken down. There was a time when every village in England had a dialect of its own: human nature has not been made over, yet the King's English has prevailed. France and her colonies are already living in many ways a common life. Modern scientific methods, at any rate, can be introduced everywhere; and nowhere is it necessary that they should crush the local spirit, any more than they have done in Japan. There are Mohammedan and Shintoist engineers and doctors, just as there are Methodist and Mormon engineers and doctors. These new elements are insinuating themselves into the interstices of the local tradition; then they will color it, blend with it, almost absorb it. To such a process no limit can be set.

Will the result be a deadly uniformity? We think not. First of all, the "result" is infinitely distant—or rather there is no result that does not become a

cause in its turn. What lies ahead of us is a world from which not picturesque differences, but only the fierceness of exclusive pride, has been eliminated. And as this process comes from communication and comprehension, it means no sacrifice, but mutual enrichment. No race loses by learning from another, if what is learned be worth while. It might be more picturesque if everybody remained rigidly true to type; if England understood nothing but "muddling through somehow," and France nothing but abstract principles divorced from realities. But could not each master the other's gift without losing her own?

At any rate, France is very far from the old cry: Perish the colonies rather than a principle! But she is as far as ever from the other cry: Perish all principles, if only we keep the colonies! Why should one or the other perish?

As late as 1848 and even 1870, the French granted full citizenship of the European type to unassimilated elements, like the Hindus of the Five Settlements, or the Jews of Algeria. The results were that the French Hindus became as passive in the hands of political bosses as the New Yorkers themselves; and that a terrible insurrection nearly shook the hold of the French in North Africa. These mistakes are not likely to occur again. The policy of immediate assimilation has been superseded by that of progressive association. And the new principles have not been reduced to a single code. Colonial administration is an experimental, not a logical, science; above all, it is an art. There are no two groups of French colonies, nor even two colonies within the same group, that are governed exactly alike. The five principal parts of French Indo-China have five dif-

ferent régimes, ranging from a fairly close adaptation of European methods in Cochín-China to a loose protectorate over primitive tribes in Laos. Even Algeria, which was too hastily assimilated with France and is administered by the Ministry of the Interior, has communities of three different kinds: some are entirely under French law, some are mixed, others are purely native. The franchise is gradually extended, as a reward for military service or progress in education: but it is not made the object of a sweeping measure, and the Berbers are now learning in village administration lessons which their sons will apply to Algerian, and even to imperial, problems.

The success of such a policy depends upon two conditions: the guiding power must have faith, but not too arrogant a faith, in its present superiority; and it must also have faith in the unlimited potential development of its associates. Whatever distance there may be between guardian and ward, there must be no barrier. That is where Anglo-Saxons fail. They know of a surety that no one can ever be like unto themselves; nor, being different, can be just as good. It is self-evident that upon the principle of race supremacy you can build an empire, but you cannot weld an empire into a nation. All the British know that the parts of their dominions that are not predominantly Anglo-Saxon are held precariously. The problem which now faces England is no longer how to associate Egypt or India more closely with herself, but how to let them go without injustice to all concerned. The best that we plan to do with the Filipinos is to fit them for the independence we have so solemnly promised them. We do not expect that they should ever feel them-

selves true Americans, co-equal with us in every respect. We find it hard enough to fuse heterogeneous elements in our midst: to amalgamate large blocks of distant and completely alien populations is neither our hope nor our desire.

The French are trying it. With what success it is too early to tell. Their new Empire (they retained but shreds of the old) came into being barely fifty years ago, with the exception of Algeria. It was not until the Fashoda crisis that it became a real factor in national preoccupations. In that short time—a minute in the life of nations!—little has been achieved, yet enough to increase our confidence in the principles and methods of the French. A colonial school that can boast of such men as Faïdherbe, Brazza, Galliéni, Doumer, Lyautey, can face the future with a stout heart. The son of Abd-el-Kader welcomed President Millerand in Algiers; he voiced fearlessly the grievances of his people; but what he wanted was a closer approximation to French citizenship, not independence. The American negro is infinitely better off than the Senegalese: but he has the sense that arbitrary limits have been set to his development, and that is enough to turn material progress to gall. In a Congress of the Negro Race, American apostles of “race emancipation” were disappointed to find so little response from the French West Africans, one of whom, M. Diagne, was a deputy in the French Parliament, and had held a Cabinet position. What can you do with people who say: “We do not want to think of ourselves primarily as negroes: we are French”?

Once more, it is a philosophy we are discussing, not a tale of achievements. According to your spec-

tacles, these will be found marvellous or pitiful: on the whole, among foreign observers as well as among the French, optimism prevails. It is a formidable enterprise. There are only two in the world to-day that can at all be compared with it. One is the federal system of Soviet Russia, with its self-determined component Republics and its autonomous areas. It reads well: but what we do not know about Soviet Russia already fills a large library. The other is Brazil, in which three races, white, negro, and Indian, seem to commingle without creating bitterness. But in both these cases, the domain in which the experiment is tried is continuous, self-contained: the French Empire is scattered through the seven seas. In Russia, the leading element enjoys an enormous numerical as well as cultural predominance: the French are a minority in their "nation of a hundred million." In Brazil the negroes and the Indians have no cultural tradition of their own to oppose to that of the Portuguese: under the French flag, the Annamites, the Arabs, the Berbers, even the Malagasy, had achieved a distinct civilization.

It is a task for centuries: Gaul herself was not completely Romanized when Rome fell, 400 years after Cæsar. A few well-defined dangers from without and from within,* a hundred unforeseen accidents,

* Many of these dangers might have been greatly reduced if England and France had simplified the map of their African possessions at a time when these possessions were still undeveloped and plastic. The settlement of the Great War and the division of the former German colonies offered a splendid opportunity, and possibly the last one. Onésime Reclus had urged that France should consolidate her Empire entirely in Africa (*Lêchons l'Asie, prenons l'Afrique!*), by exchanging Indo-China for Nigeria. Without going quite so far, a reallocation of West African territories would have been possible and desirable. The frontiers at present are purely arbitrary: but within this century, they may be like most frontiers: sore points in every respect—military, administrative, and economic.

may ruin the experiment before it is even fairly under way. But what an experiment for a nation to undertake! To carry democracy one big step farther than America is willing to go; to proclaim fair play among the races as well as among the classes; to bring backward or isolated populations into line for world-citizenship! What a call to service and adventure for the best young men in France, what an enrichment of the national life, what a breaking down of smug parochialism! If the attempt fails, at least it will have done good to the natives and to the French. So we shall follow the great enterprise with bated breath, and wish it God-speed.

CHAPTER III

SOUTHERN MEMORIES

I

MAY I not, once more, borrow the text of my sermon from Dom Anatole? It is written in "The Amethyst Ring": "M. Gustave Lacarelle had a thick, long, and fair mustache, which, as it determined his physiognomy, determined also his character." He looked like an ancient Gaul: from his student's days, he had been nicknamed the Gaul; and he felt in honor bound to uphold the Gallic tradition, which, as we all know, is compounded of gallantry and *galanterie*: fear naught except that the Heavens should fall, and make love to every woman. Poor Lacarelle found it irksome at times to maintain the standard of his race, especially when Madame Bergeret fell—plump—into his arms. But "noblesse oblige," and he pursued resignedly the course of his Gallic destiny.

Among our manifold delusions, there are few that are so pathetic, and none perhaps that is so dangerous, as this desire to live up to some preconceived type. Excellent Germans, adipose, beer-sodden, home-loving, possibly musical and metaphysical, whom Providence had intended for *Pantoffelhelden*, felt it their duty to rouse in their hearts the Berserker rage, the tearing fury of Blond Beasts, because such amiable traits had, in remote ages, characterized their hypothetical ancestors. Englishmen, and above all English governments, have been known to spurn as un-English the plain, immediate solution

of an urgent problem, because it was truer to form to "muddle through somehow," I remember a lady of unusual scientific attainments, who, because she was born in Baltimore, found it necessary to cultivate a number of odd little superstitions, with the proud apology: "I am Southern, you know."

It is particularly useless to discuss the race problem at all, so long as people make a virtue of their prejudices, and impregnably entrench themselves therein. You might have Logic, Science, Democracy, and Christianity on your side: all that your opponents have to answer is: "We are Southern, and we have the race feeling in the marrow of our bones. This is the one central fact, which of course you cannot understand, but which you will have to accept. All your specious arguments will be shattered against it." Thus a good little Christian from the South, finding herself in some missionary banquet by the side of a negro, rushed away from the table, convulsed with indignation. "But, my dear," said a lady who had followed her, "do you think that Jesus would take it in such a way?" "Ah well! Jesus came from Heaven: but I come from Alabama, and I won't stand it."

We have never been very much impressed with the argument that such feelings were "in the blood." We had been told that it was "in the blood" of Frenchmen and Germans to hate one another, just as cats hate dogs, horses hate camels, women hate mice, and Orangemen hate Sinn Feiners. But we realized that the noblest Germans, like Goethe and Nietzsche, had loved France—yet no more than the noblest Frenchmen, Hugo, Michelet, Renan, had loved Germany. Even if we admitted that there

were "something in the blood," this would not alter in the slightest degree the question of right and wrong. I am enough of a Fundamentalist to believe in the depravity of human nature, and in the necessity of some grace divine to curb its evil instincts. It is "in the blood" of man to kill, ravish, and get drunk. It has been done from earliest times, by all races, in all countries, under all religions. If we were told: Thou shalt not kill, it is because the Legislator knew that human nature is bent on killing. All laws, religious as well as civil, are engaged in a perpetual fight against human nature. And it is not a losing fight, because human nature is divided against itself, and because the angel in us is no less real than the beast.

That is why I formally refused to be bluffed by the Southern taboo: Thou shalt not discuss the race question. Taboos are exceedingly valuable as incentives to thought. As in the days of Eden, they point to the Tree of Knowledge.

II

It was my privilege to be connected for eleven years with a Southern institution. Now that I have left the Land of Cotton, I feel free to say that nowhere else, in Europe or in America, have I ever met such a genuine aristocracy of simplicity, kindness, wit, and culture. There, more completely than in the North or in the West, I was able to forget at times the vulgarity which besets our commercial civilization. Babbitt is ubiquitous in the New South: but he has not yet become supreme, and the merchant who is first of all a gentleman remains the

ideal. Of all the nostalgic memories I have gathered in a roaming life, there is none perhaps that is so poignantly vivid as this: the farewell picnic of a small knot of friends, Townmen and Gownmen, cheerfully oblivious of wealth or learning; the sluggish bayou at our feet; the grove of live oaks draped with Spanish moss (that vampire among plants, which kills with beauty); and the well-known, gentle voices rising in jest and song through the caressing softness of the Southern night. . . . Ah well! The South did not treat me as a stranger, and I may be trusted to speak of it in the spirit of a grateful friend.

If I had come down South with the preconceived idea that all Southern whites were busy grinding the dark faces of the poor, a few weeks' experience would have sufficed to explode the delusion. Before the Great War, there was no more contented working-class anywhere than the Southern negroes; and if they are now more restless than they used to be, their discontent is mild compared with the ominous ferment found in other parts. Nowhere will you find better relations between masters and servants. The material conditions are such as would make millions of European mouths water; and there exists in the Southern homes an atmosphere of personal friendliness which has survived the Civil War and sixty years of emancipation. It is not all idyllic, I know: servants and masters are human, all too human. But no Southern negro could stand the cold contempt, the lack of humanity, the positive cruelty as it would seem in comparison, that prevail in London or Paris.

Gradually, as facts were impressed upon me, I came to the staggering conclusion that there was no

race question in the South. I did not accept it easily: it sounded too good to be true. I happened to hear, in my Southern home town, that picturesque character, Pastor Russell. He told us that we had already entered upon the millennium: in fact, it had begun, I believe, in the year 1897. As I was listening to his ingenious apocalyptic calculations, I could not help thinking: "What is the use of a millennium, then, if it looks just like Hell?" I wish evil could be exorcised by a mere denial. But I do not belong to the thriving sect which suppresses the Devil by cutting him dead. Ugly realities will not down, even though, like Soviet Russia, they are not officially recognized.

Yet, in that very sense, all true Southerners would agree with my paradox. "There is no real race question: it is an importation from the North. Don't spoil our niggers with false ideas. Leave us alone: there will be races in the South, but no difficulty." It is the same spirit which prompted Germany, before 1914, to deny that there was any Alsace-Lorraine problem. In 1924, England served notice upon the League of Nations that the Egyptian unpleasantness did not exist; and sent a few warships to Alexandria to make that non-existence more palpable. This spirit has been admirably summed up by Rose Macaulay: "Don't interfere: we want to have our little war in peace."

There is another point upon which I can claim the support of the entire South: there is no antipathy between the races, but exactly the reverse. The Southern Mammy is no myth: I have seen her with my own eyes. And, even the younger generation, shifting and shiftless as they may be, show an in-

instinctive loyalty to their masters, a pride in whatever distinction comes to "the family," a sense of "belonging" which is not slavish, but feudal and in line with our best Nordic tradition. These sentiments are reciprocated, as the real Southerner is of a kindly and affectionate disposition. There is on the part of the ruling class a feeling of responsibility which, at its best, is truly ennobling. Yes, the darkies and the white folk are genuinely fond of one another. Talk of "sending the blacks back to Africa!" That sounds in Dixie like Yankee nonsense. Not only do the Southerners need the negroes in their cotton fields and in their mills: but they want them in their own homes, washing, cleaning, cooking for them, holding their babies, inextricably mixed with their most intimate life. A Southern lady is never so happy as when her house is swarming with negro help, and pickaninnies playing on the back stoop. There is something delightfully picturesque and human about a buxom colored "lady" boiling clothes in the open air, over a primitive charcoal bucket, singing some plaintive and humorous tune in a voice as rich as a Thanksgiving dinner. To be sure, an electric washing-machine would be more efficient; but it would not have the same appeal. All this is sentimental: but is it not sentiments that we are discussing? I do not see why "sentimental" should invariably be a term of reproach: Shelley's love lyrics are not condemned because some one did write "The Rosary."

It is evident that Southern children are born perfectly innocent of race prejudice. They sit on their nurses' knees without any sense of repugnance; they play with negro children on a footing of perfect equality. I have clearly in my mind the picture of

an unusually fair little maid, the daughter of one of the richest cotton men in the country, sitting on a toy wagon with a negro boy, whom she was holding as tight as she could. A very few months later, probably, she did begin to realize that the creature she had been treating like a brother was under an inexorable curse. I have watched the growth of the race feeling in my own children. It was not native to them: it came insidiously, by imperceptible steps, like their Southern drawl.

III

What is the root of the trouble, then, if it is not racial antipathy? First of all, there are historical reasons, which are still potent in a tradition-loving country. The economic wounds have been healed: the bitterness of actual warfare has been forgotten, and the veterans of both armies are able to meet in friendliest fashion. But the conflict has undoubtedly seared the Southern soul. A nation (and if Wilson's gospel of self-determination has any sense, no country ever deserved the name of nation more truly than the Confederacy)—a nation will confess that she was wrong, or defeated, but never both. I have heard Britishers admit that the Opium War was a crime: but they were not suggesting that Hong-Kong should be returned to China. Some Germans are willing to acknowledge they were beaten; others will own that the Imperial Government was guilty; few will accept an adverse verdict on both points. So the South, beaten to her knees, clings all the more tenaciously to the idea that she was right; and right, not on the issue of secession, which is now dead,

but on the issue of white supremacy. To admit that the Yankee abolitionists were justified would be rank treason to the heroic spirit of the South: their ancestors would turn in their graves. Thus the South has been hardened by defeat into an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the Boston evangel: a change of heart cannot be imposed by the sword.

Then there was the nightmare of the reconstruction period, when the victorious North applied in the most inane and mechanical fashion the pseudo-democratic dogma: every featherless biped is entitled to a vote. Southern States and cities are still paying for the corruption and extravagance of the carpet-baggers. It seemed like studied insult combined with systematic injury. This is what the political equality of the races stands for in Southern minds. And we cannot help sympathizing with their horror. Even at present, after the tremendous progress of the colored people, their sudden and wholesale accession to suffrage might be an evil worse than their complete exclusion.

Finally, there is the enormous power of the Party Machine. A party in full control clings desperately to its privilege, and is not over-scrupulous in its methods of self-defence. I know there is a new "lily-white Republicanism" in the South, and I know also that if the negroes had the vote, most of them would cast it for the Democratic ticket, "like gentlemen." But the comfortable, unchallenged supremacy of the machine would be at an end. With the South no longer solid, Democracy would have to mean something positive, and that might compel Republicanism to mean something also. No party has ever been willing to extend suffrage to its enemies, or even to

a new and uncertain element. It took Great Britain nearly a century to grant all adult Britishers a vote.* Guizot faced a revolution, rather than give the franchise to such dangerous characters as professors, attorneys, and notaries. We know how tenaciously the Suffrage amendment was fought against; and the French Radicals still deny women political equality for the same reason as Southern Democrats exclude the negroes: the future of the party is at stake. A party needs a bogey as a rallying cry: it may be a foreign foe, the Jews, Catholicism, Socialism. In modern France, whenever Radical governments were at their wits' end, that is to say most of the time, they raised the cry: Down with the Jesuits! Southern politicians would lose the best of their stock-in-trade if they no longer had to "keep the nigger out."

These historical and political reasons are not to be minimized. With every generation that passes they will lose some of their justification: but at the same time they will gather strength as traditions, and an inherited belief is infinitely harder to overthrow than a reasoned conviction. Feudal titles ceased to have a meaning several hundred years ago: yet a marquisate, an earldom, even a baronetcy, still have enormous value in sentiment and in cash. It may take centuries to get over the effects of the Civil War: had we allowed the erring sisters to depart in peace, it is probable that the problem would be much nearer a satisfactory solution. Some day we shall realize that there is no righteous war: we cannot do God's work with the tools of Hell.

A few years ago, an economic consideration could

* As a matter of fact, the process is not complete even yet: women under thirty are not enfranchised.

have been added. It is singularly tempting to keep the bulk of common labor out of politics. A negro who "knows his place" will be more willing to accept low wages and long hours. This factor, however, has almost ceased to operate. The change is not due to politics, or to the power of negro unions: but to the northward migration of colored workers. The negro is getting his economic dues: if he were not, he would move. Obviously he would be happier in the South: but now there is a limit to his resignation. The restriction of the flow of labor from Europe will keep up a steady demand for the negroes in the North. The movement may never again be catastrophic in its suddenness, as it was during the war; but it is sufficient, on the one hand, to strengthen enormously the economic position of the colored people in the South, on the other hand, to create an ugly problem in the industrial centres of the North.

IV

Yet, potent as all these causes may be, they do not go to the root of the matter. They apply exclusively to the old South: and the race difficulty is world-wide. It is world-wide because it is founded on a universal trait of human nature; the hatred of genuine equality. We cherish equality, in the sense that we do not want to have anybody above ourselves: but the more there are below, the better pleased we are. It seems that we cannot quite respect ourselves unless we despise somebody else. This is the origin of castes and classes, and the race problem is merely a form of the class problem. This does not make it any easier.

Let us interpret a few facts of Southern experience in the light of this hypothesis. Any Southerner—and, for that matter, most Northerners as well—would resent it if a negro doctor or banker took up his residence next to theirs. The handsomer the residence, the greater the insult. Does this show a physical repugnance to the proximity of a different race? Not at all: for every Southern home is flanked, within ten yards and frequently within ten feet, with a negro home in the form of a servants' house. A colored Professor or Bishop could not be tolerated in the front part of a street-car, with the white folks: but a coal-black nurse can go anywhere, provided she escort a white child. A young chemist from the South was my colleague at Williams College. He had a few negroes in his classes, and we asked him how he enjoyed teaching them. "Oh! I don't mind," he answered; "what goes against the grain, though, is having to call them 'Mister.'" The classical expression of this sentiment was given by the Southern gentleman who, in some function up North, had to meet Booker T. Washington. "You see," he reported to his friends, "it was embarrassing to call him Booker, and of course I couldn't call him Mister." "So what did you do?" "Well, I compromised and called him Professor."

What is the key to these apparent absurdities? Class feeling, pure and simple. We like the negro, we appreciate the negro, we want to have him among us—so long as he "knows his place." That is the great Shibboleth of the South. You may be as kind as you please to your niggers; you may even devote your whole life to the improvement of the race: the South will praise you, if, throughout your charitable

activities you never fail to "keep the darkies in their place."

Now that phrase, which sums up the whole creed of the South, is not peculiar to the South. I had come across it, times out of number, in European history and literature. Nay, I had heard it with my own ears in France, and especially in England, although it cannot longer be freely spoken there with the same wide approval as twenty-five years ago. Tenants, servants, working people should not "presume"; they must "know their station" and acknowledge their "betters." The "lower classes" was a current expression. Between the attitude of the nobleman to the commoner under the ancient régime, that of the bourgeois to his "inferiors," that of the gentlemanly officer in England, Germany, or America to the enlisted man, and that of the Southern white to the negro, there is no fundamental difference. It is the same unlovely but irresistible instinct to lord it over one's fellow men: in a word, snobbishness. Cringing before those higher in station is only one aspect of snobbishness: despising those below is the very essence of the disease. That is why Thackeray had a passage on "the Royal Snob."

The temptation is most irresistible, of course, when the lower class is indelibly branded. The old aristocracy in Europe distinguished itself by elaborate trappings, and was fenced off by a formidable etiquette—high-sounding titles, special forms of address, carefully established tables of precedence. In those happy days, every one "knew his place." All these artificial distinctions have become obsolete, except for occasional pageantry. The aristocrats, to keep themselves from being defiled, have to rely

upon more elusive criteria—style, tone, manners, a set of religious and political convictions, a slang and a list of nicknames which only the members of the inner circle can master. By such means a true gentleman can detect a man who, as the French put it, is “not born,” as sharply as a true Southerner will find out the damning sixteenth of negro blood. The line is drawn as definitely as possible, and a working man, suddenly enriched, stands as good a chance of being admitted to the Faubourg Saint-Germain or to some club in Pall Mall, as a quadroom to enter any Country Club in Dixie. W. L. George’s searching story of misalliance, “The Stranger’s Wedding,” shows how subtle habits of thought and niceties of taste can create a cleavage, invisible, undefinable, which defeats love itself.* Still, there are commoners who, even in the first generation, can impersonate gentlemen in the most convincing manner. Their sons, at any rate, may go through some expensive public school, and acquire the smoothest kind of polish at Oxford. No criterion is absolutely safe, now that formal barriers have been let down. On the contrary, until anti-kink hair treatment, bleaching lotions, and facial surgery have reached a degree of perfection still undreamt-of, the man born in the racial abyss must remain in the abyss.

And we all want to keep him there, for there would be no heights for us if there were no depths for him. How pitifully we are striving to fasten ourselves to some kind of aristocracy—Pilgrim Fathers, Cavaliers, Dutch Patroons, Huguenots,

* Cf. also “*Cœur Pensif ne sait où il va*,” by Paul Bourget; *he* is a war hero and an artist; *she* does not even belong to the nobility; they love each other. Yet Paul Bourget refuses to solemnize their union, for *he* belongs to the people, *she* to the bourgeoisie. In the year of our Lord 1918.

Revolutionary Heroes! Those of us whose hapless ancestors missed all these opportunities can at least claim that we are Nordics; or at any rate Aryans; or Caucasians, whatever that may mean.

What a special temptation there is in the South! Just by joining in the cry: Keep the nigger in his place! you feel at once assimilated with the proudest and most genuine aristocracy in the land. As the beggar said to the banker: "Us Nordics must stick together." You soon begin to believe that your forefathers owned plantations, which were ruined by the wicked Yankees; and you look upon every negro as potentially a runaway slave of your own. I have heard one Aaron Slavinsky utter the words "We Southerners" with the same conviction as a notorious American countess, in Paris, regretted the days when the nobles had their rights, and as a colored sergeant, in 1917, said: "Wait till us Anglo-Saxons get into this fight!" Who would refuse joining the aristocracy on such bargain terms? I thought I was impervious to such influences, being protected by a different kind of snobbishness. Yet the South was slowly making a gentleman out of me. When I went North and a negro sat by my side in a street-car, I did not resent it, but I felt virtuous for not resenting it. It was what my Southern friends would call the first dawn of saving grace.

V

When, for some reason, race difference is not accompanied by social difference, the problem loses its virulent character. In my Southern city, the whites seemed to have exhausted their exclusive-

ness on the negroes. There were thousands of Mexicans in the district, much less assimilated, and probably much less assimilable, than the Africans. Many of them showed practically no trace of European blood. Yet the darkest and dirtiest Mexican laborer could sit in the white section of the street-car. I do not believe that this was due to the desire of not giving offence to an independent neighbor: local opinion reckes very little of Washington policy, and California is treating with insolence the subjects of an empire more cultured and more powerful than Mexico and the whole of South America. It means that, fortunately, the Mexicans have not yet created a social problem. And it is true that we have given into their hands many hostages of inestimable value south of the Rio Grande.

Wherever members of an alien race are few, they are treated with fairness, and even with sympathy. It was so in the North half a century ago. I have known a venerable survivor of that period who, although of purest British stock, had no prejudice whatever against the colored people. I have seen negroes treated with unaffected courtesy in London. In 1913, I saw elaborate preparations in the City Hall of Glasgow for the reception of the dusky King of Buganda and his suite. The British, who are so caste-conscious in India (almost as caste-conscious as the Hindus are among themselves), welcome Hindu gentlemen in Europe. There they may become popular and important characters: a Hindu sat for the Borough of Westminster, and Prince Ranjitsinhji was the idol of the cricket field. London is always inclined to take up the defence of the natives against the Afrikanders, and even against purely

British colonists. The trouble is not "in the blood": the people who elect a negro judge in Chicago or appoint a negro official to a post in New Orleans are as Anglo-Saxon as the rest of us. The trouble lies in the social conditions. As soon as a sharply differentiated race becomes numerous enough to form a lower class, the line is drawn and the crisis opens. That is why the area of race friction is steadily moving northward, and race riots now occur in Republican territory. When Massachusetts has the same proportion of negroes as Mississippi, the descendants of Garrison will be as exclusive as the kinsmen of Jefferson Davis.

We find a confirmation of these views in the experience of the French. There is nothing "in the French blood" that makes it easier for them to deal with alien races: under the same circumstances they have to fight against the same temptations. And if they fight with fair success, so could we. Conditions in Algeria somewhat resemble those in the South. There also we have two races side by side, one vastly inferior to the other in wealth and culture. And the Algerian colonists think and act about the Berbers and the Arabs just in the same way as the Southern Whites about the negroes. It makes no difference to them that the natives are of white stock, of the same Mediterranean race to which most of the colonists themselves belong: if the colonists had their way, the Arabs and Berbers would be "taught their place," which is at the bottom. The political progress of Algeria, painful and fitful like all progress, yet promising, is due to the fact that the country is not fully self-governing. The government takes into account both the ideal of Paris and the facts

of Algerian experience: it moves cautiously, through a series of compromises, offering a model of what our reconstruction period could have been. Because a hundred thousand Berbers drifted into Paris during the war, and will not away, Paris is becoming uneasy, in the same manner as Chicago and St. Louis are worrying about their Black Belts. "Latins" are no better and no worse in this respect than "Anglo-Saxons": they are men.

My Southern experience has not converted me to pessimistic fatalism. For one thing, it has inspired me with greater confidence in the possibilities of the negro race. The Barbarians who swooped upon the Greco-Roman world were centuries behind in civilization. Although eager to learn, they wrecked the whole fabric of ancient culture as completely as the negroes ruined the amenities and decencies of French life in Hayti. It took them 500 years to grope their way out of the darkness they had made. We, the proud sons of these Barbarians, have no cause to be supercilious. What the negroes have achieved in little more than half a century is literally astounding.

And these achievements are beginning to tell, even in the South. The negroes are still a proletariat, treated with the Christian charity and the sense of fair play which have always been meted out to the proletariat. But there are already many negroes who are richer than the average white man. In a civilization which ultimately has no other standard of valuation but money, enrichment means power. In the most exclusive store in my Southern city, I have seen colored belles buying expensive shoes, with white attendants literally at their feet. The negroes should take to heart Guizot's advice to the

bourgeoisie: "Enrichissez-vous!" Get rich: money will slowly purchase for you the respect that plain justice could not secure.

Last—but, I must confess, least—of my reasons for hoping, is my confidence in the "Americanism" of the South. If Americanism does mean common sense and fair play, then the people who boast the purest American blood cannot help reverting to the ideal of their country. Admitting—and it takes no great effort to admit it—that the whites are, on the whole, vastly superior to the negroes—this would bind us all the more to a policy of strictest justice. What would we think of a champion who should say: "I am the best man in the ring: and because I am the best man, I refuse to fight any challenger unless his right arm be tied behind his back"? Any form of injustice is a confession of diffidence. The just desire no favor; the strong need none.

The Southerners are gentlemen: it remains for them to apply the gentlemanly code and the spirit of chivalry between the races as well as within their own caste. They know that bragging and brutal assertiveness, in the individual, are the surest tokens of vulgarity. A man who should act, as a man, in the same way as we systematically act as a race, and as we too often act as a nation (Myself first, right or wrong!), would be hunted at once out of polite society.

As Tolstoy's hero devoted his life to the "Resurrection" of a soul he had ruined, so are we in honor bound to atone for the great collective crime of our race. Thinking of the wrongs inflicted by man upon the weaker sex, Vigny said: "I cannot meet a woman without being tempted to say: Forgive us." The

negro among us is also an eternal reproach. Forgive us he will, if only we give him full justice. We owe it, not to him alone, but to our own conscience, to efface the last consequences of the ancient slave trade iniquity. We owe it above all to the spirit of our ancestors. They were responsible for the curse, and until we have turned the curse into a blessing, the stain on their memory will not be washed away.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST TABOO

I

It would greatly add to our spiritual comfort if our thought would remain "half slave, half free"; we do not like to follow our principles to their logical end, because we feel in advance there is no end. If we say A, we shall have to say B; but when we come down to Z, we shall find another alphabet formidably confronting us. This eternal progress is a weariness of the flesh and of the mind. The wise man, who has more practical work to do than chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, loves to labor for definite ends: that is to say for principles which have been established for a respectable time, whose fulfilment is within reason, and which he assumes will endure for ever.

Thus, in the race problem, the bulk of enlightened Northern opinion has reached a sane and tolerably safe conclusion. Our fathers fought for the political equality of the races then living in our territory.* This political equality is now part and parcel of our constitution; and political equality the negroes should enjoy. Social equality is a much more arduous question. To raise it would involve us in an everlasting and bitter conflict with men of our own kin; and we are by no means certain that the result would be desirable after all. Work for political equal-

* The Gettysburg Address, of course, was not meant to include the Chinese as "men."

ity, or at least reassert on all occasions that political equality should prevail: but leave social equality severely alone.

This is the wisdom born of ignorance. The South, which naturally understands the problem much better than the North, knows that such a discrimination can not be made. Equality means equality, or it means nothing. Give the negroes in the South full political equality: a vote in all elections, an equal chance in all appointments, no enforced segregation: and what will be the result? You will soon have negroes meeting white men on important boards, white lobbyists toadying to negro congressmen, white employees seeking preferment from negro patrons, and social equality will slowly but inevitably follow. You may object that this has not come to pass in the North, where the negro enjoys his full political rights. But negroes are still a small minority in that section; wherever they exist in compact groups, as in Chicago, they are already making their influence felt. Above all, the status of the negro in the North is still strongly affected by the prejudices of the South. It is awkward to treat as an equal a man whom you know to be a pariah in Dixie. Northerners are thus protected by the Southern taboo, which they ungratefully denounce. To give negroes rights while denying them privileges, in places where they are numerically strong, will not work smoothly for ever. If we want the negro to be "kept in his place," he must have no rights at all.

And the South knows also that any degree of social equality, any mitigation of the race stigma, would lead to intermarriage. The thought is abhorrent, not only to Southern minds, but to many

Northern ones as well. Daniel G. Brinton was born in Pennsylvania, and he taught in the City of Brotherly Love; he had an excellent reputation as an anthropologist, he was presumably a Christian, and had read many times over the words: "[God] hath made of one blood all nations of men." Yet, a whole generation after Lincoln, he expressed himself in this fashion: "A white man entails indelible degradation on his descendants who takes in marriage a woman of a darker race. . . . That philanthropy is false, that religion is rotten, which would sanction a white woman enduring the embrace of a colored man." * If this be the verdict of science, then the South is right. If you are determined not to reach a certain point, you should avoid entering the easy descent that will inevitably lead you down to it. To avert your glances and stumble, to clutch at loose stones and blades of grass, to try to clamber up and roll further down, is as undignified as it is dangerous. We should not rush down the slope: we should either not start at all, or proceed cautiously, steadily, fearlessly, with our eyes open.

We are not committed—it has become apparent before—to the pseudo-democratic fallacy of universal equality. "Racial Realities," in Europe and in America, we have no desire to deny, to ignore, or to minimize. As soon as eugenics and anthroposociology reach the status of true sciences and come to severely scientific conclusions, we shall be willing to follow them. If it were proved that statesmen and poets could be "bred for points" in the same way as Airedales, we should welcome the new method.

* "Races and Peoples," publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia, 1901; p. 287.

Many people would be delighted to know how a Lloyd George or a Winston Churchill can be made to order, so as to do exactly the opposite. Nay, no "false philanthropy," no "rotten religion" would prevent us from accepting the idea that undesirable strains, and even whole races, should be eliminated as unfit. Italy has shown the way in getting rid of the degenerate breed of crétins which, thanks to mistaken charity, had for ages saddened the valley of Aosta. Segregation, sterilization, and euthanasia could weed out the inferior elements, in painless fashion, within a century. If all the colored races, red, brown, black, and yellow, were mistakes on the part of the Creator, let them go the way of the pterodactyl and the dinosaur. We might follow this agreeable train of thought a little farther. Not all the families of the white race are equally valuable and fit for a eugenic world. We might blackball from our Universal Club the Semites, who have been making themselves unpopular in all climes for at least 6,000 years. We have little use for the unstable Mediterranean, however quick-witted he may seem; we can dispense with the Alpine, a mere clod, a drag on progress. But especially should we get rid of the Nordics, a breed of fighters and mischief-makers, who have created trouble ever since they burst into history. They wrecked civilization once already in the fourth century, and came very near wrecking it again in the twentieth. Then mankind would at last have peace. If we wanted the show to continue, we might pick out a new Deucalion and a new Pyrrha to replenish the world: I beg to nominate — and —, but my austere censor taboos the suggestion.

II

There is nothing, therefore, that we are not ready to do for the sake of science. But it is infinitely more difficult for science to come to conclusions than Mr. Lothrop Stoddard and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton surmise. Before we take drastic action involving the fate of millions, we must be sure of our bearings. If men would mate and reproduce with the indifference and rapidity of Mendel's peas, the truth might be within our grasp. But they won't, and that makes the process of experimentation extremely slow and hazardous. If, even after such mating, the lives of men had the sweet simplicity that characterizes the existence of peas, many disturbing factors, such as economic opportunities, social prejudices, religion, would be eliminated. But such is not the case, and the lessons we learn from peas can only with the utmost caution be translated into terms of human nature. An anti-tobacco lecturer injected some nicotine into the blood of a rabbit, and the rabbit obediently shimmied and died. But as the lecturer triumphantly asked his audience: "Now, what does this prove?" he received the scientifically valid answer: "It proves that we are not rabbits."

The proper investigation of human conditions requires strict impartiality on the part of the investigator. It should be obvious that no man who writes with the sombre fervor of Brinton or Vacher de Lapouge can be trusted in his conclusions, however formidable his array of facts may be. His opinions may be right, and his facts may be right: but there is no necessary connection between the two. The gap

is filled with passionate intuition, with a fine frenzy which is the very essence of lyric poetry, and has no place anywhere else. We need not say that we would trust even less the mulatto Godet-Laterrasse, the prospective author of an epoch-making book on "The Regeneration of Mankind Through the Black Race"; and the harmless Godet-Laterrasse is here used as a symbol for several negro sociologists in this country, who have the same fervid imagination and the same devouring fire of feeling as the most ardent Nordicismists. The true anthropologist must be a scholar, a poet, and a saint. He must combine cautious respect for facts and their objective lessons with an unusual degree of sympathetic insight: for the dull collector of material facts will miss altogether the most subtle facts of all, which are also the most important; and he will not be able to interpret even the facts that he has noted. We need a man who can at the same time count chromosomes and understand "the soul of black folks." Hard as the requirements may be, we believe they can be met, and that our departments of biology and anthropology offer many scientists not unequal to the task.

The chief difficulty lies in the conditions of the experiment. Suppose that a biologist, carrying on researches with plants, should systematically place certain hybrids under unsuitable conditions of soil, moisture, and light, and then register the fact that these varieties were inevitably stunted in their growth—the fallacy would at once be apparent. Not in vain did Bacon teach us, nearly three centuries ago, the rudiments of the experimental method. If we want to measure the action of a particular factor, other conditions must be equal; and if they

cannot be made equal, the differences must be as accurately discounted as possible. In other terms, science cannot come to any safe conclusion on the race problem until the overwhelming, disturbing element, race prejudice, has been neutralized, or at least properly taken into account. Merely to compare the moral or intellectual qualities of negroes with those of white men, even of the same social class, is manifestly unfair: for the very elite of the negro race live under a blight from which the lowest of the whites are free. That blight is spiritual rather than material. We have no way of ascertaining how many splendid minds it has warped into rebellion, crookedness, self-indulgence, or apathy. It is generally conceded that negro children are fairly bright, but are outstripped by white children after ten or twelve. If this be a fact, is it due to physical or to social causes? Does not the pall of dullness that falls on negro minds coincide with the inexorable realization of the racial curse?

That is why it seems to us that a thorough study of the psychosis called race prejudice should precede the study of races in themselves. That prejudice is a tremendous fact. It cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. It may be justified: but its being nearly universal is no justification, for idolatry, human sacrifices, polygamy, slavery, prostitution, drunkenness, monarchy, and war *once* were universal as well. It may be baseless: but that detracts nothing from its potency: men have killed and died for false gods. A legend is a power in history, even though scholars should prove it to be but a fabrication or a delusion. Indeed truth seldom becomes operative until it has assumed the sem-

blance of a legend. Not facts, and not heroes, but myths, are the true leaders of mankind.

The terrible thing about prejudice is that it becomes self-supporting. It degrades its victims almost to the point of creating its own justification; and it blunts the critical sense of those who hold it to such a degree that they cannot escape from its thrall. When it has become established, men have to respect it in self-defence, for it is more powerful than any individual. A man may be as liberal as you please: but he must guard his children against any misalliance which would entail misery upon them, without doing much to settle the problem. It may be society's fault: but it is never safe to be right against society, and no man is called upon to be a martyr, unless his martyrdom can serve some definite end.

So even those who despise the taboo in their heart may be compelled to conform to it outwardly. For the masses of mankind a taboo is interpreted as a condemnation. People are mercilessly punished for marrying outside their caste, class, or race: and whatever we are punished for must be a sin. Thus what is at first imposed through sheer force, and is perpetuated through habit, acquires moral consecration. Morality adds its weight to force, force strengthens morality, and so ad infinitum.

It is obvious, therefore, that in this country, and for a long time to come, mixed marriages will be few, and will have to fight their way to happiness against very heavy odds. There must be noble exceptions: I have heard of such, but, living as I did in the South, I have never come across any of them. Such marriages are most likely to occur in the abyss,

among those who, through abject poverty or through degradation, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the smile or frown of society. A wealthy negro could easily purchase a bride—at any rate from the underworld; but a wealthy negro, unless he be a splendid brute suddenly enriched by a stroke of luck, will be too shrewd and too decent to run such a risk. So far as interracial unions are concerned, we can only repeat Mr. Punch's time-honored advice to those about to marry: "Don't."

III

Yet the problem is not purely academic. First of all, conditions are different in other countries, and we should at least make an effort to understand the attitude of the Brazilians, the Portuguese, and even the French in this matter. To give as an explanation that the Latins have no race feeling and that the Anglo-Saxons have, is sheer intellectual laziness. For one thing, the French are no more "Latins" than we are "Anglo-Saxons." They and we are mixed races, and all that these purely linguistic terms, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, denote is that our speech contains a larger proportion of Germanic roots than theirs. Then it is not an explanation at all, but a restatement. It belongs to the same class as the good old reason why opium causes sleep: because of its dormitive property.

Even in the conduct of our own affairs to-day, it is by no means indifferent whether we believe that intermarriage is fundamentally evil, and should be prevented at any cost, or whether we are willing to let the experiment be tried. For in the first case,

as we have attempted to show, the Southern attitude alone is honest and consistent. We should not promise equality if, in the secret of our hearts we rule out the final test of equality. Either we shall have to shuffle for ever amid unworthy equivocations, or ultimately political equality will destroy the racial taboo. The first alternative may prevail indefinitely: for, as Irving Babbitt, quoting one of his Harvard freshmen, wisely remarked, our religion, like that of China, is Confusionism. We have been cherishing for 300 years both the Protestant right of private interpretation and the purely ecclesiastical notion of orthodoxy, without daring to face the obvious fact that the two are incompatible. Still, the power of an idea, both germinative and disruptive, will, in the very long run, assert itself, even in our non-logical "Anglo-Saxon" minds. The idea should be killed now, or frankly acknowledged.

That is why, although I did not believe that intermarriage on any important scale was either possible or desirable at this time, and in this country, I was interested in debating the question with my Southern friends. In most cases, the subject was simply dismissed as absurd. But there are thinking men in the South, and arguments were not lacking.

The first and the most convenient is that intermarriage is against the law of God, who made the races different, and intended that they should remain different. Race mixture is nothing short of an attempt to tamper with the Work of the Seven Days. As the Afrikaners put it: "God created the white man, and God created the black man; but the Devil created the mulatto." The South is extremely pious, after a fashion: this is one of the many points upon

which the white and the dark inhabitants of that section are at one, and noticeably different from the godless Yankees. The argument has force with these people; race mixture is to be condemned on religious grounds, as emphatically as Darwinism or the experiments of Luther Burbank.

The trouble was that I could not find a conclusive text to set my doubts at rest. On the contrary, our common descent from Adam would make the whole race theory heretical. Even if we admitted that the negroes are issued from Adam's first wife, Lilith, still we are all of one blood, created after God's own image, and redeemed by the same Christ.

The discussion then shifts from Scriptural to scientific grounds. The Bible practically ignored the dark races: but race differences are an *unchangeable* reality, all the same. Whereupon I took delight in quoting the theories of G. Sergi, the Italian anthropologist, to whom even the strictly orthodox Brinton did homage. According to Sergi, the dolichocephalic (long-skulled) races are branches of the same species, which he calls Eurafrican. The pure African, the Mediterranean, and the Nordic are cousins. But how can their difference in pigmentation be accounted for? Like the differences between the brown bear, the grizzly, and their polar congener: the fairness of the Nordics is "a kind of albinism produced by a climate where thermal action is weak." * In other words, the Nordic is a negro—bleached out. Which, as Stephen Leacock would say, is "behind the beyond."

The next argument is that intermarriage is unnatural, a veritable perversity, abhorrent to healthy

* G. Sergi, "The Mediterranean Race," Scribners, 1901.

minds. That the South fiercely objects to the social aspect and to the responsibilities of intermarriage is plain enough. But repugnance to sexual union is a different matter. There are millions of living proofs that, before the Civil War at any rate, such repugnance did not exist. I was struck, when I first came to this country, by the fact that the undiluted African type is rare among our negroes. There are few of them who have not some white blood in their veins, and many could claim descent from aristocratic British ancestors. The very stringency of the Southern laws is evidence that artificial restraint is needed: there is no law forbidding mating with totally different species. Indeed, you would believe, from the codes and the talk of the South, that all their young men were yearning to marry negresses, and could be prevented from doing so only by the most formidable barriers. I, who was born under the same latitude, as Newfoundland, and have never felt the slightest temptation in that direction, could not help feeling that the fears of the South were slightly exaggerated.

The trump argument is that the hybrid is, on the whole, inferior to both the parent races. This is the opinion to which the Boer proverb, quoted above, gives such vigorous theological expression. It would need to be examined with scrupulous care.* It is evident that the hybrids are placed under abnormally difficult circumstances, and that the conditions of their upbringing can seldom be satisfactory. It is even more obvious that they are not so likely as the pure negroes to "know their place," which is the South's cherished ideal for all colored people. Hence the bitter hatred often directed from opposite sides

* Cf. E. B. Reuter, "The Mulatto in the U. S.," 1918.

against the "yellow nigger." But, on this point as on many others, the extreme racialists fail in consistency. If you mention the brilliant achievements of certain colored men, the Southerners will say: "Oh! So-and-so has white blood in him"; and much as they profess to love the coal-black darky, they cannot fail to recognize, while deploring, the ambition and cleverness of the mulatto.* There is a plaza in Paris dedicated to the three Alexander Dumas. The first, the son of a Haytian planter and of a negress, was a general at the time of the Revolution and the Empire. The second, unmistakably African in coloring and features, was the jolly giant who has fascinated three generations with his romantic tales, who made and lost several fortunes, managed newspapers and theatres, hobnobbed with the greatest in the land, and preceded Henry Ford in devising methods of quantity production. The third, besides giving an everlasting and deplorable model of maudlin romanticism in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," besides suffering from a painful excess of technical skill and Parisian wit, created the modern problem play, paved the way for symbolism on the stage before Ibsen had been heard of, and wrote homiletic, paradoxical, glittering prefaces when Bernard Shaw, his ungrateful son, was still in his cradle. Few Nordic families could offer the same prolonged record of physical and intellectual energy as that "colorful" dynasty of the Dumas.

Once more, I am only pleading for careful study: I am not claiming in advance that the mulatto is a desirable product. I am only stating that the fine

* According to *The Literary Digest*, Judge Albert Bailey George, elected in Chicago in 1924, is of half-white parentage on both sides.

record of many people of mixed parentage should prevent us from accepting blindly any adverse verdict. On the whole, analogies drawn from other branches of biology are favorable to cross-breeding, if it be followed by selection. The finest breeds of dogs, horses, and plants are the result of careful crossing. This proves little, I know: but it may, at any rate, act as a check on hasty a priori judgments.

IV

A final argument, heard in the North as well as in the South, is that interbreeding would bring about a dead level of uniformity. This, it is contended, would involve a great loss, not merely in picturesqueness, but also in efficiency. For racial differences are a condition of progress.

This last assertion is extremely vague. It is in contradiction to the claim that "The Great Race" alone, by which is meant the Nordic, or at least the Caucasian, is responsible for modern civilization. But, if it could be stated in a more accurate and more complex manner, it would probably be found to contain a large element of truth. All races, white or dark, have their own special contributions to bring to the common treasure of mankind.

But would intermarriage abolish race? Even in this country, if the policy of race mixture were as sedulously encouraged as it has been rigorously tabooed, the blending of the different elements would not be complete for many hundreds of years. If the process continued unchecked, the United States in the third millennium of our era would be a purely white country, with imperceptible traces of negro

blood. The population would be lighter, on the average, than the Southern Europeans of the present day. Europe would remain purely white, Eastern Asia yellow, Southern Asia brown, tropical Africa black. The one large area in which the mixture might produce a real levelling, instead of the absorption of minorities, is Brazil, because in that country the three main races are now almost equal in numbers. The possibility that all Hindus, all Chinamen, all Europeans and Northern Americans, all Africans, should migrate and intermarry so freely as to destroy the old race distinctions, is too remote for human imagination. The new world, so far as we can foresee, would remain substantially as varied as the old.

As a matter of fact, it would be immeasurably more varied: hybridization creates complexity, not uniformity—a complexity to which there is literally no limit. This is well recognized by the students of Spanish-American civilization. In the countries south of us, by the side of the pure *razas*, there are innumerable *castas*: *mestizo*, *mulatto*, *zambo*, to start with, then others for which the Mexicans have picturesque and not always flattering names: *lobo-chino*, *cambujo*, *coyote*, *salto atras*, *tente en el aire*, *no te entiendo*, *abí te estás*. As every new variety can mate with any of the pre-existing ones, the list could be extended so as to strain the resources even of the marvellously rich Spanish vocabulary.

The danger of uniformity, therefore, is not simply remote: it is purely fanciful. Not only will the big racial blocks remain solid, as far as we can foresee; but wherever blood mixture is likely to occur, the result will be an increase in the number of hu-

man types. It may then be the task of eugenics to foster the development of those types which have proved most desirable. Normally, free competition, in love as well as in business, should lead to the best selection.

I am speaking in the name neither of the "false philanthropy" nor of the "rotten religion" so fiercely denounced by Brinton. Least of all am I presuming to give authoritatively the "verdict of science" in a field which is not my own. One point alone is clear in my mind: if a quarter of a century of study has taught me anything of the scientific spirit and the scientific method, the huge literature of racial exclusiveness and antagonism is not scientific at all. The efforts of Gobineau, Chamberlain, and Vacher de Lapouge may lead sometime to a genuine sociology based upon anthropology: alchemy is said to have led to chemistry, astrology to astronomy, and, in the fullness of time, theology and theosophy may meet in "theonomy." We may have generous faith in the future of these fascinating, adventurous, pioneering pseudo-sciences. Meanwhile, let us not neglect to place the proper emphasis on the word *pseudo*. Races as well as individuals are to be presumed innocent until they are proved to be guilty; and to the accusations so freely levelled against the colored races and the hybrids, a sober mind, in the present state of our knowledge, can only return a verdict of "not proven."

PART III

DEMOCRACY AND LANGUAGE

CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE LINE OF LANGUAGES IN WESTERN EUROPE

I

MANY of my readers, no doubt, have gone through the following delightful experience:

It is night; it is cold. The train pulls up at a little station which marks the boundary between two Central European states. Out of your compartment you tumble, with bag and baggage—the easy-going days when a perfunctory glance sufficed to satisfy a *douanier* that you were not a professional smuggler have been swept away by the Great Storm. Papers are scrutinized, your luggage opened and searched with more efficiency than gentleness. A thick bundle of greasy notes changes hands. Hastily you pack your scattered belongings again; kneel on the bulging, gaping, recalcitrant suitcase; stuff into your pockets the odds and ends you had nearly forgotten, and hasten, grumbling, to the train, to resume your uneasy slumber. There you may dream of a country where it is possible to travel for days, instead of hours, without having to face such barbarous and unnecessary discomfort.

Now, the ordeal of the flesh, when crossing the customs line between two European countries, is but the symbol of a worse ordeal, both of the flesh and of the spirit, when crossing that invisible and very real line, a linguistic boundary. When you reach a country where your speech no longer has

currency, it is your *ideas* that have to be dumped out of their familiar container, your language. Then you must pick them up again in a jiffy, and wrap them somehow, anyhow, in a new container of different size and shape—a foreign language. No wonder if your most delicate thoughts look crumpled after going through such a process; if some that you cherished are left behind in the rush; and if you unwittingly appropriate others, not because they are desirable, but because they happen to be right at hand.

This linguistic ordeal is one that many of us try to avoid, either by staying at home, or by keeping to those well-travelled routes where, thank Heaven, "English is spoken and American understood." We are all familiar with the story of Babel and the confusion of the tongues of men. But few people in America thoroughly realize what the curse of Babel means in terms of discomfort and even of danger. Language remains the worst frontier in Europe, the most complicated, the most impassable, the hardest to adjust, the most fertile in conflicts and hatred.

We are accustomed to the broad lines upon which our Western civilization is built: from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole only three languages prevail: English, Spanish, and Portuguese. The local survival of French in Quebec, and in some of the West Indies, hardly affects the general truth of this statement. Spanish and Portuguese, moreover, are really dialects of the same tongue. In northern Asia and eastern Europe, from Vladivostok to Brest-Litovsk, and from Archangel to Sebastopol, a single master-key opens the civilization of 150,000,000 men. But, in Western Europe (which, for the purpose of this

chapter, we shall define as the whole of Europe minus Russia), the geographical domain of even the major languages is, according to our American ideas, pitifully small. The largest, the area of German speech, including the present republic, German Austria, parts of Czecho-Slovakia and Switzerland, and a fringe in Belgium, France, Italy, and Poland, is smaller than our single State of Texas. What are 200 hundred miles to the modern traveller? Two hundred miles is the distance, as the crow flies, from New York to Boston, Syracuse, or Washington—a matter of less than six hours by a moderately fast train. Soon we shall think of it as a two-hour ride in a commercial airplane. Now, if with any of the European capitals as a centre (with the exception of Rome), you will find that at least four languages are reached.* Such a circle forms very restricted bounds for the scientist or business man. And it is indeed a prison. Beyond its wall reign incomprehension, diffidence, hatred. If a man lands on the wrong side of the language boundary, the very accent of his speech marks him for a foreigner, frequently for an enemy. He is fair game for the crook and an object of suspicion to the police. The simplest transactions of practical life become a series of pitfalls. The writer once had to rescue a number of doughboys of the American Expeditionary Forces who had wandered away from their outfit with no French at their command except “*vin rouge*” and “*toot sweet*.” The telephone turns into a mockery. What is the use of being connected with Berlin and Rome if you can-

* *E. g.*, London: English, Welsh, Flemish and Dutch, French—Madrid: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalan, Basque (misses French by a few miles)—Berlin: German, Danish, Polish, Czech, etc.

not speak German or Italian? The telephone is pitiless for strangers whose pronunciation is imperfect. It is not always easy to get the right number even in your own language, but with the added handicap of a foreign accent, the case is well-nigh hopeless.

No doubt that very uncertainty adds to the romance of life. You try to order a drink in a restaurant, and the waiter brings you delicious fish. You follow directions that should lead you to Kensington Museum, and finally reach the Angel, Islington, or the Whitechapel Road. You ring up a friend, and are connected with a total stranger, who may be much more interesting, if only you could understand him. It is thrilling, and should appeal to a G. K. Chesterton. But if you happen to have some definite purpose, such adventures will soon cease to tickle your sense of humor. Once more, you will sigh for "God's own country," where people can talk, instead of iabbering.

II

Western Europe—by which we mean, once more, the whole of Europe minus Russia—is considerably smaller in area than the United States, and it rejoices in the possession of some forty languages. By languages we mean, not local *patois*, which are innumerable, but only those dialects which are advancing definite political and cultural claims to recognition; those that are actually taught in schools, and in which books and papers are printed; those which, even though they are not officially established, are strong enough to create a "question"; those for

the sake of which men are willing to fight or to be persecuted.

It may be objected that we are exaggerating the evil; that the linguistic map of Europe is not so complex, after all. If there are forty-odd languages in Europe, and more *patois* than are dreamed of in our philology, four-fifths of the population speak languages that belong to one of the three main groups—Slavic, Romanic, and Germanic. True enough, these kinships among languages do facilitate comprehension. I am informed by a Bulgarian scholar (Doctor R. A. Tsanoff) that Serbs and Bulgars could understand one another easily enough, if only they wanted to, which unfortunately is not the case; and that Bulgarian students soon found themselves at home in the Czech university of Prague. There is no doubt that German comes more easily to a Scandinavian or to a Dutchman than to a Frenchman; and the Italians in Buenos Aires soon master the Spanish language. But it would be wise not to lay too much stress on these theoretical language affinities. Many languages are "related, but not on speaking terms."

Two of the most important languages in Europe, for instance, have developed in such a way as to become strangers in their own families, English bears only a distant likeness to the other Germanic tongues. Its phonetic system is widely different from theirs; and it has really become, in syntax and vocabulary, a hybrid, as Max Müller maintained. Standard French is northern French (*Langue d'Oïl*, or *Francian*), which has moved so far from its Latin origins that many problems of etymology remain obscure even to-day. It is impossible for "Latin"

cousins from Paris, Madrid, and Rome to understand each other without serious study.

We may, therefore, stick to our number of forty as a fair representation of the European situation. If we err, it is rather on the side of optimism. Italian, for instance, is counted as only one language, because there are no Italian dialects that are advancing political claims and creating a "question" as Catalan does in Spain. But Italian dialects still have a very real existence, and a man who knows only standard Italian will not find it easy to understand a conversation in the streets of Venice or Naples. But even if we admit that language affinities relieve the situation to some extent, they are far from helping us out of our worst difficulties. The former Hapsburg Empire, with an area barely one-fifteenth of that of the United States, had German, three groups of Slavic languages, two Romance languages, and Magyar. To learn a related language is no child's play; but to learn a language totally unrelated to your own is a tremendous undertaking. It involves the acquisition of thousands of words which have little in common with our native vocabulary, and the complete recasting of our habits of thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that people should give up the attempt, and that, century after century, a French village should stand a few miles away from a German village, with an astonishingly small amount of infiltration from one language into the other.

We have so far insisted upon the number of languages spoken in Western Europe, and the small area allotted even to the more important of these. But confusion grows worse confounded when, instead of forming a patchwork or mosaic of self-con-

tained elements, populations of different speech jostle one another in the same territory. No map can do full justice to such a situation, the result of conquest, migration, or infiltration. Frequently the dominant population belongs to one linguistic group, the common people to another. Thus the Poles, who were held down as a subject majority in Posen, found themselves a ruling minority in the east and south-east of their ancient kingdom. Persecuted by the Prussians, they lord it in their turn—and with no waste of gentleness—over White Russians, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians. The cases of Transylvania and the Banat of Temesvar have already been mentioned as of singular complication. When the receding Turkish flood left Transylvania in Hungarian hands, a Rumanian-speaking population, unorganized and illiterate, was dominated by Magyar *Szeklers*—a significant word, for it means frontier guardsmen; and among Rumanians and *Szeklers* live solid colonies of Saxons, one of which may have been led thither by the Pied Piper of Hamelin. In the Banat, Rumanians, Serbians, Germans, and Magyars are hopelessly entangled.

Perhaps the most extreme case is provided by the city of Salonica and its immediate hinterland in Macedonia. The place was Turkish for centuries, and is now under Greek rule; but the languages of its present and of its former masters are used only by minorities. At its very gates are found Macedonian peasants whose Slavic speech shades off imperceptibly from Serb to Bulgar, thus providing a battlefield for philologists and diplomats, a "question" drenched in blood and printer's ink. Rumanian (*Kutzo-Wlach*) and Albanian tribes hover near

by, and the chief element in the city is Jewish. But those Jews, exiled from Spain ages ago, still speak a Spanish jargon, instead of the Germanized Yiddish of most of their co-religionists. No wonder that there, as in Constantinople before the war, the current language should be none of these conflicting tongues, but French, in which the best schools are conducted and the most widely read papers are published.

III

"Well," you may say, "Salonica 'has nothing on' our leading American cities, and particularly the one orifice of our melting-pot, New York. There also you will find the most heterogeneous agglomeration: all the dialects of Eastern and Western Europe, with baseball slang, Mr. Mencken's *American*, and Chinatown thrown in for good measure. Yet no one worries seriously over our language difficulty. It is adjusting itself all the time." But the comparison between Europe and America is wide of the mark. Europe may be a witches' caldron: it is not a melting-pot.

Our immigrants of foreign speech—like the present writer—came of their own accord into a land of promise. The country was strongly organized: they found themselves, at any one moment, a pulverized minority. Had they attempted to challenge the supremacy of the national language, their defeat would have been certain. But there was no reason for them to make such an attempt. There was, on the contrary, every inducement for them to seek assimilation. There was nothing to hinder, nothing in

the principles or annals of America that would jar upon their own habits of thought, no new dynasty to serve, no bitterness of former wars to forget. They were only expected to behave decently in a trustful and hospitable country, and to cherish the ideal of liberty under law. Therefore, assimilation is proceeding so fast that in most cases the second generation does not know the language of its forebears.

Very different indeed is the situation of a compact group of men, rooted in the soil, having their own traditional rights, aspirations, and organizations, a cohesive force binding land, people, language, church, and school together. Such groups, though small, are almost ineradicable. French civilization is credited with a wonderful "contagious power." Paris takes a Brazza, a Novicow, a Psichari, a Papadiamantopoulos (Jean Moréas), a Brancovan (Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles), and turns them into ardent Frenchmen in less than a decade. But in spite of this magnetic quality, in spite of a centralizing policy which is meant to grind minorities out of existence, the historical groups resist assimilation with a tenacity which is purely passive, and yet amazing. French is driving back Breton, Flemish, and Basque, no doubt, but at a rate which must be counted in terms of centuries, not of years.

Similarly, our triumphant North American civilization finds it surprisingly difficult to absorb blocks of alien population, when they are compact, and not disintegrated; when they have their own local traditions; when they are imbedded deep in the soil. Quebec will remain, apparently for all time, an impregnable French island in an Anglo-Saxon world. After three-quarters of a century, there are thou-

sands upon thousands of New Mexicans who have retained their habits and their language. Even the handful of French colonists in Louisiana, outnumbered ages ago, ruined by the Civil War, have managed to hold their own for a hundred and twenty years, and are only now fading into history.

Such examples give—in attenuated fashion—the true European note. Transylvania, for instance, is not a melting-pot like the Bowery; the minorities cling more passionately to their separate existence than even the French in Quebec. A Magyar, who on this side would have been assimilated in five years, will in Kolozsvár live and die a Magyar, transmitting to his sons the pride of the Magyar name. Once more, national elements must be disintegrated before they can be fused.

Our chief instrument of Americanization has been the little red schoolhouse. Our mighty nation was kneaded together by the hands of the "school-marm." But there is nothing in Europe that exactly corresponds to that unifying factor. The schools teach the national languages, and the best they could achieve would be to bring the linguistic map of Europe into harmony with the political map. This would be a simplification, but it would still leave some twenty nations with twenty languages. We are very far from the goal.

But even this process of simplification has been made almost impossible by certain provisions in the treaties of 1919-1920. Ethnic groups separated from the main body of their people were guaranteed the free use of their language in school, church, and local administration. No doubt the central government retains the right of making the study of the official

tongue compulsory in all schools; but it will remain a foreign idiom. Most children will not progress any farther in it than our sophomores in French or German. The smaller languages, in minor countries, in autonomous provinces, in enclaves, are now entrenched in international law. The policy was undoubtedly a well-meaning one. We had protested loudly enough against forcible Prussification or Russification, and we did not want to see forcible Rumanization or Polonization take their place. The perpetuation of the European Babel was the lesser of the two evils.

IV

Minor languages cannot be killed, and they refuse to commit suicide. But are there not forces, deeper than man-made law, stronger than local pride or customs, that are making for increasing unity? As a result of scientific discovery, the Continent is shrinking under our eyes. The human voice can be carried in a few seconds, the human body in a few hours, all over Central Europe. The economic interdependence of all European countries is no longer denied, even by the most hidebound protectionist. It would seem that under the impact of such forces, international barriers would crumble away, including the most definite and lasting of them all, the barrier of speech.

The experience of the last hundred years is not reassuring. The nineteenth century was an epoch of scientific, industrial, and democratic progress, but also one of riotous nationalism; and there is no sign that national exclusiveness and pride have in the

least abated in the twentieth century. Many nations have revived and struggled for recognition during the last hundred years; and as soon as it acquired consciousness, every little group became loudly assertive and exclusive. *Sinn Fein* could be the motto of all the national revivals in recent history.

Nationalism has, no doubt, been a great power for good—if good can be measured in terms of passionate collective effort. But it has also exacted a heavy price. In reviving the Czech language as a vehicle of culture, the Bohemians erected a new fence between themselves and the rest of the world: the more purely Slavic the language, the more impassable the barrier. Catalonia is the most active part of Spain, and the Catalan language has a noble tradition; yet it seems a pity that this sturdy, progressive population should not be satisfied with Castilian, a beautiful tongue of world-wide availability. The Irish Free State will not let the Irish language fade away. It may even require every loyal Irishman to burden his mind with that venerable and impracticable instrument. In 1830, French was practically the sole culture language of all the Belgians. But the Flemings would have no peace until they had secured for their Dutch dialect full equality with French, thus creating a linguistic barbed-wire fence through a country about as large as Maryland and Delaware together.

France had repeatedly threatened the independence of Belgium, and Flemish belongs to a different family from French: so there is some justification in the hostility of the Flemings to the supremacy of the French language. These reasons do not exist in the case of Rumania. There was no Rumanian

literature until half a century ago. French was the current speech of all educated people in Rumania; only French was heard in the salons and theatres of Bucharest, and even in the corridors of the National Parliament. French and Rumanian are cognate languages, and there never was the slightest danger that France would threaten the political or economic independence of Rumania. It seems as if the wise thing to do would have been frankly to make French official in the new state. But that was incompatible with the burning pride of a new nationality, which must have all the appurtenances of its dignity—a flag, a dynasty, a diplomacy, an army, a navy, a language. So, without any feeling of hostility toward France, patriotic Rumanians began deriding and even manhandling the *Bonjouristes*, as they called their Frenchified aristocracy.

One of the most curious instances of this craving for national differentiation, this "Ourselves Alone!" in the linguistic domain, is provided by the Norwegians. It seems bad enough that Scandinavian, spoken in five countries (Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland), should be divided into at least two branches, which a peculiar accentuation makes noticeably different. We might desire to see the rise of a Pan-Scandinavian, overriding local idioms, in the same way as the king's English is superseding provincial forms. But Norway has chosen another path. She was getting along with Danish as her official tongue, when some patriot discovered that the use of Danish was the badge of previous servitude. So, against Danish, or Riksmåal, a new "national" speech was set up, the Landsmaal. This, although it calls itself the Norwegian popular lan-

guage, is an artificial combination, a composite dialect on the basis of old Norse peasant *patois*. It is not spoken spontaneously anywhere, but it is taught; it is gaining ground, and it may become the sole medium of expression in Norway. Thus an obstacle deeper than the Skagerrack will be created between two sister countries which, even combined, would form too small a culture group.

Not that we mean to deride the unpractical, the quixotic attachment of each nation to its dialect, even though it be spoken only by a mere handful of men. The sentiment is respectable in itself; and, from the point of view of the artist, it is justifiable. Local dialects alone are truly racy of the soil. They should bear fruit of richer flavor than the semi-artificial languages imposed by a central government. The world is richer for the Scotch of Burns, the Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter, the Provençal of Mistral. The value of a violin is not measured by the volume of sound it can give out: such a test is legitimate only in the case of fog-horns. The æsthetic value of a language depends upon the subtle harmony between the author and his public. The more intimate the circle, the more perfect the harmony—until we reach the ideal when author and public are one and the same, and use only the approved language of the mystic: silent ecstasy. The exquisite reaches but a few: what is common to a hundred millions must needs be commonplace.

But there are two aspects to a language. It is an instrument of art; it is also a business tool. From the latter point of view, the value of a language depends chiefly upon its diffusion, just as an imperfect telephone system with a large list of subscribers is

of more service than an ideal apparatus with only two stations. "Natural evolution" might reduce major languages to four—English, French, German, and Spanish; it might even lead to the survival of English alone, possibly in a simplified form. But this tendency toward concentration is checked by the pride of the nationalist and the scruples of the poet. Man is not a *Homo Economicus*, whose sole aim is to obtain goods and ideas from the cheapest sources, and sell them in the highest market. Man is an absurd and noble compound of traditions and passions, in which reason establishes a posteriori a semblance of order. One of these traditions is to cling to his native speech; one of these passions is that his language, like his government or his flag, should acknowledge the supremacy of no foreign authority. There is nothing less "natural" than a line of frontier-markers across a level country, or at right angles with a navigable river. Winds, waters, plants, and birds ignore such "foolish" separations. But men will die rather than see such a line moved a few miles back; and the linguistic boundary is defended as fiercely as the political one.

V

Such is the situation in Europe: some forty languages having secured, or striving for, recognition. That situation is manifestly out of harmony with modern needs. The smaller nations of Europe can no longer live in isolation, in the way yet smaller districts could live before the industrial era. Even France, now the largest nation of Western Europe, and the most nearly self-sufficient, recognizes the

need of close international co-operation. The life of Europe cannot be normal until it is organized, like that of North America, on a continental scale.

But the subjugation of all states by one state, of all languages by one language, is a dream, and certainly not a beautiful dream. The vital pride of historical groups, great or small, must be respected.

Is there no way out of this contradiction? Yes: the adoption, for international relations, of a neutral auxiliary language.

The problem is pressing, and will not be denied. The lack of a common medium creates material obstacles and perpetuates historical misunderstandings. The "unspeakable" enemy is the enemy with whom we cannot have speech. Whenever people from different countries come together—and come together they must, with increasing frequency—they have to decide upon a method of intercourse. They may decide upon several languages, with translations ad infinitum, and many a slip between brain and lip, and many another between ear and brain. They may restrict themselves to a couple, as in present-day diplomacy. But they have, first of all, to face the language question. For them, it is not, as many Americans think, a curiosity, a fad, a Utopia: it is an immediate need.

Any one who has attended an international gathering in Europe knows how tedious the present method is. Before the war, as many as five languages were officially recognized: English, French, German, Italian, and the language of the country in which the meeting was held. Speeches were repeated five times—four times by interpreters who, even if they proved miraculously proficient in their difficult art,

were, as a rule, not thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they were treating. Thought had thus to go, without any time for reflection or correction, through the imperfect medium of the interpreters' brains. The writer has frequently acted as interpreter, and he knows the iniquities of the trade. Some of the translations were given at second-hand, from previous translations. A constant hubbub of conversation arose from those in the audience who could not understand the speaker.

It is a sign of the profound need for international organization that, in spite of this tremendous language handicap, international gatherings, diplomatic, scientific, economic, religious, social, are being held everywhere and at all times. The agencies which, slowly and painfully enough, are attempting to evolve order out of the European chaos are compelled to take the keenest interest in the international language problem. They are not committing themselves to any one particular scheme, and such a cautious policy is wise; but they are gathering materials for a solution, and they are expressing their belief that a prompt and definite solution is desirable.

The World Congress of International Societies (Brussels, 1920), the Paris Chamber of Commerce, many members of the French Institute, the Congress of Red Cross Societies, the British, French, and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, have endorsed the idea. The Finnish Parliament has voted a subsidy in favor of the movement; Sweden has delegated a committee, which includes her Minister of Public Education, to urge the matter upon the League of Nations.

There is at Bern a Union for the Creation of an

International Language Bureau. The International Research Council had for years a very efficient committee, of which an American, Doctor Cottrell, was chairman. The work of this committee is carried on by an association, the seat of which is in New York, and whose president is Dean Babcock. At the request of thirteen members of the Assembly of the League of Nations, the Under-Secretary General, Doctor Nitobe, prepared an illuminating report upon the present condition of the problem.

An auxiliary language is needed to make communication easy among those teeming millions who, whether they like it or not, are all members of one great economic society of nations. It will respect the independence and the pride of all existing dialects: it will release, and not stifle, their poetic possibilities. It will not abolish frontiers: it will transcend them, and deprive them of their hateful features. It will be the symbol of the new industrial and democratic civilization, which cannot for ever remain bound by the capricious historical lines of another age.

Every *patois* will remain, as long as there are men to cherish it, the language of the home, of poetry, and of prayer. But by the side of the local intimate speech, there is room for a simple, convenient neutral instrument, common to all, through which men will realize that a stranger may be a fellow-worker and a friend. In our splendid western isolation we are apt to misunderstand the bitterness of the need for an international language in Europe, and to ignore or belittle the efforts made in that direction. It is a practical problem in human reconciliation; and it deserves to enlist our sympathy.

CHAPTER II

ANATOLE FRANCE AND ESPERANTO *

I

AN Esperanto enthusiast, we are told by Paul Gsell, was descanting before Anatole France on the charm and power of his *kara lingvo*. The old master listened, with the same open-minded courtesy, we may be sure, as M. Bergeret listened to the *vers libres* of M. Roux. Who knows? Let us not give offense to the veiled goddess, the beauty that may be revealed to-morrow. But he asked the language Utopist: "Please translate for us these two lines from "Phèdre":

"Ariane, ma sœur, de quel amour blessée
Vous mourûtes aux bords où vous fûtes laissée!"

And when the disciple of Zamenhof had offered his version, the smile of Anatole was more than ever laden with Irony and Pity: "You must see for yourself, my friend, that it cannot be done!"

I readily imagine *literati* the world over shaking with the same smile of exquisite weariness their heads shaggy or denuded, and repeating: "It cannot be done!"

Yet, as we have attempted to prove in our pre-

* In this chapter, the word *Esperanto* is used broadly, in the same way as Renan used the word *Volapük*, as synonymous with "an artificial auxiliary language." Our only thought was to save space and time, not to ignore the existence and minimize the merit of rival schemes. These will be found listed, and some of them studied at length, in our "Short History of the International Language Movement," T. Fisher Unwin, London, and Boni & Liveright, New York.

ceding chapter, the international language problem cannot be shirked, since this is a world of many nations and of tongues innumerable. Shells, liquid fire, and poisonous gases provide a means of exchanging international opinions which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of definiteness. But it has its limitations, and even if we had nothing to say to our neighbors but: "We hate and despise you!" we should crave to say it in more subtle terms: for man is, if not a reasonable at least a loquacious animal. When Joffre met Wilson, when Lloyd George met Orlando, something had to be done. The international language question exists: that much is incontrovertible. Science, as we have seen, is ready to tackle the task: the Associations for the Advancement of Science in America, England, and France have sent their blessing. Commerce is cautious, but willing: big firms advertise and correspond in Esperanto and Ido without a qualm. Even diplomats are open-minded: some of the very best men in the Assembly of the League of Nations were among those who requested that the problem be investigated. Our Colonel George Harvey, in the rashness of his youth, opened to Esperanto the pages of *The North American Review*, before he scented the deadly taint of idealism about the scheme. The most hidebound of scholars—*Wir Philologen*—are beginning to move: and indeed they could hardly help it, after Max Müller, A. Meillet, Otto Jespersen, had cleared the path for them. Of all men, literary artists will be the very last to "wake, and remember, and understand."

Authorities in all domains are fated to be conservative, for conservation is the life-purpose of

authority. A free-thinking theologian, a pacifist general, a socialistic millionaire: there are a few whom we may like and admire, but on the whole they are palpable absurdities. Anatole France has naught but a sceptical smile for flag, church, or code: but he believes in classical French. He believes in it as hard as the goldsmith in Molière believed in the panacean virtue of jewelry: "Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse."

Word artists must needs be traditionalists, for their material is not, like the stuff science is made of, or even like marble, bronze, clay, or paint, independent of the past, ever fresh in the hands of the investigator or creator. The cave paintings of the Crô-Magnons, the jar portraits of ancient Peru, are immediately intelligible. A language, on the contrary, is a system of symbols of which history holds the key. If the key be lost, as in the case of Etruscan, the symbols are valueless. If the key work heavily or capriciously, the symbols become faint or distorted. Or shall we say that a vocabulary is merely a blank-check book, of small intrinsic value: all depends upon the amount of your deposit in the bank. In accumulated wealth of allusions, shades of meanings, reminiscent cadences, well-tried harmonies, Anatole France is a multi-millionaire. An unknown language—foreign or artificial—is for him that pestilent kind of a bank that will not honor at sight the signature of a stranger. So we go back with delight to the familiar place where we can get full value, in idea and sensation, for every one of our words.

A language, we have been told a thousand times, is not a mechanism: it is a life, and therefore a

growth. It is the life of an individual in communion with the life of a race. It is more than the garment of our mind, and the veil of our soul: are we sure that it is not our mind itself, and a substantial part of our very soul? Divorce the ingredients of the human body from its *life*, and you may get enough iron to make a good-size nail, enough lime to white-wash a few square feet of wall, enough fat to fry a doughnut: a stock of materials which might well be worth thirty cents. Translate religion into "practical, sensible" terms—a theological Esperanto—and all true Fundamentalists will cry: "They have taken our Lord from us!" Do the same with love, and there remains only a series of psycho-physiological processes. Do the same with literature, and "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" becomes just "a choppy sea." We understand the shudder of mystic, lover, and poet before a world of mere fact and sense, bereft of that glamour which alone is life.

But the problem is neither fully nor fairly stated in these terms. The main conflict is not the one between the weaver of dreams and the practical man with his single devotion to hard facts. It is the conflict between the letter and the spirit. On the one hand, we have the verbalist, the literalist, the dogmatist, for whom certain symbols are endowed with unique and unchanging values; on the other, the progressive, who believes that life and its glamour are eternal, that they will not perish when any particular set of symbols passes away, that they will, on the contrary, soon fill to the brim any new symbol that we may devise. Racine and Anatole France have not drained all the wisdom and beauty that the world contained.

We understand, once more, the shudder of the artist before an unfamiliar instrument: but it should not be accepted as a final condemnation. A shudder may be a warning: it may also be a challenge. We should say to our trembling minds what Turenne said to his body, quaking with fear at the first thunder of battle: "Tremblest, carcass? Shalt tremble with better cause where I am going to lead thee!"

II

So, with all reverence, I dare to challenge the decision of Anatole France, although he was, for two decades, the visible Head of our Holy Literary Church. I claim that his pronouncement is no judgment at all, but a mere expression of prejudice. Prejudice and Anatole France seem incompatible terms: but who can boast that he is wholly free? Roosevelt tells us that, in one of his cross-country hikes, the whole party, having to ford a river, stripped and carried their clothes above their heads. Attention was called to the fact that Ambassador Jusserand had kept his gloves on: "We might meet ladies, you know," was the Ambassador's explanation. Anatole France's anti-Esperantism is his last shred of respectability. He stands in splendid freedom, one of Wells's "Men like Gods"—with a pair of gloves.

Huxley asserts that in order to understand a crayfish, you would first have to be a crayfish. In order to pass judgment on Esperanto, one would have to know Esperanto—a precaution that most critics, including Anatole France, are apt to neglect. Had I been the Esperantist thus challenged, I should have

felt no scruple in playing a trick upon the aged Master. Instead of Esperanto, I should have quoted two lines at random from some literary language with which Anatole France was not acquainted—Portuguese, perhaps, or Rumanian, or, if need be, Magyar. You may be sure that the verdict would have been the same. Anatole France would have damned a couplet from Camoens with as much assurance as Waxahachie applauded Sarah Bernhardt, when she filled gaps in her overtaxed memory with the multiplication table. Faith moves mountains.

No doubt the translation offered was disappointing to the translator himself. That the full charm of a literary passage cannot be transposed into a different language is a fact sadly familiar to students of foreign literatures. George du Maurier obtained the desired effect of whimsical grotesqueness when he rendered, with perfect accuracy:

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea. . . .
Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux. . . .”

But I know French scholars, not conscious humorists, who rivalled this achievement in their sundry attempts to translate such a simple line as:

“Ring out, wild bells, in the wild sky. . . .”

The professional translator is appalled at the lack of coincidence between the vocabularies of languages as closely related as English and French. French, for instance, has no equivalent for *boy* and *girl* with the complex yet definite connotations that these words have with us. It has but one word for *strength* and

force, one also for *love* and *like*. On the other hand, there are many shades in French that are untranslatable into English. What are you going to do with that delightful paradox *amitié amoureuse*? What difference will you make between the colorless *Comité de Sûreté Générale* and the terrible, the heroic, *Comité de Salut Public*, if you tamely render *Salut* by *Safety*? What subtlety can you expect of a language that turns *savoir-vivre* into mere *good manners*, and cannot properly distinguish between *arrière-pensée* and *mental reservation*? If each were judged by the standard of the other, both French and English would be found wanting.

This difficulty, which is very real even with the simplest and most direct style, increases a hundred-fold when, to the fundamental notes, we add all the harmonics of a long tradition. Much of our current English is based upon the Authorized Version. Theology and literature, meeting at exactly the right moment, conspired to impart to the book a linguistic value which it did not achieve even in the Germany of Luther. So the grand figures of biblical style have lost in our familiar speech much of their foreign character, without losing their majesty. On the contrary, the Bible has never permeated the French language. The version of the Psalms by Marot sounds childish, the paraphrases by Racine are too smoothly classical. So many biblical allusions which, with us, are sublime commonplaces, will strike the French as almost ludicrous or repellent in their Oriental strangeness. Between Ezekiel and Voltaire as literary artists, there is no conceivable bridge. For that reason, if a British Anatole France were to pick out, almost at random, a page from Carlyle or

Ruskin, and ask a young friend to turn it into French, he would have to say: "You can see for yourself that it cannot be done."

In the lines that Anatole France selected for a test, the thought and the language are simple enough. Their unique beauty resides in their passionate and subdued harmony—a lamento in which the hushed vowels and the prolonged feminine rhyme work on our nerves like minor chords. One may feel the secret poignancy of these lines, and yet recognize that their miraculous adequacy does not preclude the possibilities of other literary languages. I dare not translate them: I am too certain that my rendering would not stand the test. Racine cannot be divorced from *his* French, any more than Shakespeare from *his* English. But France's experiment proves only the vital connection between a great poet and his language, and therefore the ultimate failure of translation in some of the highest reaches in literature. For that and for no other reason, we are still attempting to read the classics in the text, although our store of knowledge far surpasses that of Greece and Rome. Granted that in this case Esperanto did fail: nothing proves that it failed more utterly than a "natural" language would have done.

There is implied in Anatole France's contention a familiar theory, which is open to challenge: it is that certain words have a suggestive music of their own. We believe that this is to a great extent a delusion: the music is in the thought much more than in the sounds. If a passage from a totally unknown language were read before you with level intonation, I should defy you to guess whether it is a love scene or an engineer's report. The French *cœur*, for in-

stance, has a sentimental softness which, by the way, does not fit in with one of its secondary meanings, "courage." The German word *Herz*, in contrast, would seem to the French insufferably harsh. Yet it satisfies a people long noted for the music in their soul. The word *crêpe* suggests invincibly the tragic black veils of the French widows, until you remember that it also means "pancake." There is hardly any name of more potent appeal than *Carmen*: those six letters exhale all the passionate fragrance of old Spain. When I first saw in big headlines "Carmen strike," I was puzzled. Then I realized that this magic symbol could denote more prosaic beings than Mérimée's Gitana. Perhaps we should have a little less faith in the blessed word Mesopotamia.

Anatole France may have found Esperanto an ugly language. Is there such a thing as an ugly language? Is Volapük itself more hideous than Magyar, which it superficially resembles, for people equally unfamiliar with both? If I threw before you such a word as "*sghignazzandogli*," would you tell off-hand that it belongs to the most musical language heard on the lips of men? There is nothing so cacophonous in Esperanto that I could not match it in German, or in Greek, the tongue of the Gods.

I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not feel that French culture is the marrow of my bones. But for that very reason, I confess that I feel some impatience when people dwell too heavily upon the beauty of French as a language. It is the same kind of irritation that M. Henri Bergson must feel when admiring whispers reach him: "He is always so neatly dressed!" If French is worth studying, it is for the

quality of French thought, not for the intrinsic excellence of the instrument. It is obvious that French possesses neither the sonority of the Mediterranean languages, nor the grand massiveness of German, nor the wealth and freedom of English. The instrument be hanged! I would rather hear a true musician perform on the Jew's harp than a third-rate fiddler scrape a Stradivarius. I would rather read Renan in Malagasy, Tamil, or Volapük, than Georges Ohnet in his native French.

Anatole France's own style is a lovely music, at the same time aerial and grave. But does the music lie in the words? Take one of his most exquisite pages, transpose a score of words, and you will get something which might be signed by Major Henri Bordeaux, of the French Academy, the nearest Gallic equivalent for Harold Bell Wright. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Marie Corelli use as beautiful words as Shakespeare or Shelley.

III

The question therefore: Is Esperanto an ugly language? cannot be settled offhand. No language is really beautiful in itself. "Handsome is as handsome does": when a language conveys beautiful thoughts and evokes beautiful images, it cannot fail to acquire beauty. The rose by any other name, the sea in the most humble patois or the most debased jargon, love and youth, death and God, even in Volapük, are entities that will charm the senses, thrill the heart, or fill the soul with awe.

The line, however, is hard to draw. I have no desire to deny the magic of style. It is possible for

the cheapest Grub Street hack to pile up "beautiful thoughts" and "beautiful words," and yet to remain commonplace. If you remove the elfin light that shimmers round certain lines of Shakespeare or Shelley, a spell is destroyed that no wealth of mere sense can restore. But this is not the whole truth. The grandest literature does not depend upon felicities of diction, any more than the keenest wit is expressed by verbal quips. The majesty of Genesis is elemental, not stylistic: "Let there be light!" will convey the same meaning and the same impression in Hebrew, in English, and in Esperanto. The quiet, searching power of the Beatitudes borrows nothing from the skilful twist of a phrase, or the fortunate arrangement of vowels and consonants. If Shakespeare has "jewels five words long" that will fade when you take them away from the charmed circle, some of his noblest passages owe little to mere form. Nothing could be less "clever" than his "To be or not to be: that is the question." Yet, with such simple words, he leads us shuddering to the very brink of the abyss.

It is unprofitable to argue about beauty. Beauty is a miracle, unforeseen, unexplainable, subjective, the reward of faith, not of reason. Give us accuracy to start with, and we shall be satisfied. With accuracy and nothing else, we shall be able to deal with travel, commerce, government, and science—a goodly portion of the purposes that a language can serve. With accuracy, again, we shall do justice to much that is genuine literature—to those innumerable pages in which facts, or thoughts, or sentiment count for more than verbal artistry. Beyond that, we do not care to prophesy. When through such

modest services, the new instrument has become thoroughly familiar to our ears and to our tongues, why should we not discover in it a charm of its own? Why should not a genius arise who, from two dull words unexpectedly brought together, will extract the miraculous flame?

That an artificial language can be made accurate will hardly be denied: Anatole France himself would have granted as much. Accuracy is the essential quality of codes and formulæ, and a medium like Esperanto aspires at first to be nothing else. The quaintnesses and weirdnesses of our living tongues add nothing whatever to their precision. A language might have the perfect phonetic spelling of modern German, and not suffer thereby. Or it might have the simple, absolutely regular accentuation of French, and be no whit the worse for it. If all irregularities were to be eliminated, where would be the loss? Would *mouses* be any less evidently plural than *mice*, or *sinked* less manifestly past than *sank*? The people who find a magic virtue in odd survivals and anomalies must deplore the fact that such verbs as *love* and *believe*, which express the deepest things in life, should be so shamefully regular.*

As for the vocabulary, there could be nothing but gain in a more systematic formation of derivatives and compounds. A committee of good average scholars, not geniuses, will find it a long but a manageable task to elaborate a full and definite dictionary of the new language. But they will have to be more competent in linguistic and other matters

* We might retain regular verbs to express lawful love and orthodox belief; but we need wildly irregular ones for sinful passion and for heresy; whereas we waste our precious irregularities on such a commonplace verb as *go*.

than those gentlemen of the French Academy who defined the crayfish "a little red fish that walks backward," and, in a burst of eloquence, dubbed the lobster "that cardinal of the deep."

The accuracy of the instrument cannot be perfected except through actual use. But Esperanto has already a sufficient background of experience to possess a remarkable degree of precision, and Ido, the "descendant" of Esperanto, has inherited the same quality. So we are not speaking hypothetically, as Descartes, Leibnitz, Max Müller or Nietzsche had to do when they claimed that an artificial language could be made more perfect than a "natural" one. With both Esperanto and Ido, an interesting experiment has been performed, which leaves no doubt as to the possibilities of these systems. Passages presenting serious difficulties* were translated from, let us say, German into several natural languages, and into Esperanto or Ido. These versions were retranslated into German, by other scholars who had not seen the original. The results were then compared with the initial passage: Esperanto and Ido came out with flying colors. The success of a brand-new tongue, still little tried and crude, in competition with languages of established glory, is paradoxical: but, on second thought, there is nothing surprising about it. Our historical languages, with all their charm and splendor, are the embodiment of much ignorance and loose thinking. If there clings about certain words or phrases a fascinating fragrance of

* In the case of Ido, the passage was from Gomperz's *Griechische Denker*, which he who runs may not read; in one of the Esperanto experiments, carried out under instructions of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, the text was a contract, the technical and legal wording of which was of the utmost importance.

the seventeenth century, there clings also an odor of seventeenth-century prejudices. Instead of giving rough and ready, or poetic, equivalents for the idioms of the text, the Esperanto translator had been compelled to analyze the author's thought. It is suggested that German philosophers, and not a few American theologians, would find it profitable to have their works turned into Esperanto. Then they would know exactly what they meant—if anything. Esperanto is almost as great a satirist of loose thinking as Voltaire himself.

IV

If literary artists were successful in vetoing an artificial auxiliary language, what would happen? A world that needs international organization as tragically as ours does will not indefinitely tolerate the present linguistic chaos. The problem itself will not be denied. What then? One of the living languages will be adopted for international purposes. "Of course," it will be English. Such is the solution that many thinking men in America—counting for naught the innumerable company of the unthinking—consider as both inevitable and desirable.

Inevitable—perhaps. But not without a prolonged and painful process of competition and survival. The present giant's strides of English, by peaceful means, and without opposition, should not lead us to believe that the language will irresistibly sweep the world. The moment supremacy is actually claimed on its behalf, it will be resisted tooth and nail. No doubt it would be infinitely wiser for the rest of the world to accept English at once as the

second language of all civilized men. But nations are passionate rather than wise. If Mexico were wise it would long ago have turned over the difficult business of governing itself to such a one as General Wood. Americans simply do not gauge the force of the objection. This is partly due to the excellence of our intentions. We do not want to oppress and humble any one: so why should any one be jealous or afraid of us? To be sure, we have a "manifest destiny"—so had the Germans; and we do not like it when a foreign nation, far or near, questions within its own borders the validity of our economic faith. But, provided people are sensible enough to want to be like ourselves, we have no possible quarrel with them. A man who has lived on the other side knows how fiercely resentment would blaze forth, if our assertiveness went much beyond the limits of good-natured bragging. People will let us boast that our country is bounded by the Aurora Borealis and the Southern Cross: but if, on the strength of that, we were to claim a single barren island, they would fight.

The League of Nations is bilingual. There is little doubt that at present England is much more universally trusted than France—except by her own possessions. Yet, if it were moved that English be made the sole official language of the League, the motion might conceivably be supported by the Scandinavian countries and Japan, but hardly by any other. Cartoonists may depict M. Poincaré as an ogre. But it is obvious that France, hopelessly outnumbered by America, Great Britain, Japan, Germany, and even Italy, cannot seriously menace the world's balance of power. England and the United

States, on the contrary, tacitly united in a League of English-Speaking Commonwealths, do imperil the standing of proud nations. If their present predominance received official recognition, all other countries would automatically sink to the level of secondary powers. So English is welcome as one of the world-languages, and that not merely in the realms of sport and trade. Let it even be the first among its peers, if you will. Beyond that point, it could not amicably win its way: it would have to "hack it through."

The British are old hands at the diplomatic game. Insular as they are, they know infinitely more of foreign conditions than we do. The isolation of a tight little island can never be quite so complete as that of a self-sufficient continent like ours: our parochialism is on the same gigantic scale as our skyscrapers, and as the income of our oil magnates. That is why the attitude of Great Britain in the language question is so different from ours. England, instead of attempting to force the exclusive adoption of English in the activities of the League of Nations, favored the recognition of Spanish as co-equal with English and French. You hear much less about the "manifest destiny" of English in London than in New York; and, for the same reason, the British Esperanto movement is a model of sanity and vigor, enlisting the support of many scientists and scholars, while ours is anemic.

Let us suppose, however, that Messrs. Brander Matthews and H. G. Wells were true prophets, and that English will be adopted as the international language. What then?

The immediate benefits would be evident enough.

We would be more impregnably fortified than ever in our good-humored contempt for wops, frogs, dagoes, heinies, greasy Poles, and all others who cannot talk United States as correctly as Ring Lardner. This is a tremendous advantage, as contempt is the one never-failing source of human delight. Why do we want to achieve distinction, if not in order that we may despise the undistinguished? * Our linguistic privilege would make us the recognized aristocracy of the world. Then we could travel from Spitzbergen to Tierra del Fuego, and meet in the weirdest sites the same dear old billboards, and order ham and eggs in the language of God's own country. English alone would rule the radio waves. Our best novels, which now sell by the paltry carload, would then be marketed in train-load units. It is such a dream as to make all the Babbitts in all our zeniths swell with delight—Irvig Babbitt alone excepted.

We should win the world: but what of our soul? Oh! it would not be lost: only a trifle cheapened. For it is not without danger that a national language can be turned to international purposes. "Cosmo-English," as Mr. Hamilton calls it, would lose much of the raciness and power of just plain English. If it becomes an Esperanto, it will develop the weaknesses of Esperanto, without acquiring at the same time the basic qualities of Esperanto: neutrality, simplicity, regularity.

The temptation would be overwhelming to simplify English; that is to say, to denature it. There is

* Theologians have even made in their own image a God whose sole concern is his own "glory," and who seems to rejoice in despising the sinner.

hardly any advocate of International English who does not take one or many steps in that direction. The most moderate—such as Professor Brander Matthews, if I am not mistaken—are satisfied with spelling reform, as though the objections to English would be materially weakened if we wrote *thru* instead of *through*. I am not averse to spelling reform: I have signed several pledge cards, with every intention of keeping my promise—in a Pickwickian sense. We should not say with Sir Hall Caine: "Shakespeare's spelling is good enough for me," since we all know that Shakespeare could not spell at all. Let us remove many obvious absurdities, by all means. But spelling reform is only the time-honored "thin end of the wedge." We should next be asked to tackle more boldly the fundamental problem: the complete and lamentable divorce between the spoken word and the written word in English. And the result would be, with Mr. H. G. Wells's blessing, a dialect sufficiently close to our standard English to be confusing, and too different to be spontaneous. Instead of meeting the international language difficulty in our rare relations with foreigners, we should have introduced it into our very homes. I am ready to wager that the adoption of "simplified English" would be resisted more bitterly by English and American artists than the adoption of Esperanto. London would not object to a railroad station being built—with due precautions—opposite Westminster Abbey: it would object to Westminster Abbey being turned into a railroad station.

Granted that we shall be able to curb the English-reformers in our midst. The fact would remain that International English would no longer be our very

own. It is the curse of dominion: a chain is a chain, whichever end you hold. If you impose your language upon the world, the world will retaliate by denationalizing your language. The treaty of Portsmouth, between Japan and Russia, was written in four languages, Japanese, Russian, English, and French, the French text alone, however, to be authoritative. It is said that the Japanese insisted that the French word *contrôler* (to inspect or supervise) be taken with the English meaning of *control*. It was difficult to make them understand that even the prowess of Oyama could not alter the language of Pascal. This is but an indication of the dangers to which our vocabulary would be subjected.

English is much more than a set of words connected by grammatical forms: it is a huge collection of idioms. This is the secret of its power: for each phrase is alive, tense, and colorful. But it is also the reason of its extreme difficulty for foreign students: these innumerable idioms are not logical, are not intelligible through their component terms; they are units of thought. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" was translated into French: *Monsieur Britling commence à voir clair*; and "If you don't enlist, I shall cut you dead" became in German: *Ich backe dich tot!* The user of English must handle sharp tools with lightning speed: only constant practice can make the performance safe. What would happen if English were turned over to the mercies of millions who do not use it at home, and whose habits of speech are radically different from ours?

The safest thing for all concerned would be if International English were made logical, analytical, that is to say as unidiomatic as possible. The most

ardent of Idists was asked—by a classical scholar too!—to translate into his pet dialect these familiar words: “Step on the gas! Don’t let that flivver pass us.” He had first to rethink the sentence into International English in this wise: “Increase with your foot the quantity of gasoline to be consumed.” It is excellent International, but, in a hurry, we prefer American.

The alternative will be the free use of idioms by hordes of men who, like Hashimura Togo, do not have English in their bones. They will keep conscientious note-books of “elegant expressions,” as we used to do for our Latin themes, and they will reel them off whenever they have a chance, never doubting that, the more idioms you are using, the more idiomatic your speech. We do not have to imagine what such a language would be: it exists, for the delectation of the readers of *Punch*: it is the Babu English of half-baked Hindu students—and would to God that the majority were even half-baked! Thus a dusky turbaned gentleman announced his mother’s death with these oddly matched jewels of speech: “The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.”

V

If I were a word artist, I should therefore be strongly averse to the use of a national language—and particularly of my own—for international purposes. It imposes an unfair handicap upon the foreigners who have to use it in competition with the natives; but especially it imposes an undue strain upon the language itself—a strain which in time will

impair its raciness and ruin its integrity. It is an Esperanto alone that can keep English undefiled.

Artists abominate the thought of a standardized world, all of one language and of one speech, as in the days when, in the plain of Shinar, the sons of men builded their ill-fated skyscraper. A dream, and not even a beautiful dream, no doubt. But you are working for just such a dream when you want to impose upon all nations the language of one race and of one civilization. The international idea deserves recognition, and must be free to grow. The national idea is dear to our souls, and must be preserved. You will best serve both by keeping them separate. Esperanto will have an ever-widening field, even in literature. But French will remain French, Irish will remain Irish, and English will remain English—for which the Lord be praised!

CHAPTER III

THE NEW QUARREL OF THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS

I

AMONG those defeated in the French elections of May 11, 1924, were Messrs. Millerand, Poincaré, Léon Bérard, M. Tullius Cicero, and P. Vergilius Maro. For Latin had become a political issue, the classics vs. the masses. French democracy could pay no neater tribute to the indomitable spirit of Rome: politicians did not waste their energy nailing the coffin of Sanskrit, Hebrew, or, alas! Greek.

How did our venerable friends happen to be aligned with the *Bloc National* against the *Cartel des Gauches*? Simply because, M. Léon Bérard would tell us, they had stood all these centuries for discipline under fixed standards, and could not desert the banner of Law in the hour of need. Order is one: you cannot be both a "scofflaw" and a defender of the constitution, an anarchist in the realm of culture and a conservative in government. In all things, order cannot be achieved without discipline, nor discipline maintained without authority, nor authority accepted without tradition. For the capricious will of a bare majority on one feverish day has no moral power: authority comes down from the ages. And, in education, the tradition of order is bound up with the study of the classics. Apart from that tradition, you may have powerful barbarians weedy barbarians, clever barbarians, and

especially learned barbarians: barbarians still, one and all.

How precarious a thing is Civilization! The Huns were only one wave: terrible no doubt, but against their well-defined line of attack, all Frenchmen could stand in sacred union. The Bolsheviks are a second wave: more insidious, for they have accomplices within the gates. But the most perilous foes of all are the levellers and utilitarians, the "redoubtable Panbæotians" prophesied by Renan. They work entirely from within; they are the majority in the state, and our state is democratic.

Is it possible for a democracy to acknowledge the authority of a tradition that limits the rights of the electorate to-day? An unwritten constitution of Culture, placed far above the laws of the moment? Is it possible also for a democracy to acknowledge an elite committed to the defence of that constitution, a voluntary Supreme Court of the Spirit, that would restrain and guide the headlong rush of "modern progress"?

These were the issues that M. Léon Bérard, Grand Master of the University of France under M. Poincaré, had in mind when he made the study of Latin compulsory in all secondary schools. The cry of "reaction!" was immediately raised. Frankly, it was a reactionary step, if reaction consists in undoing something which had once been considered a progress. Unless we believe that every step ever taken was taken in the right direction, reaction has its place in human affairs. A nation should be able to confess: We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep.

The sin, if indeed it was one, was of long standing.

As early as 1865, under the Second Empire, Victor Duruy had created, on frankly utilitarian grounds, a "Special Secondary Education," without Greek or Latin. In 1891 this poor relation of the humanities received the name Modern Secondary Education, and led to a Bachelor's degree of its own. It was still considered by most as inferior to the classical brand. But it opened some of the professions, and gave access to the graduate study of pure science.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, France awoke from her nightmare of "decadence"; in modern terms, she recovered from her "inferiority complex." She sought honestly "The Causes of Anglo-Saxon Superiority" (does any one remember the naïve and once famous book of Demolins?). France was not condemned to slow extinction; something could be done; something should be done. A number of genuine patriots came to the conclusion that the system of French education was at fault. It was too purely intellectual, and, in the realm of the intellect, too formal. Education should be vitalized, modernized. Sports and modern languages became the new idols. I remember a meeting at the Sorbonne, under Puvis de Chavannes's serene vision of order and beauty, in which Gabriel Bonvalot, the explorer, and Ernest Lavisse, the historian, united in denouncing the inane classical curriculum. And they were aided and abetted by Jules Lemaitre, the exquisite critic, the lover of tradition, whose most modern essays seem written "in the margin of old books": he too had his fling at the "prejudice" in favor of Latin.* The demand for a more modern education did not spring from below: if a generation

* Lemaitre's article, "Le Préjugé du Latin," reprinted in "Opinions à Répandre," is well worth reading over.

of healthy young Barbarians has grown up since 1900, Messrs. Bonvalot, Lavissee, and Lemaître must bear their share of responsibility.

The agitation led to a thorough investigation of the whole problem by a large official committee. The chairman, M. Ribot, a conservative statesman who was to enter the Academy, published a masterly report. On the strength of that report, the French system was overhauled in 1902. The old distinction between Classical and Modern Education disappeared. Instead, there were four parallel sections, all leading to the B.A. degree. The first put the main emphasis on Greek and Latin; the second on Latin and Modern Languages; the third on Latin and Sciences; the fourth on Sciences and Modern Languages. It must be added that the very study of modern languages was modernized: the direct method became official, and the ambition of the University was to compete with Mr. Berlitz.

The Classicists never accepted that equality of the four sections: it seemed to them that Section D was a "boulder" forced by law into the society of gentlemen. The situation soon offered a danger which, for Americans, may be hard to realize: "le péril primaire," the invasion of the universities by the personnel and spirit of elementary education. By the side of the secondary *lycées* and *collèges*, there are in France higher primary schools and normal schools, recruited from the masses of the people. Greek and Latin had long formed an impassable barrier between the two kinds of education. Now that Latin was no longer compulsory, it became possible to accept the diplomas of these schools as equivalent to the B.A., thus opening to their holders the gates of the universities.

And the universities were willing to welcome these new elements, who had not received the time-honored classical culture. Under German influences, the universities, on both sides of the Atlantic, had introduced into the very study of literature a narrowly scientific spirit. Quantitative methods, the collecting and tabulating of innumerable minute facts, had been substituted for the qualitative spirit of humanistic criticism. In this battle between statistics and standards, some at least of the university professors preferred the students who had not been "spoilt by the literary nonsense of the lycées." In the same way, the church had found more hope in the heathen barbarians than in the cultured pagans or in the Arian heretics. An alliance was thus formed between "Science and Democracy." Some people chose to translate: between the quantitative methods in research and in politics, against the qualitative tradition.

Until the war, the Modernist-Radical Bloc had things its own way; and the Fundamentalists, as we may legitimately call them, were beleaguered in their last strongholds, the Academy and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But, when the success of the Bloc National, in 1919, had given power to the Traditionalists, it was expected that an effort would be made to restore the prestige of classical studies. M. Léon Bérard, as in duty bound, consulted his Superior Council of Public Education. For reasons upon which we have no time to dwell, that august body showed no alacrity in endorsing the reform. The Minister had to assert his authority, and, by a sort of pedagogical *coup d'état*, he made Latin compulsory in all secondary schools.

There were innumerable discussions, on the whole very creditable to the French Parliament, the French press, and the French public. I do not know whether any other country would have shown the same passionate interest in a purely cultural debate. It is illuminating to contrast this lively concern with the perfect indifference of the Parisians themselves to such issues as the Paris Ship Canal, or the suppression of the octroi. The situation was full of paradoxes. One of the most active among the Modernists in the University was Dean Brunot, the greatest authority on the history of the French language, and one of the founders of a Society for the Promotion of Latin Studies. The spokesman of the Modernists in the Chamber was none other but M. Edouard Herriot, then leader of the opposition, a ripe scholar, a delicate critic, whose work on "Madame Récamier" is as delightful as it is authoritative. To add to the confusion, a review which, under M. Lavissee, used to represent the progressive element in the bourgeoisie, *La Revue de Paris*, called to judgment a Daniel from our own country, in the person of Calvin Coolidge. In its number for August 1, 1924, there appeared the translation of an address on the Value of the Classics:

Calvinusque locutus

Infandum!

If Messrs. Harold Bell Wright and George F. Babbitt could have been induced to tell us what Latin had done for them, the case would have been complete.

But Calvinus Taciturnus came too late. The Radicals had given notice that the "high handed"

reform of M. Léon Bérard would fall with his fall; and, as we stated at the beginning, compulsory Latin was one of the issues defeated at the polls. M. Herriot's Minister of Education restored provisionally the *status quo ante Bérard*; announcing, moreover, that he had in mind a wider measure, a new reconstruction of secondary education, the creation of "modern humanities."

M. Bérard and his friends consoled themselves with the usual formula: "We were not successful: we were merely right." As a further solace, that amiable and cultured gentleman may at any moment enter the ranks of the Immortals, as soon as all the Marshals, Dukes, and Cardinals are provided for. His fight on behalf of classical culture deserved no less. His name will be no blot on the illustrious list that can boast of Bardin, Habert, Foncemagne, Cordemoy, Vatout, Gédoyen:

Porchères, Colomby, Bourseys, Bourdon, Arbaud:
Tous ces noms dont pas un ne mourra, que c'est beau!

II

The problem is with us still. Evidently it could not be settled by a popular referendum, any more than the merits of Einstein's theory can be established by a vote of the Texas legislature. Jules Simon came home one evening rubbing his hands in triumph: "I had the existence of God passed in the Senate by a handsome majority!" One shudders at the thought of what might have happened if Jules Simon had not come to the rescue of the Deity.

It would be highly desirable to keep the classics out of politics. Unfortunately, the Radicals have a

genuine grievance. Classical education has been used to form an elite: but that elite coincided with the class which already enjoyed the privileges of wealth and social prestige. Secondary education alone leads to the professions—those professions which in France are called “liberal,” thus implying a stigma of servility upon all the rest; and secondary education is not free to all comers. Fees are charged, which, absurdly small as they may seem to us, are high enough to keep away the sons of the poor. Scholarships are awarded: but it is expected that their recipients, always a minority in the school, will be assimilated by the ruling class.

The classics are a badge of *class*: to have known Latin is a sign of gentle breeding, although to remember Latin would be branded as crass pedantry. A classical education cannot be compared, of course, with faultless dressing, dancing, fencing, and horsemanship: but it counts for more than mere self-made wealth. It is a clear case of “conspicuous waste”: it proves that your parents before you belonged to the leisure class, the “upper class,” as measured by that most accurate instrument, a bank balance. Miguel de Unamuno, a Hellenist himself, and with Nietzsche the least Hellenic of Hellenists, aptly described the classical culture that he was imparting to the young Hopefuls of Spain. “*uñas chinescas*”: mandarins’ nails. So long as such a state of mind prevails, the hostility of the masses will be justified.

A sure remedy would be found in more classical studies, not less. Let us agree with the Classicists a little better than they agree with themselves. If indeed Latin be indispensable to a proper apprecia-

tion of the French ideal, it should be taught in all Normal Schools. For it is of the utmost importance that the teachers of the masses should have a right understanding of the French tradition. In the olden days, the parish priest was the village schoolmaster: and the humblest parish priest was a Latinist. No Latin is required to teach the three R's: granted. None is required either to run a bank, a railroad, or even a colonial empire. The bourgeois complain that the elementary teachers are going over to Bolshevism: yet they withhold from the teachers the source and fountain of all orderly thinking. The disagreeable political aspect of the problem would disappear, and classical lore would be purged from snobbishness and priggishness, if Latin were offered generously to all. In this country Cæsar is presented to the sons and daughters of the common people as freely as cabinet-making or cookery.

Such a suggestion would leave M. Léon Bérard aghast: "But you would create a proletariat of classical scholars!" If we are to have a proletariat at all, better have one familiar with Tacitus and Lucretius: it might improve the literary standard of *Le Populaire* and *L'Humanité*. *Déclassés*, of whom Jules Vallès remains the type, are a dangerous ferment: but we can dispose of *déclassés* as well as of class war by abolishing the very notion of class. Financial wealth, unfortunately, cannot be promised to all who deserve it: cultural wealth can.

III

Suppose the political elements of the problem could be cleared out of the way. The point at issue

is not essentially, as it is so often stated by both of the contending parties, the conflict between utilitarianism and disinterested culture.* Pure utilitarianism would do away with any kind of general education beyond the three R's. Practical apprenticeship combined with technical courses would take the place of our high schools. Research under the auspices of big business, and definitely "with an eye to business," would absorb our universities. Who knows? If this were the place, we might be tempted to follow up this scheme, until we had found out whether it is a paradox or a fallacy. There have been good men and great men in the past with the scantiest modicum of book learning: why not now? What if some Fundamentalist, more boldly consistent than the rest, should say: the education of Homer and Jesus is good enough for me? The purely practical training we have adumbrated would be deadly to scholars and academicians: is it proven that it would stifle the essential qualities of poet, prophet, or leader? Maybe it would release them.

But, paradox or fallacy, this is a thesis that the Modernists are careful to leave alone. As a matter of fact, non-classical education claims to be a *culture*. It is not based on the grotesque assumption that all subjects are of equal spiritual import: and it would include many disciplines whose practical utility is negligible. For the average man, even the study of his own literature is no tangible asset. Shakespeare and Milton will not teach him to write a business letter with the proper kind of "punch." History has been wisely defined by that portent, Mr. Henry

* Or, in terms which may easily become misleading, but which have found some acceptance, Humanitarianism vs. Humanism.

Ford, as "bunk." If there is anything in dago literatures that deserves translating, let 'em translate it, properly adapted to our taste. Even among engineers, only a few will have any practical use for the higher mathematics. From a strictly utilitarian point of view, the "modern" curriculum is hardly less open to objection than the classical one.

On the other hand, I think the Classicists are making a mistake when, abandoning their lofty cultural ground, they attempt to demonstrate the *practical* value of their studies. That value is next to nothing: at any rate, it is absurdly out of proportion with the enormous effort that Latin requires. There was a Professor Barry somewhere in the Northwest who, in addition to Romance and Germanic languages (including the Scandinavian), taught *Pharmaceutical Latin*: and I dare say that in one semester he could give our future physicians all the Latin they would actually need. Classical Latin is not necessary to understand *Quo Warranto* and the whole barbaric jargon of the law, any more than a thorough knowledge of mediæval French is indispensable to the right apprehension of *lien*, *tort*, *feme-sole* and *feme-covert*.

It is often argued that, as French and English proceed to a very great extent from Latin, an acquaintance with the parent language is needed for a proper understanding of its descendants. Believe an old pedagogue: the etymological fallacy has long been exploded. A few poets like Hugo and Claudel have exposed themselves to ridicule by their sublime ventures in etymology:* as a rule, writers give the

* E. g., Hugo: Sorbonne=Soror Bona. Veuillot: Cadaver=Caro Data Vermibus. Claudel: Connaissance (knowledge)=Co-naissance (contemporaneous birth).

subject no thought at all. It does not take a classical scholar to realize that *automobile* is a hybrid word meaning a self-propelled vehicle. It is interesting that the word *veterinarian* should include the concept of *age*: but what good does it do to the veterinarian or to the animal? It may be a satisfaction to know that *impecunious* means *devoid of cattle*: most of us would be satisfied to remain impecunious for the rest of our lives—in a strictly etymological sense. Any one familiar with modern languages is aware of the fact that the same word, with the same etymology, may have widely different meanings in English, French, Spanish, or Italian. *Evasion*, *deception*, *pathos*, *emphasis*, *transpire*, are a few instances picked at random from a boundless hoard. A French colleague of mine, after listening to several sacred songs rendered by a very proper middle-aged lady, beamingly requested: "Now, won't you sing for us something *profane*?" At times, etymology grows frankly perverse. English is right about the meaning of the word *debonair*: but in French, its one acceptance is "pitifully weak," thanks to the lasting shame of Charlemagne's son. *Subir*, in French, means to undergo. You would expect it to mean in Spanish either to undergo or to go down: wrong! it "wishes to say": to go up.

All this proves that etymology may satisfy an innocent curiosity when you already know the meaning of a word: but it will be no safe guide in the proper use of that word to-day. The one way to learn a language is through the language itself. I do not believe that the most exquisite word-artists, the Greeks, secured their witchery through the study of Egyptian or Phenician. It is a fact that we in Amer-

ica do not sufficiently cultivate our language. We might try whether systematic drill in recognizing roots, grouping word-families, discriminating between synonyms, would do for us what it has done for the French. But Vergil alone will not cure Mrs. Malaprop: he will merely extend her field of operation. A book of cross-word puzzles might be more to the point.

IV

The choice, therefore, is not between a mere practical training and a genuine education, but between two rival brands of culture. And, as the only difference between them is the inclusion or exclusion of Latin, the problem would seem to narrow down to an appraisal of Latin itself. When the quarrel first broke out, at the end of the seventeenth century, it naturally took the form of a parallel between the Ancients and the Moderns. Such a comparison would seem to belong to the era of full-flowing wigs rather than to our own: yet it recurs inevitably, and Dean Brunot, in defense of the Modernists, resorted to it once more.

In a curious commencement address delivered on July 15, 1924, he said: "It is not an injustice, I believe, to consider Latin works as vastly inferior to those which we can bring into line. We should be more than fair to the ancients if we placed Cicero on the same level as Jules Favre or Bossuet, Livy with Monsieur Thiers, Tacitus with Montesquieu, Sallust with Augustin Thierry, Lucretius with Pascal, Horace with Alfred de Musset, Plautus with Labiche, Terence with Emile Augier, Juvenal with Auguste

Barbier, Lucan with d'Aubigné, Cæsar with St. Simon, Justin with Victor Duruy, and so on. But I seek in vain for the Latin equivalents of Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, Descartes, Corneille, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de La Fayette, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Jaurès. . . ."

Evidently the learned Dean was having his fun: a grammarian must be a humorist, if he would retain his sanity. If we did not take him *cum grano* (and the word *Monsieur* clinging to the name of Thiers is as good as a wink), his mentioning that windbag Jules Favre in the same breath as Bossuet would reveal a case for the psychonosologist. But, disagree as we may on points of detail, it must be confessed that his position, on the whole, is hard to assail. Even two centuries ago, the Moderns had a pretty good claim to equality with the Ancients, especially with the Romans alone. And incomparable masterpieces have been added to the roll of French literature since the fateful day, January 26, 1687, when Charles Perrault threw his modernist bomb into the French Academy.

"Granted," the classicists would say. "Without confessing that Latin literature is second-rate, we admit that it is not beauty, variety, depth, that make it unique. It is the fact that for our group of civilization, at any rate, it has for twenty centuries provided intelligible standards. It is classical just because it is limited: without limits there can be no perfection. And classicism is the one alternative to chaos."

The classicists would be abundantly right, if the only conceivable kind of order were static—an order

of unchangeable relations. Under such a dispensation, any departure from the norm, in any realm, literary, social, or religious, would be a disease or a sin. Monsieur Thiers, more than half a century ago, said: "Romanticism and the Commune are one and the same!" To-day he would say: "Modernism is Bolshevism!"

But for a hundred and fifty years at least, the idea of growth has won its place in our minds by the side of the ideal of static perfection. If immobility is a form of order, so is rhythm. We may yearn—when we are weary—for the realm of Things-as-they-ought-to-remain: but we may yearn also for the adventure of a world in the making.

Between these two conceptions of order I cannot hesitate. A dynamic culture understands a static culture: but there is no reciprocity. Racine could not have written a "Faust": but Goethe could write an "Iphigeneia." Classical criticism, beyond its own narrow circle of pure light, is purblind: in so far as he was a classicist, Voltaire was bound to call Shakespeare a "drunken savage." Evolutive criticism, on the contrary, finds in classical beauty a charm of which classicism itself was unaware: the poignant appeal of growth, decay, and rebirth. Racine is more attractive in the mirror held by Lytton Strachey than in the one held by Boileau. And, to impart that philosophy of growth, a literature still growing under our very eyes is better fitted than one frozen into death-like majesty.

I know that the spirit of Greece and Rome is not dead: it is alive in us. That is just why we need not study it in its ancient form: French, English, German include all of the classical tradition that de-

served to survive—and much that Greece and Rome never dreamed of. Our fathers spent generations in making the wisdom of the ancients their own, and ours. They did their work so thoroughly that no new Renaissance is necessary.

We should be true to the spirit, not to the form, of the Renaissance. It was a spirit of joyous conquest, not of enslavement. Scholars and poets rushed to the hoard of the ancient world as the Conquistadores to the fabled wealth of the Indies: not to bow down and worship, but to grasp and to use. We too often forget that the sixteenth century was marked in France at the same time by the revival of scholarship and by the progress of the vernacular at the expense of Latin. The King made French the language of his courts of justice. The poets of the Pleiad pleaded for the "Defense and Illustration of the French Language." Calvin tore her Latin mask from theology, and translated into French his "Christian Institution." Montaigne dared to discuss philosophy in the language of every-day life. All the great men of the time poured sarcasm on the pedants. It was a conscious coming of age: not rebellion, but emancipation. The modern world had served its apprenticeship; it looked at its masters with gratitude and love, but with self-confidence.

Whether we like it or not, the historical spirit has taken hold of the classics themselves, and brought them down from their irrespirable Empyrean to the earth of their day and generation. No doubt we find "eternal human nature" in Vergil, as we do in Racine, and also in Shakespeare, in Balzac, in every writer who deserves a niche in the world's Pantheon. But even in Vergil we now see human nature af-

fectured by "race, environment, and time," to borrow Taine's pregnant formula. This actually deepens our understanding of the classics to such an extent that Boileau would not rank high as a Latin scholar to-day. But while enriching our appreciation of antiquity, the historical spirit has also divested antiquity of its sacred uniqueness. Rome is now a period in the history of mankind: so is the glorious thirteenth century, so is the Renaissance, so is our own day. The Greco-Roman world is the ancestor of our own, and we cannot ignore it, any more than we can ignore the religious experience of the Jews. But its relative importance to us is bound to dwindle as our world grows conscious of other lines of ancestry and of multifarious other interests.

It was Voltaire who first dared to break away from the bounds of the Mediterranean basin, within which self-respecting history had so long been confined. Even after his day, until the French Revolution, no history was taught in schools except ancient history, no literature but the Greek and Latin classics. That time is gone beyond recall. Ancient history still has its place in our curriculum: but it is a minor one. Modern men are more vitally interested in Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Washington, Bonaparte, Gladstone, Cavour, Bismarck, than they are in Q. Fabius Rullianus or M. Bibulus. And it is no blasphemy to say that the same is true in literature. Not only are the French more deeply concerned in Molière, and even in Emile Augier, than they are in Plautus; but it might be better for them to know Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe more intimately than Publius Syrus, Valerius Flaccus, or even Ovid. For three centuries modern literatures, philosophy, all

the sciences of man and of nature, have poured forth a momentous stream of new facts and new thoughts. The very thoughts that we gratefully received from Greece and Rome have grown far beyond the measure of the classical canon. If we were to return to the temple of our ancestors, it would hold but a handful of us.

"But," the French would say, "Rome has not lost her uniqueness for us. We are Latins, not in blood, but in speech and in thought. Even though we should ever cease to be interested in Rome for her own sake, still we should maintain the classics as a purely French tradition: for our fathers sucked the milk of the She-Wolf."

It is curious to see both the "Humanities," which should abolish frontiers, and "Catholicism," the universal, thus annexed to French nationalism, and turned into Sinn Fein doctrines: "Ourselves alone!" But it would be a decadent nationalism that would live entirely upon its own tradition. The German war-cry, which was criminally senseless in the material world, is profoundly true in the realm of culture: "World power or downfall!"

The true humanistic spirit is limited neither to classical philology, nor to the tradition of Malherbe, Nisard, and René Doumic. It breathes in the line:

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Are you satisfied to be only Latins, when you should be men? Then you are untrue to the Roman spirit: for the City became the World. Will you not in your turn strive to embrace the larger world of to-day?

V

Classical education was once a necessity. Then it became a tradition. To-day it is a prejudice. Men who dare to express that opinion, if they are not classical scholars themselves, are taunted with ignorance and envy. If they do know Latin, they are accused of ingratitude. They are, in the words of La Bruyère, like those children who, grown fat and sturdy with good milk, beat their nurse. Naughty children: but what of an adult who should persist in seeking the same source of sustenance as in his infancy?

We can conceive of "modern humanities" that would not be a blurred and cheapened replica of the classical course. Such an education would not seek in Milton or in Racine the infallible standards once provided by Homer and Vergil: it would discard the very notion of infallible standards. It would be "practical" only in the same sense as the classics have always been claimed to be practical: as a general preparation for life. It would not be mere "training," but a "culture," because it would embody a philosophy. It would attempt to ascertain the laws of change, as classicism once sought to grasp the beauty of repose. Its centre would be History, the living, complex stream of History, winding its course down to our very feet, and urging us, beyond its own domain of *Things Done*, into the ever new realm of *Things To Do*.

PART IV
DEMOCRACY AND HISTORY

CHAPTER I

THE "NEW HISTORY"

"Of all possible governments, necrocracy is the worst."
—WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO.

I

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, Hendrik Van Loon, Harry Elmer Barnes, Charles Richet, H. G. Wells—a variegated company and a goodly one—have recently been engaged upon the task of making History safe for Democracy. This is "The New History": the old had been long enough a machine of war against all forms of radicalism.

We used to believe, in the days of our innocence, that History was a Science, and therefore as severely unpartisan as Algebra. The scholar had no ambition but to relate "things as they actually happened." The good old German who advanced that claim reminds us of the clergyman who found a gang of boys outbidding each other in the most outrageous lies—a yellow dog to be the prize of the boldest prevaricator: "Don't you know it is wicked to tell lies? I never told a lie in my life!" "You take the pup!" was the unanimous verdict.

"Things as they actually happened"! To be sure: but what things? Here lies the difficulty, which makes "objective history" a dream. The best histories are those which note the reactions of sensitive souls amid the records of human hopes and

follies. Not even the most tediously comprehensive chronicle could restore the past with all the infinitude of its details. Between the facts and the readers, two siftings have to take place: the first through the screen of the witness's mind, the second through that of the critical interpreter or historian. There can be no history without selection; there can be no selection without a criterion; there can be no criterion without a doctrine. The doctrine may be implied, confessed, or professed; it may be chaotic or systematic, original or commonplace; but its presence at the very heart of the book cannot be denied.

We do not need to know whether the author's name be Marco Saint Hilaire or Lanfrey in order to be sure that any "Life of Napoleon" is written with a bias. If Professor W. M. Sloan should demur, we shall add that a four-volume "Life of Napoleon" like his own masterly work must take it for granted that the Corsican played a notable part in human affairs; and this in its turn implies that war, diplomacy, and government are the be-all and end-all of History: a very general assumption, no doubt, yet a bolder one than many of us realize. Exclusions may be no less symptomatic than inclusions, even though ignoring be due merely to ignorance. For Mr. H. G. Wells to expunge Dante out of the Middle Ages, and—practically—Voltaire out of the period of Enlightenment, is a piece of flagrant partisanship, all the more hopeless because it is unconscious. Through such omissions, the strictly Anglo-Saxon and Protestant upbringing of the World-Citizen stands revealed. Even the most scholarly investigations of Professor Dryasdust are not free from a fundamental slant. No book is confessedly futile: to pick up a

subject is to accept a brief for its importance. The quiet paleographer who spends a lifetime in elucidating a cartulary is a martyr to an exacting faith—a faith which he tries to prove through his works, but which antedates and underlies his works. Unless, like Sylvestre Bonnard, he smilingly acknowledges that he is no better than the half-witted Russian prince who spent a lifetime collecting match-boxes.

Much of this, no doubt, is as true of other sciences as it is of history. The chief difference is that material phenomena can, as a rule, be indefinitely repeated, with variations so slight or so easy to measure that they can be eliminated. Every historical event, on the contrary, is absolutely irreversible and unique. In other words, history cannot possibly repeat itself. If France calls to power a second Napoleon, the second Napoleon is in everything but in name radically different from the first; and even if the nephew had been a perfect replica of his uncle, the situation would have been different, for Napoleon I did not leave the world exactly the same as he found it. We may undo some of the spiritual havoc wrought by the treaty of Versailles: but we cannot turn back the clock to November, 1918, again. We must remain wiser perhaps, sadder certainly, for the dull and confused failure of our Messianic hopes.

This makes the process of selecting a sequence of causes and effects much less automatic, much more hazardous, for the historian than for the physicist. Working hypotheses are the essential tools of both history and physics: but in history the working hypotheses can never be put to the test. The "might have been" is ruled out of court.

It may be objected that we are exaggerating the

difference between the science of the human past and all other sciences. The historical spirit now pervades the whole field of knowledge. Studies like grammar, literature, government, political economy, which once were supposed to be based upon unchangeable laws, are now treated historically. Biology gives us the history, and not exclusively the description, of our organs: some of them can be accounted for only as survivals, that is to say in terms of history. In a larger way, the highest hypothesis in the natural sciences is *evolution*—another word for history. Geology and astronomy themselves are historical sciences; and for that reason the phenomena they describe are also unique and irreversible. We are even less able to reproduce a glacial age, or the condensation of a nebula into a solar system, than we are able experimentally to resuscitate Alexander or Napoleon. Renan went so far as to claim that the historical spirit and the scientific spirit were one and the same: the "science" of a subject is the "history" of that subject.

But Renan himself must be studied historically: his thought evolved, and reached the point of contemptuous scepticism for "our poor little conjectural sciences," as he called the object of forty years' devotion. That there is a historical margin to the exact sciences cannot be denied: but it is the least scientific thing about them. The State of Texas was sound in prohibiting that evolution be taught *as a fact*. Evolution is a hypothesis, and although a hypothesis may be an indispensable approach to science, it is no part of science itself. If evolution seems to many minds a very probable hypothesis, so probable as to reach almost the dignity of a scientific law, it is

because many experiments have been carried out that seem to confirm it: but only crucial experiments will conquer legitimate scepticism, and it is far from certain that such experiments can ever be attempted. In astronomy, the changeless recurrence of the same causes and effects is assumed, and is emphatically confirmed, not by experiment, but by the possibility of accurate prophecy. The nebular hypothesis is a historical fringe, which can be totally disregarded in practical calculations. We are justified therefore in distinguishing the sciences of the ever-changing flux, of which History is the type, and the sciences of the never-changing recurrence. Both are legitimate; both are "scientific," if their aim be the truth; but their spirit and their method cannot be the same. The sciences of the recurrent can experiment and prophecy; the sciences of the flux, so far, have discovered no test, and can bring no proof.

II

But there is this in common between our paleographer and the man who tackles the entrancing problem: "The Occurrence of Fifth Legs in Opossums": both are staking their time, their labor, their reputation, upon the hypothesis that, somehow, the question is worth while. And, in the last analysis, "worth while" means "capable of practical application." This view will be denounced as heretical because it is so obvious: there is no need for imposing anything as "orthodox" if it is already in agreement with common sense. The Servants of Truth do not select this or that particular province of Truth without a purpose, immediate or ultimate. The sciences

of haughtiest purity, like celestial mechanics, are, after all, but the aristocratic sisters of the useful arts. Pasteur enlightened the doctor, the cattle-breeder, and the brewer. In the same way, the most "disinterested" historian is dimly conscious that he is, or should be, the statesman's guide. (Methinks I see Professor Haskins and other Peace Conference Experts smile a little wistfully.)

We may leave out of account books that were composed with too obvious a purpose, such as Lamartine's "Girondists," Carlyle's or Michelet's "French Revolution," Treitschke's "Germany in the XIXth Century," Froude's "England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," Taine's "Origins," Chamberlain's "Foundations": a great list, which could be extended at will. It remains certain that history can hardly be written except *ad probandum*. The "impartial" historian differs from the "Romantic" historian in the same way as a great business lawyer, who has other keen specialists to face, differs from the lawyer in a criminal case, who has to work upon the feelings of a sentimental jury. Both have been retained, and both want to win their case: but under certain conditions, the best tactics consist in carrying your hearers with you in a rush of enthusiasm; under other conditions, it is best to state adverse facts as fully as possible, so as to anticipate your opponents' arguments and make your own case unassailable.

Impartiality is not neutrality: only indifference can be neutral, and total ignorance alone can be indifferent. Impartiality is a promise to judge according to Law. But who made the laws, and who shall judge the laws, that are to rule history? Who

can hold the balance even between Bossuet and Voltaire, between Carlyle and Buckle, between Michelet and Taine? Here is a difficulty from which the sciences that deal with the physical universe are much freer than those which study the human mind. History, "new" or "old," is therefore inevitably biassed, and the most scientific historian is the one who most openly confesses his prejudices.

Historians are particularly compelled to take sides in the central problem of human affairs: conservation *vs.* progress. Individual historians, and among them some of the greatest, have been radicals. But, on the whole, the weight of history has been thrown on the conservative side, until the word *radical* has become synonymous with *deficient in the historical spirit*. And this is as it should be. For the fundamental bias common to all historians, their professional deformation, is that history does matter: else they would be engaged upon some more profitable pursuit. The historian, as M. de la Palisse would have remarked, is essentially retrospective. He is the reverse of a Futurist: he is a Prophet of the Past. And this interest in the past enrolls him, willy-nilly, among the anti-democrats.

For Democracy, like all forms of radicalism, lives in the present, for the present and the future, damning the past. "Let the dead bury their dead," said One whom the Sans-Culottes claimed as their master. A community in which the first question is: "Who was your great-grandfather?" is thoroughly imbued with the historical spirit, and correspondingly free from any democratic taint. Democracy calls it justice that every man should reach the station he is fit for, irrespective of caste or previous condition of servitude.

It denounces as abuses all hereditary privileges of rank or fortune; that is to say, all legacies from the past. In international politics it seeks the will of the people *to-day*, caring naught for the treaty of Verdun, the treaties of Westphalia, or the treaties of Vienna. Like its father, Rousseau, it wants to brush all facts aside—I mean all historical facts—because it believes that the changing surface of history conceals the facts that are basic and permanent.

In other words, Democracy is radical and unhistorical in the same way as experimental science is radical and unhistorical. For the same reason: because Democracy also is experimental. Aristocracy says: "We earned this privilege a thousand years ago": that is History. Democracy answers: "Prove that you are earning it *to-day*": that is Science. In science, there are no vested interests, and no authority hoary with age. Leadership is a champion that must accept every challenge for its title. Lavoisier was a very great man, the founder of modern chemistry: but a modern chemist can afford to ignore Lavoisier, and would laugh at the thought that a descendant of Lavoisier could rule chemistry *to-day* through the magic of his name. Physiologists were once filled with reverence for tradition: Harvey and his disciples were branded as heretics, for Hippocrates and Galen had not taught the circulation of the blood, and Harvey was seeking to change human nature such as it had been officially known and taught for twenty-five hundred years. A physiologist in our own days follows neither Galen nor Harvey, but watches the blood as it flows: which is rank radicalism. There is some truth in the claims of the political parties in contemporary France: a great

part of the time, Science and Democracy go hand in hand, Aristocracy consorts with History

III

The passion for history, which was such a prominent feature of the nineteenth century, was part and parcel of the Romantic reaction against Rationalism. It was a nostalgic hankering for a vanished Land of Heart's Delight. In the very years when the Enlightenment was preaching indefinite perfectibility, sentiment, in rebellion, assumed a retrospective cast. Gardens were adorned with ruins—cunningly fabricated. In the same way, feudal-sounding titles were cherished—even when they were of home manufacture. It was a grand experiment in make-believe. Chateaubriand and Walter Scott are among the promoters of the historical spirit, which was the spirit of romance. It was the time when Truth would not be recognized, unless it were moss-grown, nor Beauty revered, unless it were worm-eaten. But the first ringing challenge hurled by sentimental traditionalism against radicalism is found in Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." There we find, in impassioned words, the doctrine that the growth of human institutions must needs be slow, indeed imperceptible, and practically unconscious. Against the hopes of rapid and purposive progress, held forth by the philosophers of Enlightenment, Burke dared to assert "the wisdom of prejudice." Living man is the mouthpiece of the dead, not of the unborn: for, as the Irish statesman remarked—what has Posterity done for us? In broad terms, we may say that Burke begat Carlyle, Carlyle begat Taine,

and Taine begat Maurras, the brains of conservative France to-day. It was against Burke that Wilson tilted at the Paris Conference—and was worsted in the joust.

The Historical Spirit and Reaction are not one and the same thing. But, throughout the nineteenth century they frequently communed in the form of Romanticism. Romanticism imparted historical glamour to forms of incompetence or oppression which, in themselves, were ugly enough. It was this invincible reverence for "the storied past" that made the progress of England so teasingly sluggish and so fascinatingly devious. Conflicting with a more open radicalism, it turned the course of modern French life into a series of baffling whirlpools. Worst of all, it hurled Germany, the Germany of Kant and Goethe, the most humane of all nations, into the abyss of the Bismarckian-Hohenzollern Empire. There lived no man so historically minded as the late Kaiser, the restorer of mediæval castles and mediæval dreams. It was not science and industry that precipitated the Great War: science and industry were controlled by the twelfth-century psychology of robber barons.

But Romanticism was not the only bond of union between Reaction and History. Philosophy also was called upon to join them. Philosophy would have no place in a non-rational universe; and if this be a rational universe, as philosophy must assume, then whatever is, is because it could not be otherwise. We must "accept the universe," and whatever is, is right. There is a whole troop of fallacies lurking in these simple statements. The worst of them all, however, is found at the next step. If whatever is, is right, it is manifestly wrong to want any change. Radicalism is an absurdity, conservatism alone is

wise. To this argument, the following dilemma may be opposed: either change is impossible—then why worry? Radicalism will not change the course of the stars. Or change may be effected: but when effected, it will become legitimate, since "whatever is, is right."

We are not claiming to be putting Hegelianism in a nutshell: it would invite unflattering comparisons between that container and our own head. But it is a fact that Hegel's philosophy of history led but to a defense of the Prussian State; and it is a sight for the gods—the massive creation of that metaphysical giant finally mounting guard at the gate of a Hohenzollern palace.

In the same way, Guizot, philosopher, historian, and statesman, surveyed with eagle eye the course of European civilization, and found that it led to the triumph of the bourgeoisie, and more particularly to the ministry of M. Guizot: "Whatever is, is right"! Then philosophy, history, the throne and the cabinet were all scattered to the winds in February, 1848.

We wonder whether any historian was ever born Janus-like, facing the future as well as the past. Some radicals turned historians, like H. G. Wells, and some historians became radicals, like Michelet. As a rule, the students of the past look obstinately toward the past. They have not mastered Molière's homely wisdom: "The ancients are the ancients, and we are the people of to-day." They fail to realize that whatever is actually *past* is dead. An Irishman saw on a tombstone this epitaph, the epitome of beautiful trust, "He liveth," and remarked: "Faith! If I were dead, I wouldn't make any bones about it." Such simple honesty would make this world infinitely more comfortable for the living.

Now comes "the New History," looking, paradoxically, into the future, not the past, the history of "Mankind in the Making." How did the change come about? From time to time a historian, in spite of his historical armor, discovers two truths familiar to his unlearned contemporaries. The first is that all is not for the best in the best possible world. The second is that wherever there is a problem, there are at least two possible solutions: if we knew in advance the one and only solution, it would no longer be a problem. With such teachers as the Great War and the Great Peace, these two lessons were driven home to millions of men, including a few scholars.

These two simple thoughts are sufficient to sever the "inevitable" connection between history and conservatism. The more thorough our disgust with things as they are, and the more trembling our belief in the wisdom of the ancient solutions, the more "radical" our outlook. And so such a master as Henry Morse Stephens could come to the conclusion that history had been the handmaiden of reaction, and that it should escape from the thrall. "Woe unto us," he says, "woe unto us, professional historical students, professional teachers of history, if we cannot see, written in blood, in the dying civilization of Europe, the dreadful result of exaggerated nationalism, as set forth in the patriotic histories of some of the most eloquent historians of the nineteenth century. May we not hope that this will be but a passing phase of historical writing, since its awful sequel is so plainly exhibited before us, and may we not expect that the historians of the twentieth century may seek rather to explain the nations

of the world to each other in their various contributions to the progress of civilization, and to bear ever in mind the magnificent sentiment of Goethe: "Above all nations is humanity"?

Instead of prolonging into the present the interminable quarrels of the past, should we not seek in the past the germs of the present and of the future? Would to God that instead of treading in the footprints of Barbarossa, Jagellon, or Louis XIV, Europe would study its history in terms of the coming United States! History is the realm of shadows: but the shadows that most concern us are those that are cast before.

Can this be done? Can history, which is so little of a science, do after a fashion what the simpler, safer sciences are doing: study in order to forecast? We doubt it. The "New History," like the Old, carries but a farthing rushlight in the immeasurable night of time. But, if it is as ignorant as the other school, it is not likely to be so mischievous. Man confesses that he was bad yesterday, but invincibly hopes that he will be good to-morrow: Do not teach him that he must forever remain what he has forever been: teach him that he could try to be now what he wants to be later.

If the New Historians win the day, if, heeding the appeal of Morse Stephens and the example of H. G. Wells, they find their way back from the *selva oscura* of nationalism to the high road of humanism, let them pause a moment, and for once turn their heads: in the distance, nearly 200 years back, they will descrie the lean figure of Voltaire, pointing the way.

CHAPTER II

VOLTAIRE, CARLYLE, AND H. G. WELLS

I

H. G. WELLS, the world-citizen, the world-historian, is British to the backbone. We note the fact: need we say that it implies no disparagement? Similarly, Voltaire, the most cosmopolitan of men, devoid of political patriotism to a scandalous degree, is at the same time racy of the French soil. The fruit may be marketed the world over, but the tree must have roots. We do not mean that Calvin, Pascal, Bossuet, are in any sense foreign to the French spirit: but Voltaire is more exquisitely untranslatable, more typical, and at the same time more unique. He is not greater; he is emphatically not better: these are different questions. France produces more wheat than Champagne wine, and wheat is by far the more useful: but we can grow wheat in Nebraska. King Voltaire, the Patriarch of Ferney, is a symbol and a power: whoever cares to understand French civilization and its enormous influence should as a first step make friends with Voltaire.

But it is not merely as the smiling sphinx guarding the avenue to the spirit of France that Voltaire is of interest to modern historians: they ought to know, and they are apt to forget, that he is one of their craft, and their most authentic master. The history of civilization has won the day so completely that its name might now disappear: there is no history

but the history of civilization. Artificial barriers have been swept away, and the field of history has been extended far beyond mere politics, diplomacy, and warfare, far beyond classical antiquity, far beyond the Mediterranean basin. Now the founder of History as we understand it to-day is Voltaire, and none other. "The whole modern conception of History comes out of Voltaire's 'Essay,'" asserted Hettner. "Where Voltaire opened the way, other historians followed," said Professor Gooch; and Lanson: "After Bossuet, History had still to be created; after Voltaire, it had only to be perfected."

Yet, in spite of such tributes, there is a lurking prejudice that Voltaire is "shallow," a mere trifler, an unscrupulous and hasty polemist, incapable of embracing a vast and complex system. His incomparable gifts as a narrator are freely recognized: "the most readable, the most brilliant, the least pedantic of general histories," said Solomon Reinach in his "Orpheus," at a time when H. G. Wells was known exclusively as a maturer Jules Verne. But Voltairianism has come to mean scoffing scepticism in epigrammatic form. Like the fabled Cheshire Cat, the figure of the Patriarch, dissolving slowly, has left nothing but its grin behind. H. G. Wells introduces him, rather ungratefully, as "that supreme mocker, Voltaire."

If by his "epigrammatic style" you mean extreme deftness of touch, a power of pricking the most gorgeous bubbles with an almost invisible shaft, common sense purged from anything commonplace, then I confess that Voltaire is hopelessly witty. But, if you are thinking of buffoonery, or even of flippancy, you must have in mind his innumerable pamphlets, the

delightful medley of his "Philosophical Dictionary," his light verse, his letters, perhaps his infamous "Pucelle," but not his historical writings. I have just read over his "Essay on Manners" and his "Century of Louis XIV," and in those five big volumes, sufficient in bulk and value to establish the fame of any professional historian, I could find hardly a dozen sayings that were Voltairian in the superficial sense of the term.* Whoever goes to the texts—and he will be amply repaid for his trouble—will have to concede Voltaire's seriousness of tone and purpose.

"Ah! But his temperament was unphilosophical, or unscientific! Granted that he was an earnest fighter, still, he was a fighter, and not a very scrupulous one." Says Professor Flint: "Keen, clear, boundlessly clever as it shows its author to have been, there is little trace in it [the 'Essay on Manners'] of the caution and comprehensiveness of judgment, the patient and methodical verification of opinion, the catholicity of feeling and control over temper, which all philosophy demands, and the philosophy of history more, perhaps, than any other kind of philosophy." There again, the criticism falls wide of the mark. Flint, safe and sane as he must have been, attacked the great "Essay" in words which fitly describe "The Questions of Zapata" or "The Canonization of Saint Cucufin."

Of course, the "Essay," like any other general history, is a compilation. Voltaire did not avail him-

* Here is probably the most "Voltairian" of them all. He wants to explain the doctrine of the Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Calvinists on Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. "In holy Communion, the Catholic," he says, "eats God without bread; the Lutheran both God and bread; the Calvinist, bread without God." It is neater than most treatises on that abstruse subject.

self, like H. G. Wells, of the services of an editorial committee: but neither did he complete his book in a few months. The work is a critical digest of the best secondary authorities—and what else could be expected? We must not forget that Voltaire, unlike H. G. Wells, had trained himself as a serious historian, in the preparation of his "Century of Louis XIV"—a monument of first-hand, painstaking scholarship, in which he made use of printed sources and official documents, but also of memoirs and letters still in manuscript, and of interviews with survivors of the great age.

"Catholicity of feeling and control over temper" are qualities which, I confess, we are not accustomed to connect with the name of Voltaire. Yet we find them in a marked degree in his "Essay." No doubt he repeats: "Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"—but who has not quoted Lucretius? On the other hand, he no less emphatically affirms that no religion was ever created, that no religion could ever be maintained, for the purpose of teaching evil. This was directed against the attacks of certain orthodox Christians on other faiths: but it also cut clear against the so-called Voltairians of his days and of later times, who claimed that the Catholic Church, and particularly the Jesuits, were deliberate agents of perversion. It is not merely by implication that Voltaire thus comes to the defense of organized religions: no one could be more definite in his tribute to the monks, and yet the monks were supposed to be his *bêtes noires*! "It cannot be denied that there have been great virtues in the cloisters; even now, there is hardly a monastery that does not shelter admirable souls, the honor of human nature. Too

many writers find pleasure in seeking for the disorders and vices which sullied some of these pious retreats. It is certain that the secular [or layman's] life has ever been more vicious, and that the greatest crimes were not committed in the monasteries: but they attracted more notice, on account of their contrast with the rule." Such fairness is all the more meritorious when you consider what a sorry spectacle many monasteries offered in the eighteenth century, according to such a stanch Catholic historian as Montalembert; and with what bitterness Voltaire himself was assailed; and especially what a devil of a temper he had to curb. But curbed it was, through 2,000 pages.*

II

Scholarly care, freedom from blinding passion, are the prerequisite of philosophy rather than philosophy itself. It is possible to maintain a "philosophical attitude" in writing history without having a philos-

* It would be a mistake to consider Voltaire as a consistent anti-Christian, anti-Catholic, or even anti-clerical. "L'Infâme," which he wants to crush, is fanaticism—Protestant fanaticism as well as Catholic fanaticism. The Rousseauistic fanaticism of Robespierre would undoubtedly have been abhorrent to him, as it was to his disciple Anatole France. Although a very obstreperous child of Holy Mother Church, he remained within the fold. He lived and died a Catholic, and his worst pranks are those of a son of the house, not of a stranger. He preserved a curious fondness for his old masters the Jesuits; he corresponded with the Pope and received his blessing; he was made, for some neighborly service, an honorary member of the Capuchin order, and liked to sign: Friar François, unworthy Capuchin. He built a church: *Deo Erexit Voltaire*. He took his hat off to processions: "We are not on speaking terms, but we salute each other." He compelled his vicar by legal means to hear his confession and give him Easter communion; he desired Christian burial; and Madame de Pompadour once took it into her pompadoured head that he should become a cardinal, which would have added the supreme touch to the whole eighteenth century. Voltaire is an inseparable part of Catholicism, the *gracioso* of the great Miracle play, the grinning gargoyles of the eternal cathedral.

ophy of history. On this count, the arraignment of Voltaire is best put in Carlyle's thundering words: "The Divine Idea, which lies at the bottom of Appearance, was never more invisible to any man. History is for him not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with Suns for lamps and Eternity as a background, whose author is God, and whose purport and thousandfold moral leads us up to the 'dark with excess of light' of the throne of God; but a poor, wearisome, debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries between the 'Encyclopédie' and the Sorbonne."

Now, if by this is meant that Voltaire refused to write History as though he were, like Bossuet, the inspired expounder of Divine Providence, no exception can be taken to Carlyle's criticism. Only we beg to submit that such a conception no longer is accepted as history, or as philosophy, or even, except in village pulpits, as religion. A Providence constantly at work, responsible for the most trifling events in the world, for an earthquake, for an election, for a shipwreck, and even for a tumble over a banana-skin, would leave Liberty and Virtue bereft of any meaning: saint and criminal alike are but pawns in the great game played by God with Himself, and the result of which has been known to Him for all eternity. An intermittent Providence, interfering capriciously, when "things have gone far enough," is hardly more conceivable to the modern mind. Victor Hugo, in whom were so oddly compounded the Seer and the Philistine, accounted for Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo in those fateful words: "Il gênait Dieu!"—"He was in God's way." Voltaire's comment upon such an explanation would

have been a refined eighteenth-century equivalent for "Bosh!"

We may admit—Voltaire himself would say: we *must* admit—that there is in the Universe a Purpose, an Increasing Purpose if you please, and that we may align ourselves with that Purpose by doing the very best there is in us. But when it comes to expounding in human terms what that purpose exactly is, and through what exclusive channels it operates, the world has grown hopelessly sceptical. It no longer sees in Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History" the "Unfolding of the Divine Idea," but only the unfolding of Bossuet's own mind: a mind powerful and richly stored, no doubt, yet a human and a fallible mind. Much philosophy of the hierophantic type has been written since Augustine and Orosius, through Fichte, Hegel, Carlyle, Quinet, down to Houston Stewart Chamberlain. It may clothe itself gorgeously with facts from the inexhaustible wardrobe of history: it is magnificent, but it is not science; at best pseudo-science, the spirit of alchemy and astrology applied to the course of human events. It belongs to the more austere class of fiction: metaphysical epics in historical garb.

If Voltaire eliminates Bossuet's Providence from the study of History, he does not substitute for it a Providence in disguise, in the form of some undefinable abstraction. Not that he believes the Universe to be sheer chaos. He is a resolute determinist: no scientific thinker can be anything else, *when the world is contemplated from a certain angle*. "In the mass of revolutions that we have seen from one end of the world to the other," he says, "there appears an inevitable concatenation of causes, driving men just as sands and waves are driven by the winds." We

know there is a "chain of events": but we do not know enough to trace that chain far back into the past, and still less to follow it into the future. We know that all men have a long line of ancestors: 6,000 years is the minimum age ascribed to the human family. Yet only a few of us have any record of what is, at best, a brief genealogy; and who could foretell which of the men now living will have a long line of descendants? As with men, so with events and institutions. It is idle to say, after the event: It was inevitable. Our best explanations may be traversed at any moment by what Voltaire called "the fatality of history"—the hand of fate—and what a modern historian like Seignobos would call "accident." Voltaire never uses his theoretical determinism as a shield for intellectual laziness.

He is full of ideas: but he is the slave of none. He insists, as we shall see, upon the rôle of great men, without whom mankind would not have risen above the level of the brute: but that conception never becomes in his mind the doctrine of Heroes, or Providential Men, so dear to Carlyle and to Napoleon III. He has no mystic faith in Democracy: indeed he and Carlyle might agree for once in defining their fellow creatures as "mostly fools." He believes in Progress: but he never asserts that Progress is inevitable, constant, and rectilinear. He stated in clear terms "the economic conception of History": but he is no worshipper of that most dismal of idols. He poked fun at Leibnitz's optimism: but he would have spared just as little Hartmann or Schopenhauer.

Has he no guide, then, but his apish whims? Must we accept Faguet's definition of his mind as "a chaos of clear ideas"? If a rigid system be the only conceivable form of philosophy, Carlyle and Faguet are

right, for Voltaire has no cut-and-dried explanation of the universe to offer. But philosophy may have a different meaning: it may be summed up in a man's criteria. A criterion of thought: what is truth? A criterion of action: what is justice? An historian who has an "inner idea to unfold" and promises to remain impartial, is like the man who vows that he will vote for the better candidate—provided his name be on the Democratic ticket. History reduced to a system is not philosophical: it is dogmatic. In his criteria, Voltaire, without being the thrall of any theory, is definite and consistent. He is clear in a manner most embarrassing to Carlyle, to Maurras, to all those who would teach us when a lie may be a truth, and when an injustice may be right. He is a rationalist, and he is a humanitarian.

III

He is a rationalist. This does not mean that he places implicit faith in reason working in a vacuum. It was Rousseau, not Voltaire, who said: "*Commençons par écarter les faits!*" "First of all, let us brush the facts aside!" Voltaire would say: "First of all, let us collect the facts." He is impatient of fine-spun theories floating in mid-air. Montesquieu had attempted to establish a connection between the love of liberty and a mountain habitat. But, replied Voltaire, the neighbors of the Swiss live in mountains, and are not free, while there are no mountains in Holland. "It is singularly delicate," he adds, "to find physical reasons for the nature of governments: but, above all, we must avoid attempting to explain that which has no existence at all."

Voltaire's rationalism means that, in the sifting of evidence, human reason is the final test. "Here is," he says, after recording a miracle, "a thing which, according to several historians, cannot be denied without overthrowing the very foundations of history: but it is certain that no one can believe it without upsetting the very foundations of reason." We may be less prompt than Voltaire in denying facts for which we are unable to account. Those of us who are particularly moderate follow in the path of Renan's master, M. Quatremère, who accepted only "those miracles which were not too difficult to perform." * Others are orthodox up to the second century, and confirmed Voltairians thereafter. We have introduced more subtle hypotheses than Voltaire's stock explanation: fraud working upon credulity. We call to our assistance abnormal psychology, individual and collective. But, with all these qualifications, and whatever may have been Voltaire's sins of omission and commission, his attitude, broadly speaking, is ours to-day. We may pause for a reason, while he rushed: but we do not accept, any more than he did, reasons that contradict Reason. The leaders of the movement against Rationalism and Liberalism would hate to be called "irrational" and "illiberal." In their books and sermons, they *argue*: that is to say, they carry the cause before the tribunal of human reason, and recognize the Voltairian criterion. Even to their most defiant *Credo quia absurdum*, they attempt to give logical cogency.

He is a humanitarian. The name evokes a shallow,

* Or that lady who was willing to believe that St. Denys had picked up his severed head, and walked away with it, but not so far as from Montmartre to the basilica that now bears his name. "It is only the first step that is difficult," was the proper answer.

maudlin flatterer of the people: Voltaire, as we know, is nothing of the kind. He is no democrat in the cheap political sense, no believer in the divine wisdom of the masses and in their idyllic innocence; no one has more mercilessly flayed the rabble. Yet he truly writes of his work: "I consider therefore in general the fate of men rather than the vicissitudes of thrones. It is upon mankind that history should have centred its attention: then it was that each writer should have said his *Homo Sum*: but most historians describe battles." He is a humanitarian simply because he is interested in humanity.

Because he is interested in *man*, he is not vitally concerned with the infinitely varied trappings with which man has decked himself. He is well aware of this picturesque diversity: it is the result of "custom," as he calls it, or tradition. He does not ignore it: but he goes deeper, and finds everywhere human nature. And human nature for him is not Arcadian: "Everywhere, Nature has placed in the heart of man self-interest, greed, pride, and all evil passions. No wonder that history should be an almost uninterrupted sequence of crimes and disasters."

For these passions have become embodied into institutions, which so far have occupied the centre of the stage, to which we bow in servile reverence, and which are the evil spirits of mankind. The craving for conquest, exploitation, intolerance, has created and maintains absolutism in government and absolutism in religion, brothers in iniquity. The rule of the sword is vehemently denounced by Voltaire. But, as we all know, his worst shafts are directed against religious fanaticism. Fanaticism has caused blood to flow like water through the ages, and is not

sated yet. It is "L'Infâme," the Beast, that must be crushed, if man is to live a man's life.

From what precedes it is obvious that Voltaire is no lover of the past. He is frankly delighted, on the contrary, with the more refined aspects of his own century:

"O l'heureux temps que ce siècle de fer!"

and he is looking for still better times to come. We know the past only through history, and, as history had been, up to his day, the record of war, diplomacy, and government by privileged classes, it struck him as a tissue of brutality, deceit, and oppression. He did not sufficiently insist upon the blessed fact that there was much in common between the present and the past—all those simple, wholesome things, trials and delights, which are "beneath the dignity" of history. Fortunately, governments have never been worse than skin diseases, unsightly and uncomfortable, but unable to kill the patient outright. History is but the condensation of mankind's collective troubles, and Voltaire was not such a fiend as to rejoice in it. That is why he has been accused, even by such a liberal as Lanson,* of lacking the essential gift of the historian, sympathy. The Romanticists, it was contended, succeeded much better in "catching the spirit" of the Middle Ages than Voltaire, who saw in that period but a weary chaos of superstition and violence.

It may be so. But sympathy may easily be overdone, and especially misdirected. The spectator who wept over Holophernes, "so wickedly done to death

* M. Lanson has toned down his strictures on Voltaire in later editions of his admirable "History of French Literature."

by Judith," was unquestionably sympathetic. So was the little boy who, looking at a picture representing martyrs in the Roman circus, was "so sorry for that poor lion who hadn't any Christian to devour." You cannot glow with Romantic sympathy for Catherine de' Medici without some slight injustice to Coligny; to "catch the spirit" of Cromwell is rather rough on the Irish; did they not have a spirit to be caught too? Even in the Middle Ages we know there existed a few people not ideally satisfied with things as they were: we have only to name, pell-mell, the Waldensians, the White Hoods, Etienne Marcel, the Jacques, Roger Bacon, John Ball, Wickliff, the Lollards—and there must have been many more who were *spurlos versenkt*. Why should we espouse too completely the fierce prejudices that crushed them? Were not the oppressed just as "mediæval" and just as picturesque as their oppressors? Should our sympathy be an eternal *Væ rictis*? Voltaire is as sympathetic as Joseph de Maistre, who extolled the virtues of the Inquisition: only his sympathy went to the men who were roasted alive. As a matter of fact, modern research has come to conclusions more nearly akin to those of Voltaire than to those of the Romanticists. The idyllic Middle Ages, "when knighthood was in flower," have gone to the scrap-heap; and the sober books of a J. Luchaire, for instance, would have been pronounced iconoclastic a hundred years ago.

Certainly Voltaire is not indifferent: neither is Carlyle, for that matter. He loves his kind too fiercely not to be a good hater. He shows his sympathy not merely in his denunciation of evil-doers, but in upbraiding the victims for their foolishness.

He is not indulgent: indulgence is the worst form of contempt. Renan, who preached, and sometimes practised: "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner," defined his own attitude as one of "transcendental disdain." From such superciliousness Voltaire is blissfully free.

IV

Out of the whole past Voltaire admired only a few splendid periods, and he did ample justice to one of them in his "Century of Louis XIV." But, since he did not like the rest, why should he write about it at all? It cannot have been a pleasant task: we feel, under the smooth, alert prose, the quiver of the man who, on the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Night, would burn with fever. What business has a progressive, a contemner of the past, Voltaire or H. G. Wells, to turn historian?

The answer is: "Self-defence." It was not the past Voltaire was attacking: it was the present. All the abuses that he combated through his feverishly militant life were survivals entrenched in historical citadels. When Voltaire was "embastilled" for having resented the drubbing that some high-born scamp had directed his lackeys to give him, it was the ghost of feudal pride and violence, still potent, that obscured for him the fair light of the eighteenth century. When poor La Barre, a mere child, was sentenced to mutilation and the stake for an indiscretion which deserved a spanking, it was the fierce spirit of mediæval inquisitors that armed the executioners. Voltaire was no revolutionist, only a reformer. But reconstructive work may involve some blasting, and

certain traditions happened to stand in the way. His motto was: "War to abuses!" But abuses, privileges, superstitions, were all fragments of a past that had refused either to mend or to end. Had the past honestly given up the ghost, Voltaire might, like Renan, have wrapped it piously in a purple shroud. The past was not ready for embalmment yet: it took Voltaire and the French Revolution titanic efforts before racks, fires, and dungeons could be made safely enjoyable for the Romanticists.

So we have this paradox of Voltaire, after Bayle, taking up history as a battering-ram against tradition. This, we repeat, is a paradox: but the identification of traditionalism with the historical spirit is a fallacy. For traditionalism is servile, history is critical. "A judicious mind," he says, "reading history, is almost constantly engaged in refuting it." He is frankly iconoclastic: perhaps the responsibility lies with his predecessors, who had set up idols. History is useful, not as a positive guide, but as a warning: it shows us a few of the innumerable ways in which things should not be done. "The only reason why we should know the history of that time" (that of Louis XI), he says, "is in order to despise it. If princes and private persons did not find some lesson in learning the vicissitudes of so many barbarous governments, our time could not be worse employed than in reading history."

He is therefore writing with a purpose, and that purpose is emancipation: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." We were thralls to the past: he dared to look the past full in the face, and found it not so venerable, after all. He made it live again only to deprive it of the spurious

majesty of death. Well, it had to be done: it was efficiently done, and even the worst opponents of Voltaire have profited by his work.

But it would be rank injustice to see in Voltaire a mere wrecker. There is a positive side to his sixty years of ardent campaigning. His life, with its frills of indecencies and futilities, was earnest and consistent enough at the core. His philosophy of history offers no panacea, but a definite, liberal, and manly doctrine. And there we rejoin our friends the "New Historians."

For the innumerable ills that human society is heir to, there is little hope of a remedy to be found in the people themselves. At best, they have but a vague instinct for order, which makes them responsive to leadership. *Salvation comes from the few.* These few are not the born aristocrats, grown crass and callous in the enjoyment and defense of their privileges. They are not exclusively the inspired prophets, whose teachings are so soon captured and distorted by fanatics. Just as seldom are they kings and conquerors, although Alexander, Charlemagne, Alfred, Louis of Hungary and Poland, Dom Henry of Portugal, are singled out for praise. These few brilliant names stand for the anonymous company of the soldiers of civilization, a company whose ranks are ever open. Voltaire's theory of Great Men has little in common with the usual conception of Supermen. Their greatness consists, not in self-assertion, but in service: for the ideal of Service was not invented by the Rotarians. These men appear here and there, spots of light in the murk of barbarism. At favored times they are numerous enough to congregate and form a *civilization*, which is essentially

a collective, a social product: thus the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X, of Louis XIV. Individuals struggle for a moment, and are engulfed again; golden ages pass away; but let the soldiers of civilization organize, so as to perpetuate their activities: the centres of light they have created will increase, and darkness will permanently recede. "Thus you will see, in this vast picture of human follies, the opinions of theologians, the superstitions of the rabble, fanaticism in ever-varied forms, but constantly bent upon plunging mankind into brutishness and calamities: until the time when *a few academies, a few enlightened societies*, have caused our contemporaries to blush for so many centuries of barbarism." He, whom fate drove to be a free-lance, wanted to be enrolled in an army of the spirit. His key to human progress therefore is not democracy, not tradition, not priestcraft, and not force of arms: it is AN OPEN, BUT ORGANIZED, ARISTOCRACY OF ENLIGHTENED SERVICE.*

Whence do these Samurai—to borrow a term from Voltaire's younger brother, H. G. Wells—derive their inspiration? From the sole source of all inspiration, Religion: the universal religion, the "natural" religion, the religion taught by all religions, and which Voltaire summed up exactly like Jesus: "Love God and love thy neighbor." "Religion has been used all over the world for evil purposes, but everywhere it was instituted to lead to goodness; and while dogma brings with it fanaticism and

* We could mention at least two caricatures of this Voltairian ideal: one is Renan's sombre Utopia of a world ruled by the Academy of Sciences with a rod of iron; from which Renan himself soon escaped with the cry, "Give us back Caliban!"; the other—a mixed affair—was the régime of the Científicos under Diaz.

war, morality inspires everywhere the love of concord."

Is this mere moralism? It transcends moralism, for it is touched with emotion. I could quote scores of passages, the most truly Voltairian of them all, revealing his noble impatience, his burning desire for progress, his grief, his indignation over the crimes of history. "My pen falls from my hand, when I see the way in which men have treated men." "How slowly, with what difficulty, is mankind getting civilized, and society more perfect!" Are we not reminded of Carl Becker's splendid phrase giving the key-note of Wells's "History": "the adventures of a generous soul among catastrophes"?

It seems a thankless task to urge a plea in favor of Voltaire. All that he has to say is so trite, fit only for the arch-Philistines, Joseph Prudhomme and Monsieur Homais! Praise be to Burke and to Carlyle, to the Germans and to the Romanticists, we are now more subtle and more profound!

But are we as honest?

Perhaps the world does need to reconquer a thorough grasp of eighteenth-century platitudes. Vast realms of thought were overrun by splendid barbarians in the nineteenth century, with results which are still under our eyes. We have tried the wisdom of prejudice, and believed in the beauty of superstition: they could lead to nothing but hatred and inextinguishable strife. The Romantic glamour is fading; the Romantic din is hushed; and across the ruins, the message of Voltaire is reaching us once more, thin and clear: "Nonsense is nonsense, a crime is a crime, however magnificent they may

seem. Seek the truth, do the right, and worship no idols." So long as we have with us the heirs of Carlyle, Treitschke, and H. S. Chamberlain, it will not be amiss to raise again Voltaire's time-honored standard: Reason and Humanity.

CONCLUSION: INCOMMENSURABILITY

I

INEQUALITY is the root of hatred. We hate the Rolls-Royce that honks our flivver out of the way. Hate may seem too strong a word: let us call it the least little twinge of envy. Between envy and hate there is but a difference of degree. For the symbolical Rolls-Royce, you may substitute the Great Race that believes itself the aristocrat of the road; the big nation that holds us in the hollow of its hand; the language which, without a pang, would drive ours into the ditch. How we should rejoice in our hearts if, chugging and rattling our way a mile farther, we should find the haughty Rolls-Royce stuck in the mud, or delayed by a flat tire! Man is not a beast—for some wild beasts may be inaccessible to envy; and man is not an angel either.

Let us note, however, in defence of human nature, that envy usually masquerades as thirst for justice. The camouflage may become so perfect as to defy self-detection. Inequalities based on inevitable facts are not resented by the normal mind. But even the holiest of prophets found accents of burning wrath to denounce pride and hypocrisy, that is to say the assumption of superiorities that were not *just*. No one dreams of ascribing to envy the condemnation of the rich and of the pharisee in the Gospel.

If envy is one of the faces of hatred, contempt is the other, and hardly more attractive. Contempt, so long as it is not roused by a challenge, may seem good-natured. The members of the feudal caste, un-

der the ancient régime, were frequently kind, and even gracious, to their retainers. That gentle spirit still prevails in parts of rural England and in remote corners of continental Europe, wherever the "lower classes" have not forgotten their place. The Southerners, heirs of the feudal spirit, may even be affectionate with their "niggers"; and we Nordics are conscious of no feeling but universal good-will for the lesser breeds. When superiority is so ingrained, so undisputed, that it becomes part of our inmost selves, it ceases to seem assertive. Among the British nobility, on the very steps of the throne, nay, on the throne itself, there are men noted for their unassumed modesty, for their engaging shyness. Yet the seeds of hate are in them also.

For one thing, against all their desires, and to their great dismay, they breed hatred in others. It is the ransom of proclaimed superiority. The quieter the assumption, the greater the pride; and therefore, the worse the resentment it rouses. That is why Germanophobia was merely a passing fever, a sharp reaction against a temporary danger; but Anglophobia is an endemic disease throughout the world.

But it is not in the inferiors alone that hatred is burning; it smoulders in the hearts of the superiors, although they would honestly deny it. A member of the feudal caste may show genuine kindness to the lower classes. But let a man of the people, his butler, his chauffeur, his farmer, ask for his daughter's hand, and our philanthropic Earl will choke with horror and wrath. That is to say, he will receive the proposal exactly in the same manner as if it came from a member of his own caste whom he had every reason to hate and to despise.

What is the meaning of the elaborate etiquette between masters and servants in the old countries: the humble mien, the bent back, the servile smile, the special forms of address, on the one hand; the curt speech, the bare name without the courtesy of a Mr. or Miss, on the other? Marks of respect enforced upon those below correspond to contempt from above. "I am better than you are, and don't you forget it for one moment" is strictly equivalent to: "In the same measure as you are bound to do me honor, I have the right to despise you." In America, where, fortunately, that feeling is attenuated almost to the vanishing point, it is preserved in our one clear survival of the ancient régime, an element totally foreign to our democratic, industrious, peace-loving life: the Army. I remember a captain in training camp, a sergeant just promoted and imbued with the caste spirit of the professional soldier. How he would scowl at inspection, how he would try to make you feel that you were, before his lordly rank, the very dregs of the rabble! All social intercourse was prohibited between officers and enlisted men, as though the latter were "unclean." Had the officers hated one of their own number, they could not have treated him so contemptuously as they were compelled by law to treat even the best of their soldiers.

So long as its claims are not questioned, pride may appear inoffensive enough. If you dare to challenge it, it flares into hatred at once. And the hatred is worse when our self-confidence begins to be shaken. We may forgive a man for doubting our superiority, never for having caused us to doubt it. The "hatred from above" is no less permanent and no less intense than the "hatred from below." It is the hatred

of the Orangeman for the Irish Catholic, the hatred of the Prussian for the Pole, the hatred of the Southern White for the self-assertive negro, the hatred of the bourgeois for the bolshevist. It is, if anything, the more cruel in its manifestations. The repression of the Commune by the troops of MacMahon revealed a sombre ferocity that the Communards themselves had not displayed in the same degree. The crushing of the Jacques in the fourteenth century, the Peasants' War at the time of Luther, offered as tragic a spectacle. And under our very eyes, Kolchak, Wrangel, Mannerheim, did their best to out-Herod Herod wherever they held sway. It would be a firm ground of hope if people of "gentle" breeding were freer than the ignorant masses from the spirit of fierce cruelty. Unfortunately, it seems to be the reverse of the truth.

II

Shall we hate for ever, then, hate as inevitably as we breathe, hate through envy those above us, hate through contempt and fear all those below? Is there no way of quenching the hell that burns in our very hearts? All political thought is but an attempt to solve that one moral question. And the problem of hatred is identical, in the last analysis, with the one Rousseau had to face in 1754: what is the origin of inequality among men? and is it in accordance with natural law?

The first solution, which is roughly called Democracy, cures the evil by denying it. It would extinguish hatred by extinguishing inequality. Officially, this is the fundamental doctrine of America: the

Gettysburg Address has become as authoritative a document as the Declaration of Independence. We are "a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." If Lincoln spoke truly for America, then we are committed to something which is certainly a glaring paradox, and which may be an absurdity.

It would be idle to rehearse all the old arguments against equality, even in the strictly political field. We have had to mention them repeatedly in the course of this book. Frankly, we do not see how they can be refuted. There is no equality, even among well-matched specialists in the same limited domain. That's why we have championship contests: there always is a man who, served by luck if you please, manages to stand more punishment or to give a harder wallop than the next best man. We never dream of applying "the proposition that all men are created equal" in anything except politics; and even in politics, we are far from consistent. We withhold from man his birthright of equality until he has reached his twentieth birthday: as if the "creation" that makes us all equal took place only at that belated date. Our elective method is not the normal application of equalitarian democracy, but its denial. It is supposed to bring out the *best men*: an aristocracy. It is true that America has tried to restore the integrity of the democratic dogma by despising her politicians. If our leaders have ever entertained the notion that they were in any way superior to the rest of us, a glance at the daily press, a chat in a Pullman smoker, will cure them of such conceit. But this can hardly be defended as an ideal: whatever we may think of our actual representatives, we

believe that they ought to be above the average in intelligence and character. The elective method is therefore anti-democratic. To draw lots for all offices, including the Presidency, would be the logical way of recognizing that all men are equal. Why not? Athens did it to some extent. We entrust what ought to be fine legal and moral decisions, involving life and death, to a jury picked almost at random: it would be just as reasonable to have a similar jury pass on city ordinances, state laws, national policies. In the economic world, this principle would lead to the rehabilitation of the lottery, which we have hypocritically suppressed in its most flagrant forms: if all men are equal, Tom has the same claim to wealth as Harry, and what cannot be divided should be raffled for.

It is curious how, generation after generation, we keep doing lip service to a doctrine in which no one honestly believes. You cannot, we all agree, "fool all the people all the time": cannot the people, however, fool themselves as long as they please? They can: but this is not a case in point. We are not really fooling ourselves with the democratic fallacy. We are keeping it up in self-defense, as the less obnoxious of two absurdities. It is a myth, but valid as a general protest against unjust inequalities. A false equality is far less of a danger than a false inequality, for it is less of an obstacle to the establishment of a just and natural inequality.

The second solution consists in training ourselves to accept inequality. Resignation, acquiescence, and even willingness, would then take the place of hatred. This solution may present itself under many aspects. Some Christians acknowledge the inequali-

ties of this life with smiling contempt. What care we for the justice or injustice of a world condemned, and which will soon pass away, while the Eternal is our home? In rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, we do not forget that we shall rank far above Cæsar in the strange Kingdom where the first are to be the last.

Such Christian humility is rooted in deepest spiritual pride, just as the Christian mansuetude which teaches us to "heap coals of fire" is a refinement of vindictiveness. Some Christians accept the meanness of their present station with apparent meekness, while saying under their breath: "Yes, lord it over us in this day and generation as much as you please: but wait till my God gets hold of you, in a very brief term of years!" They are conscious of injustice on earth: but they are "too proud to fight" against it. A dangerous contradiction: there is no excuse for the proud man who refuses to fight, and Wilson, the author of that ill-fated phrase, hurled us into war. This acceptance of the world's order—with reservations—does not dispose of hatred: it transfers it to the cosmic plane. For the gentle and poor in spirit of that description, Hell is the keystone of the moral universe.

There is, however, a genuine Christian humility, which submits to the existing order, not provisionally, but whole-heartedly and with simple faith. Authority, all authority, all superiority, must be, not only respected, but revered and loved. For, in so far as it trains our rebellious will to complete subjection, all authority is of divine origin, all authority is divine. The perfect Christian is the one who yearns to be despised, and obeys *perinde ac cadaver*.

We have ceased to believe in the divine right of kings, of lords, and even of ladies. But the Christian conception of obedience as the highest virtue still colors our thought. The refusal to acknowledge established superiorities is still branded as a sin, the spirit of Lucifer: "I will not serve"; and humility is extolled, even by the least humble of men, such as the author of "Democracy and Leadership." But Christian self-abasement, preached, not practised, and severed from the essentials of the Christian faith, appeals less and less to our critical age. It is too convenient a prop for the crassest forms of conservatism. I do not mean that the advocates of this doctrine are selfish or insincere, and that Boston Culture has been retained with a heavy fee by the Standard Oil Company. But the principle that authority, as such, is entitled to unquestioning reverence, would simply foster and perpetuate injustice. Authority is not sacred. We have known too many cases of usurpation, and of spurious superiority. The dice are always loaded in favor of those who have. They acquire, with the impressive titles and trappings of power, many adventitious advantages. They possess the tricks of the trade, inside information, the habit of command, and, as a result, self-confidence. They *look* superior. When we see a general, a banker, a statesman, a captain of industry, groomed according to type, with smooth manners and firm speech, able to go easily through the routine of his work, creating the impression of poise and quiet determination, it is hard to realize that he may be concealing, even to himself, a shrivelled heart and a wizened mind. Revolutions, on the contrary, have revealed among the shaggy, unkempt "agitators," driven to violence through the lack of

experience and the accumulation of obstacles in their paths, men of undoubted power of vision and organization, such as Danton and Gambetta, not to mention Lenin. We cannot accept existing differences at their face value: they must be submitted to constant, fearless, and searching criticism. Possession is nine points of the law: but it may well be the tenth point that should prove decisive. Mere conservatism is an attempt to screw as tight as possible the beam of the balance, while justice would give it the freest play.

III

Justice! An accurate scale, honest weights, a competent and conscientious observer: if inequality were established through such means, it would lose all its sting. There should be none, if he be in his right mind, who could not accept such a universe, without hatred and without rebellion. Our salvation, therefore, lies in a just appraisal of values: we can be redeemed only through "standards."

The most determined apostle of "standards" is Professor Irving Babbitt. The lack of standards, in his opinion, is the damning fault of American democracy. "What must one think of a country," asks one of our foreign critics, "whose most popular orator is W. J. Bryan, whose favorite actor is Charlie Chaplin, whose most widely read novelist is Harold Bell Wright, whose best known evangelist is Billy Sunday, and whose representative journalist is William Randolph Hearst?"* And the obvious answer is: Such a country lacks standards.

Before discussing Professor Babbitt's doctrine (or

* "Democracy and Leadership," p. 240.

should I say dogma?), I beg to question the validity of his facts. I have been using freely the same set of names, without animosity or contempt, just because each of them stands for something very definite. They are types, in the same way as Professor Babbitt himself is a type—or a standard.* But, in using these names, I never implied any disparagement of America compared with other countries, or of democracy compared with other régimes. Even Mr. Bryan's "cross of gold" was not in such sacrilegious bad taste as some of the flights of M. Viviani, reputed to be the most eloquent of French politicians. Henri Bordeaux has all the vices as well as all the virtues of Harold Bell Wright: we doubt whether America would have given either of them a seat among the immortals, under the same dome as Anatole France and Henri Bergson. The average "Parisian" novel is as much of a pot-boiler as "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Wright gives us good, honest mush, with plenty of treacle; Paris some thin slush with a sprinkling of cheap perfumery. If we compare the author of "The Shepherd of the Hills" with those of "L'Enfer" or "La Garçonne," Wright will be found emphatically the cleverer: for he gets more money for a smaller sacrifice of self-respect. As for Mr. Hearst, he strikes us as an example of sweetness and light by the side of M. Léon Daudet. A similar comparison with modern England or Germany would, I believe, not be too unfavorable to the United States. And not too unfavorable to democracy either. "Democratic nonsense" has been

* I must say, however, that in my opinion, Charlie Chaplin is a great artist, to be mentioned among the genuine successors of Dickens (how the elder Charles would have revelled in "The Kid"!), and not to be bracketed with W. J. Bryan: for he can be "funny without being vulgar."

pretty thoroughly swept out of Spain, Italy, Hungary, and Soviet Russia: it is not yet apparent that their spiritual life has received a new impetus thereby.*

The word *standard* has a firm, self-confident sound. In itself, it means little. Every one of the men denounced by Professor Babbitt believes in standards and adheres rigidly to his standards. This is particularly true of the silver-tongued and fundamental Mr. Bryan, the Knight Inerrant of all good causes. It is not sufficient to have standards: you must have the right standards. And what will be your ultimate test of standards? When we press him on that point, Professor Babbitt tells us that the critic should wear "an armor of elastic steel."

Yet it is indispensable that we should discriminate between standards. First of all, there must be no confusion between a standard and a shibboleth. A shibboleth is a small definite test used to approve or condemn the whole man, the whole cause, the whole class, nation, or race. Whoever cannot properly pronounce the word Shibboleth shall be put to death; whoever drops his "aitches," splits his infinitives, wears a black tie with the wrong suit, or carries his knife to his mouth, deserves social extinction; an exaggerated brunette or a man with a cephalic index as high as that of Henri Poincaré is committed to the abyss; a man who knows as little Latin as Homer or Jesus is not fit to associate with

* What must one think of a country, we might say, where the most widely read romances are "L'Astrée" and "Le Grand Cyre"; where "L'Enéide Travestie" finds a ready public; where the two most successful tragedies are "Timocrate," by Thomas Corneille, and "Astarte," by Quinault; where the Academy is graced with such names as Conrart and Godeau; where the official head of literature is Chapelain?—What indeed? It is classical France.

scholars and gentlemen; a man who fails to see the difference between *ὁμοιούσιος* and *ὁμοούσιος*, who adds *filioque* to the Creed or deletes it, who cannot lucidly discriminate between Transubstantiation and the Real Presence, who does not interpret the Bible strictly according to the Westminster Confession, is irremediably consigned to hell fire.

This reveals the chief danger of putting one's trust in standards: our tendency to give the special test, the shibboleth, universal significance. Against such a tendency, we cannot too energetically protest. Admitting the validity of any one criterion, and the accuracy of its application, we must be careful not to apply it beyond its own domain. If all men were built strictly after the same pattern, and differed only in scale, it would be sufficient to measure any part of the individual in order to appraise the whole; if groups of men were composed of identical units, one sample would enable us to judge the rest. But this is contrary to experience. A man may be a good mathematician and a poor theologian, like Newton; a great statesman and no gentleman, like Gambetta; a scientific genius and bodily deformed, like Charles Proteus Steinmetz; and I should like to add: he might be a negro, and make a President of the highest order. If you doubt me, try the experiment.

That is why standards which are no more than shibboleths are such instruments of self-flattery and such spreaders of unreality. They lead us—sometimes against our innermost feeling, which we suppress as sinful—to approve of things which are faultless, yet faultlessly wrong. You have written a book according to the rules of Boileau: you call it good,

and you may find academic critics to prove that it is good. You live according to the law, discharge all your stated obligations, are faithful to your wife, and subscribe your quota to the Community Chest: you think yourself a virtuous man. You pay your pew rent, go to Sunday services and to prayer meetings, read a chapter of the Bible every day, and not even W. J. Bryan or Clarence Macartney could pick any flaw in your orthodoxy: you know for certain that you are a Christian. It is too easy. This mechanical application of standards would substitute pedantry for inspiration, legalism for justice, and pharisaism for religion.

IV

Would you abolish all standards, then? By no means. Standards are indispensable within their sphere, and their sphere is vast: science, business, government. The greatest of these is Science: we all agree that the state should be business-like, and that business should be managed scientifically. And science is naught but the determination and application of standards. A fact in itself is not science. It becomes part of science only when it has been measured and weighed, *i. e.*, confronted with standards.

There is in Washington a Bureau of Standards: the whole of our government should be a Bureau of Standards. Legislation is but the promulgation of standards. Every problem that the state may have to face should ultimately be reducible to scientific terms, and could be settled by experts through the application of the proper standards. This is not yet

the case, not only because our politicians are notoriously inept, and many of our experts are politicians: but chiefly because the professional mind clings unscientifically to outworn standards. So the "technocracy" of which some of us dream threatens not to be widely different from mere bureaucracy, or the Divine Right of Red Tape. But the tendency toward technocracy is manifest, and the managerial system of city government is a clear case in point.*

So there is an enormous field in which standards are supreme; in which they are so necessary, in fact, that the most artificial one is better than none at all. It is not particularly reasonable that there should be twenty-four hours in a day: indeed we may yet decimalize even our reckoning of time. But a standard hour, a standard gallon, a standard mile; a standard dictionary, a standard grammar; a standard of what constitutes a contract, an intoxicating drink, a murder: these are the very conditions of civilized intercourse. They are the rules without which there can be no game; they are the traffic regulations without which individuals would at once find themselves in constant and tragic collisions. So let us have standards, all the standards we need, and not standards of "elastic steel" either: honest standards, which, as long as they are in force, remain as rigid, as unchangeable, as human ingenuity can make them.

A world of standards—once more we blush at the obviousness of the remark—is a world standardized.

* Technocracy under an autocrat was the—professed—ideal of the *Científicos* in Mexico. According to Emile Faguet, technocracy, or government by experts, is at the antipodes of democracy, with its "Cult of Incompetence." Once more, it does not seem that any meso-, aristo-, or autocracy in the past was much better off in this respect than our democracy.

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There is no room for fancy and individual taste in chronometry: no one is proud of a temperamental watch. When a thing is irrefutably proved to be "best by test," it will inevitably be accepted within the limits of its established supremacy. People may have felt some sentimental attachment for their old one-cylinder Benz car: but the one-cylinder has gone the way of the brontosaurus. Standardization has its points: in making quantity production possible, it places within the reach of the many comforts which until yesterday were beyond the dreams of a few. No doubt there is a loss in diversity: the world would be much more picturesque if the breeds of Argus and the Cyclops had not died out, and if present-day man, instead of being "standardized," had from one to one hundred eyes, located anywhere from crown to toe. But the advantages are overwhelming, and we do not want to forfeit them. In the material world, in the practical world! In the world of the spirit—nonsense!

Deliberate efforts have been made to standardize literature. There were periods when the rules of art were laid down with as much strictness as those of formal logic and geometry. I had for a couple of years an odd curiosity for the second-rate French tragedies of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, from Campistron and Crébillon to Luce de Lancival, Baour-Lormian, and Ancelot. There we had literary products with parts almost as interchangeable as Bolt No. X in all Ford cars. Professor Babbitt warns us, it is true, against "the formalism of pseudo-classicism." What is pseudo-classicism? It is first of all the classicism we do not like, just as prejudices are the principles we do not share, super-

stitutions the beliefs we do not hold, abuses the privileges we do not enjoy. But it is truest classicism, classicism consistent unto death: a literature of standards, standardized. And we all know the effect of "standards" in religion: the broad phylacteries of ancient Judea, the eternal rosaries of somnolent Catholicism, the prayer mills of Tibet (which, Professor Babbitt informs us, are soon to be run by electricity); and, worst of all perhaps, the pump-handle brotherliness of the evangelical minister.

Against this intrusion of standards into the spiritual world, our appeal is to the words of the Gospel: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned." How could we help judging and condemning, if there were standards to judge and condemn by? Yet judge we must: every step in life involves a judgment. Judge facts, judge deeds, as fairly, as accurately as you can: but do not judge men, no, not even through their deeds.

For this refusal to admit a standard, a common measure between souls, we propose the term "incommensurability." It sounds like one of those sesquipedalian words in which Humpty Dumpty reveled in his talk with Alice: "Impenetrability! That is what *I* say." But no idea should be condemned for the mere ugliness of its verbal expression. Give the subject a moment's thought, and you will see our most trusted standards break down, as soon as they trespass into a domain not their own.

V

The sole universal standard to-day, the one that we apply to manual labor, intellect, art, and even

religion, is Money. This is said in no cynical spirit, but as the statement of an incontrovertible fact. There is no other way for us actually to compare the scavenger's work, the banker's, the scholar's, the poet's, the preacher's. What is it *worth*? And this all-embracing scale is likewise the least artificial, the most freely and finely adjusted. It does represent the relative value of all things in terms of their usefulness to society. According to whom? Why, according to society itself: who else could judge?

Now, it would be waste of breath to show how ludicrously inadequate is this one universal standard. Not only is it frequently falsified through inheritance and through blind luck: the worthless son of a successful father may be "worth" many unearned millions; an illiterate Indian or Negro in Oklahoma or Texas may wake up wealthy, if oil is discovered on his land. These two causes of injustice, which are not an essential part of our economic system, might be corrected to a large extent, if not stopped altogether. But take the normal case: the free competition of service in the open market. The money standard places the manufacturer of chewing gum immeasurably above Pasteur among the benefactors of mankind. Mr. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle is "worth" more to the world than Charles W. Eliot or Jane Addams. Successful prostitution, on or off the stage, in the press, at the bar, in politics, gets rewards that the great preacher will never know. Art dealers made fortunes out of Millet, who lived in poverty.

There is nothing in all this to justify rancor. Let people pay for what they want, and pay as much as they think it is worth to them. Nothing could be fairer. Servants of the spirit do not rebel against

such a criterion: they simply ignore it. They want, like the monk and the soldier, to be free from worldly cares: beyond that minimum, they advance no claim: "*Pecunia tua tecum sit!*"

Our second standard is fame in all its range from notoriety to glory. How gladly would the rich man give of his wealth, so that his name be heard on the lips of men! But fame is as deceptive as money. The only fame that would be a genuine reward is the one that comes to the living man, still in the full possession of his powers: and that fame is capricious in the most amazing degree. It is constantly corrected by later ages. Jesus and St. Paul were not so famous in their own lifetime as Aimée Semple McPherson is now. Villon was a disreputable Bohemian: there were great nobles, court poets, prelates, chancellors in his days, and now only archæologists care to dust off their names. There were academicians who won official applause at the time when Baudelaire or Verlaine was penniless and despised. Contemporary fame is a hit or miss affair. Was the consciousness of fame to come sufficient reward for those who were ignored or derided in their own lifetime? But what about the innumerable geniuses who will never be rehabilitated, those whose work has been absorbed by other men, and whose name has perished utterly? And what of those other geniuses to whom life has denied even a single chance in the great lottery, those who died too young, those who were crushed by ignorance, ill-health, mean surroundings, persecution? No, fame cannot be taken as the measure of the man himself. Genuine value is inherent: fame comes from without. It is conferred by suffrage. Whose? No one quite knows. Neither

that of the many against the few: for that would enthrone Harold Bell Wright; nor that of the few against the many: for that would make Strada king of poets. Fame is recognition: it means that the masses of mediocrity, after perhaps a first shock of hostility or surprise, finally *recognize* you—as one of themselves. May we not quote again the profound remark of Lord Balfour—very Balfourian in its apparent ingenuousness—when he was interrupted by an unexpected burst of applause: “Did I say something foolish?”

Power is a surer test than either wealth or fame: these we crave only as means or signs of power. And yet how uncertain a measurement of superiority is power? There is power for good, power for evil: the latter more palpable, for the incendiary does quicker work than the architect, and Gengis Khan wielded more “power” than Newton or Lavoisier. Power, like fame, is social in its character, not intrinsic. The strong man whose will runs counter to the common will is heading for the asylum, the jail, or the cross. The successful leader is driven ahead; he must identify himself with vast forces, and serve them. Napoleon professed to be a slave.

All these criteria of rank among men, wealth, fame, power, are not ultimate. What are they, in the philosopher’s eyes, compared with intelligence? The solitary thinker, unrecognized, unpaid, who plots in his mind the courses of stars and kingdoms, feels superior to Croesus and Xerxes. And what are wealth, fame, power, and intellect too, compared with the humblest and most priceless gifts, health and happiness? Sainte-Beuve, master of all-searching thought, would sigh: “Oh! To be a young lieu-

tenant in the Hussars!"—an echo of Faust. What are they compared with beauty? Renan raised his eyes from his "*Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*" and declared: a beautiful woman is no less a masterpiece of God than a genius or a saint—an echo of the sages of Ilium, who bowed before the sovereign and fatal grace of Helen. What is even beauty, compared with love? Who knows but the moments when we would give all for love and count the world well lost, are not the sanest, as beyond doubt they are the most intense, in our existence? Before love, genius casts down his crown:

"I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?"

Romantic nonsense? But the devotion of Auguste Comte to a woman was no less ecstatic, at the time when his prodigious synthesis of modern thought was most firm and clear in his ripened mind, and it was in Clothilde de Vaux that the Positivist worshipped humanity. Glory is at best a trashy substitute for love.* As Madame de Staël confessed, fame for her was only "*le deuil éclatant du bonheur*," dazzling mourning for happiness denied. Is this self-abasement before love the madness of genius, or is it the essence of genius, the quivering sense of a value that transcends human values?

* This is one of the pet ideas of Unamuno in his fatiguing but compelling book, "*Vida de Don Quijote y de Sancho Panza*."

We abandon the misty land of romantic paradox, we come back to common opinion, if not to common sense, when we state that throughout the ages, virtue has been placed (in theory) above all forms of greatness, and, for Jews and Christians at least, faith above virtue. The little shepherdess to whom the Virgin manifested herself at Lourdes is more blessed in the hearts of the believers than the rich and the powerful. A flash of divine pity makes all human grandeur vanish like a brief nightmare. By this new test, it is not even sure that man would preserve his pre-eminence among his fellow creatures. There is more courage, love, and faith in the eyes of a dog than in those of many princes. Victor Hugo shows us a toad tortured by children and spurned in its agony by a woman and by a priest: "and the priest was old, and the woman was fair." A donkey alone caught in its obscure heart a ray of supreme pity. We may shrug our shoulders: yet when we read that strange and powerful poem, we are shaken in our complacency. If it were true, that love, goodness, and faith are immeasurably above all wealth and fame, all power and cleverness? If the droning commonplace to which we drowse on Sunday morning were actually, literally true every day and at all hours? What a total revaluation of all values! How silly would the pomp and circumstance of our political, economic, academic world seem in the radiance of that inner light!

VI

There is not one, there are many standards. All are crude at best, and very uncertain. They seldom

agree; often they cannot even meet. In such chaos, how can we judge? We cannot. "Judge not, condemn not." God Himself will not judge and will not condemn: "Ye shall not be judged, ye shall not be condemned."

We are ready to accept all the inequalities of this world and welcome them. But only in their own field, which is not the whole world, and is not the whole man. I acknowledge Nurmi's superiority as a pedestrian, Dempsey's as a prize fighter, Amy Lowell's as a poet, Irving Babbitt's as a philosopher. But that is no reason why I should accept Nurmi's views on Pragmatism, Dempsey's on Theology, or Irving Babbitt's on anything. When people meet in their professional capacity, the one who renders a service is, for the time being, the superior, and the other willingly bows before his competence. The professor who teaches me a new trick, the surgeon who removes my appendix, the shoeshine engineer who restores their lustre to my earthly supports are experts in their respective lines and, to that extent, my masters. My payment is an ungrudging tribute to their skill. But, as soon as our professional relations have ceased, I do not want the professor, the doctor, or the bootblack to take on airs of importance. I have paid ransom for my helplessness, ineptitude, or laziness: this being done, I claim to be treated as a man and a brother.

This refusal to admit universal superiorities is not philosophy and not democracy merely, but also pure science. It simply consists in not jumping altogether away from established facts. And definite, tested inequalities alone are established facts. All aristocratic doctrines are but arrogant hypotheses.

We are thus brought back, through a circuitous route, to something hard to distinguish from Lincoln's democracy. It is obviously not true that all men are equal; it is meaningless to say that they are equivalent; they are "incommensurable." But the social consequences of incommensurability are the same as those of equality. The doctrine of equality is but the rough symbol of a doctrine more subtle, more complex perhaps, and undoubtedly more puzzling. For all practical purposes, we may act "as if" all men were equal. Or, in homely American speech: everybody is as good as anybody else, and probably a darn sight better.

After all, it is only the negative side of such theories that matters. What is constructive in life can take care of itself without theory. "Incommensurability" and "equality" are closely allied, in the only way in which nations, persons, or doctrines can be allied: because they are waging war on a common foe. And that foe is the assumption of unproved superiorities. We are against all aristocratic systems of caste, class, race, or creed. The French Revolution was right in proclaiming: "No more nobility, *except in the heart.*"

And you should not wear your heart on your sleeve. All insignia, badges, titles, that proclaim to the world: "Behold, I am noble!" are patents of vulgarity. The parvenu who boasts of his money, the snob who boasts of his social position, the pedant who boasts of his learning, the pharisee who boasts of his righteousness, are all giving themselves away. True aristocracy is unconscious. If the evidences of his superiority are forced upon a man, his natural attitude will be apologetic. If he be worth anything

at all, he will lose himself into something infinitely greater, of which he is but the unworthy servant. So Confucius and Christ are Irving Babbitt's authorities that humility is the highest virtue. Only it is not to the humble that humility should be preached, but to the proud: "Debellare superbos."

Equality may be even more than a mere "as if." It is profoundly true in the sense that our greatest differences become ludicrously insignificant the moment we escape from Lilliput. A very little change of perspective is needed to make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. "What does it all matter, contemplated from Sirius?" as Renan used to say. *Sub specie æternitatis*, absolute equality prevails among men: the equality of nothingness.

We are going back to the religion of 1848 and of Abraham Lincoln: the identity of Christianity and democracy. "Render unto Cæsar those things which are Cæsar's": it is the realm of facts, of science, of the Law, the world of measurable inequalities. Beyond is the realm of Grace, which is subject to no law. These realms co-exist: neither is to be condemned in terms of the other. We respect and welcome the law. We rejoice in the daily increase of its domain. We do not want to assign any limit to its growth. Are its conquests won at the expense of grace? No: for grace is illimitable.

The two realms interpenetrate. We do not want to create an artificial dualism in human life. The same man, surveying a lonely vale, may describe it in terms of ten-foot contours, or in terms of lyric beauty. Both are legitimate: but it is preferable not to introduce soulful effusions into the engineer's report, or triangulation into your poem. The big

policeman at the next corner is part of a machine: he may be replaced by an automatic signal. But he has a smile of kindly humor.

There is no conflict between the two. Justice and love clash only when both are blind. If your child commits an offence against the law, you want to save him from a brutal vindictiveness that might cripple him for life, and you are right. But you want, for his own sake, that he should atone for harm done; that he should be guarded against a relapse, until his sight is clear and his will strengthened. Your love wants him to be cured: and what else does justice desire?

The root of hatred is not inequality, but pride. All pride is narrowness of heart. The doctrines of exclusion—orthodoxies, caste, class, race, nationalism—are doctrines of evil. Measure things, and love men. Then the words of the Prophet will come true:

“The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains,
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself.”

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